

The Chatelaine

Vol. 2. No. 8, Toronto, August, 1929

A Magazine for Canadian Women



In This Issue:

Paris Styles for Late Summer—A Cut-out for the Children

The GREATER HUDSON



Ranked with the costly cars in all except price

"THE GREATER HUDSON is the supreme buy of motordom," say thousands, fresh from examining the latest and costliest offerings of the day. You may be sure that all who are buying cars today have looked at the latest models and newest cars brought out in the industry. Yet thousands upon thousands bring back the same strong verdict: "There is nothing like Hudson in Performance—in Riding Comfort—in Smoothness—in Good Looks, Distinction and Value."

And now you may have the added distinction of a wide choice of colors at no extra cost. An exclusive manufacturing achievement makes this possible only to Hudson. Last month more than 225 color combinations on various Hudson and Essex models were shipped to individual order. You may have the same wide selection of colors and models.

It is a new distinction which tops the great array of values by which Hudson holds the most pre-eminent leadership of its history.

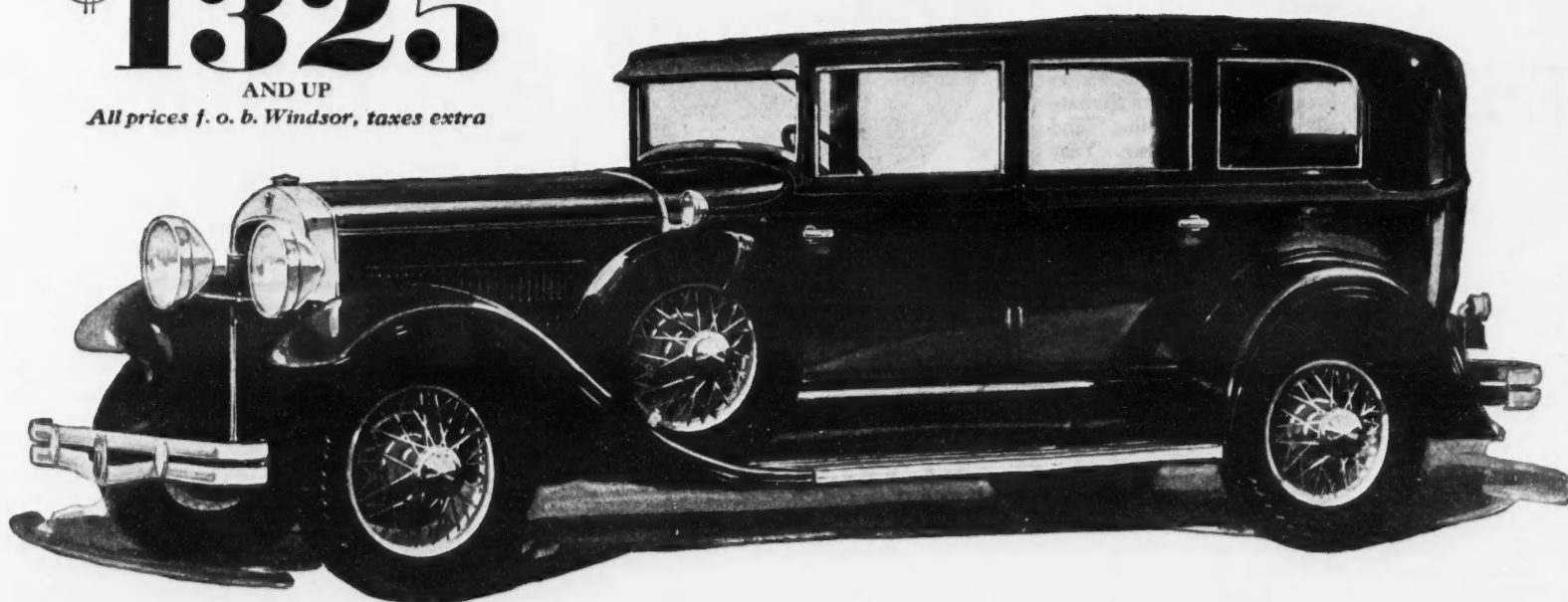
14 Models and 2 Chassis Lengths

\$1325

AND UP

All prices f. o. b. Windsor, taxes extra

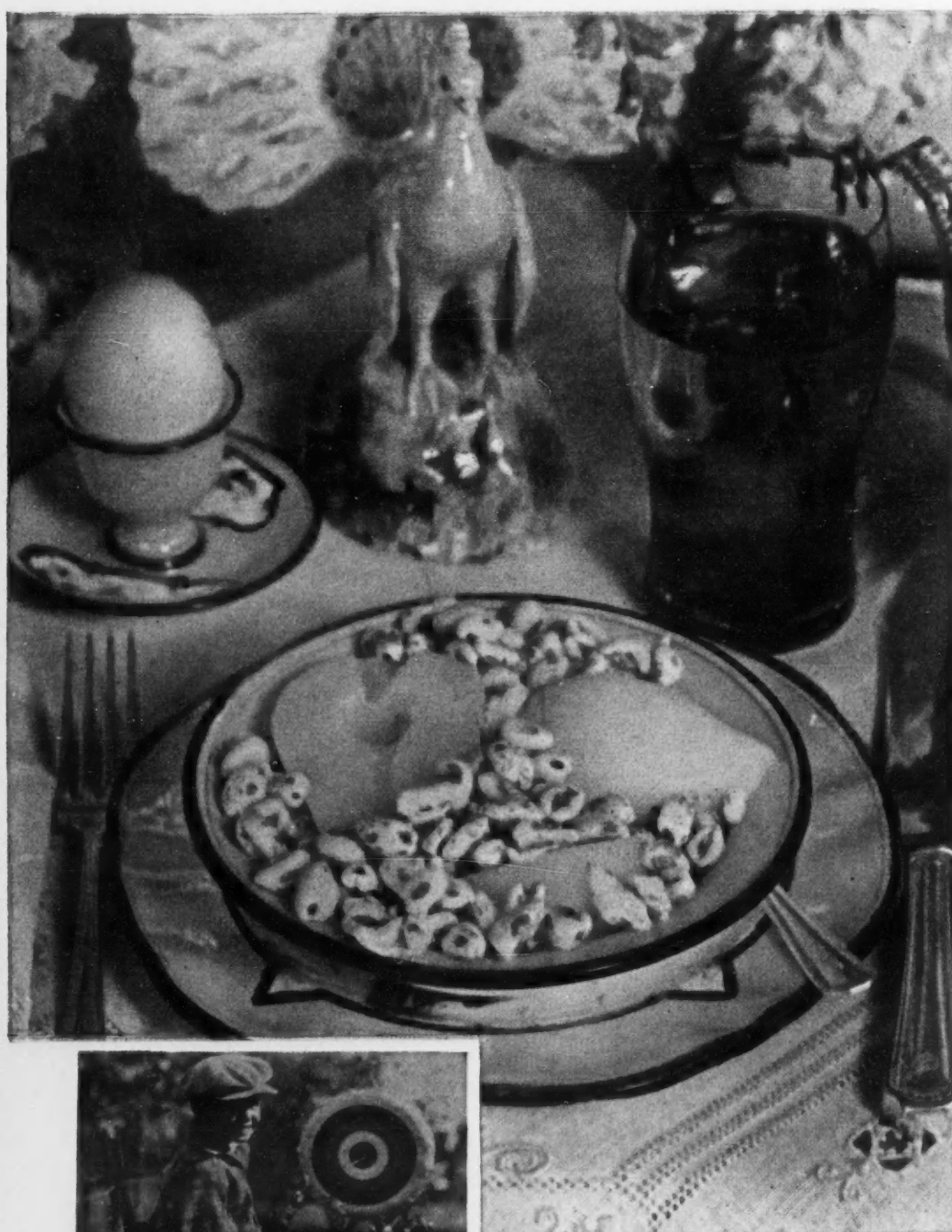
The 7-Passenger Sedan, with five wire wheels, standard equipment



HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, U.S.A.

Tastes Good
Digests Readily
Nourishes Quickly

This altogether different breakfast food



Bobbie Arnold's mother discovered that he "just loved Quaker Puffed Wheat," though he wouldn't touch any other cereal. "No more child feeding problem in our house," writes Mrs. Arnold, "thanks to Puffed Wheat. The whole family eats it now."

By a unique process these grains are actually shot from huge guns . . . and puffed to 8 times their normal size, 8 times their usual deliciousness.

BECAUSE they *look so good*, because they *taste so good*—you don't realize how much actual nourishment there is in these delicious grains of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Rice. As a matter of fact, here is a breakfast that supplies ready energy in a most attractive form: whole wheat made wholly digestible; plump, white rice made light and airy—but not an iota of its food value lost.

The minerals, the 16 needed food elements of whole wheat are saved for you in Puffed Wheat. Every bit of the energy-giving carbohydrate, the tissue-building protein is here, but puffed to a delicate fluffiness, oven-toasted, delicious! The bran you need for roughage is here, too, though you'd never guess it. Puffed Rice gives all the nourishment of boiled rice but children think it's a confection, it tastes so different. Mothers in many parts of the country report that, of 11 prepared cereals, Quaker Puffed Grains are the children's first choice. No coaxing to get them eaten!

Why they digest so readily

Of all prepared cereals, these are quickest, easiest to digest. This is why:

Wheat and rice are honeycombed with millions of tiny cells. Each cell must be broken open before its food contents can be easily, completely digested. Puffing causes 125 million steam explosions within each kernel. This releases every particle of nourishment for quick assimilation by the body, makes every bit of nourishment which the grains contain available for food.

Delightful variety with Puffed Grains

Always keep Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat on your pantry shelf. Serve them with milk. Combine them with the choice fruits of the season. Try crisping them in butter like popcorn. Order Puffed Grains from your grocer today.



THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



Volume II.

AUGUST, 1929

Number 8



The Right Honorable Margaret Bondfield, Minister of Labor in the British Government.

The RIGHT HONORABLE MARGARET

The dramatic story of the Empire's first woman Privy Councillor

THE June issue of the *Canadian Congress Journal* facetiously comments on the strange paradoxes which may arise within our human story. The Supreme Court of Canada, consulted as to the eligibility of women to sit in the Senate of Canada, solemnly adjudges that women are not "persons" within the meaning of the relevant clauses of the British North America Act, and the case travels overseas to the Privy Council of His Britannic Majesty to be settled at the foot of the throne. Simultaneously almost, a woman is not only appointed Minister of Labor in the British Government, but is also sworn in as the first woman member of the Privy Council. The Right Honorable Margaret Bondfield unostentatiously slips in among the shades of Burleigh, Palmerston, Peel, Gladstone, Disraeli, and joins the very real presences of Balfour,

by CHARLOTTE WHITTON

Baldwin, Chamberlain, Grey, Cecil, and her own most distinguished cabinet colleagues in the holy of holies of the British Parliamentary system. So do precedents quietly evolve, and the Mother of Parliaments implicitly recognizes the changing aspects of modern life in the most conservative but progressive of modern lands.

What manner of woman is this, who shall so stand out in the ranks of British womanhood of her day? The woman herself is typical of her own wonderful story of the quiet, consistent emergence of sheer ability and character. Margaret Bondfield, who at fifty-six years of age sits at the

Privy Council table, is a small and unassuming woman, but her alert energy and obvious powers of perception immediately distinguish her in a gathering. The dark brown hair, just lined with gray, is drawn softly back from a low, wide forehead, beneath which are the keenest, but kindest of dark eyes. It is those piercing dark eyes, kind and twinkling withal, that tell you of the real Margaret Bondfield. They see everything, and everything they see is recorded. The spirit that looks out of them is not only courageous but kind, not only finely critical but tolerant, and blithe with the humor of a well-balanced sense of proportion. Humor, strength, and kindness twinkle from the corners of a firm, determined mouth. The simply dressed, trim little figure is but the counterpart one would expect from one of her character. The years have been hard



With one eye upon the fabric preference of discriminating women and the other upon dependability, General Motors have again selected Oriental Plush as the interior fabric of a new enclosed car. Now the Buick-built Marquette is obtainable in this famous upholstery upon request.

Women prefer Oriental Plush in their enclosed cars because its almost animate silkiness never dims, and never seems to wear. Year after year, until trade-in time comes, Oriental Plush keeps

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for the
new
Marquette

its unruffled sheen, unmarred, unsoiled. A marvellous faculty, possible only by a special weaving process, used exclusively in the making of Oriental Plush.

Ask for and see that you get genuine Oriental in your next enclosed McLaughlin-Buick, Oakland, Studebaker, Pontiac, Durant, Chrysler, Oldsmobile, Marquette, Viking or Chevrolet (except coach). There is no extra charge if you specify when purchasing.

Oriental Textiles Company Limited, Oshawa, Canada.

ORIENTAL PLUSH
Its Beauty Lasts



Illustrated by
JOHN
NEWTON
HOWITT

"It's awfully kind of you to entertain my little boy, Miss Mills," she said. "He seems to miss his father so unreasonably. He doesn't seem to take to anything that's French."
"He's a real Canuck," remarked Miss Mills in her flat, uninteresting voice.

MISS SHATTUCK

The love story of a plain woman

by DOROTHY HAIGHT



THIS time yesterday—albeit only technically—there was such a family as the Homer Grays. Today, however, there was only little Eric's mother free—and radiant, no doubt!—for the remarriage that she wished, while Dr. Homer Gray had given up all that was dearest in the world to him.

Sunk in an armchair in his hotel room, the latter looked out on the rue de Rivoli, where the Paris taxis, limousines and figures carrying umbrellas cavorted in a dull March fog. He felt aggrieved, somehow, that they should hurry to and fro indifferent to his calamity. For as people often do not realize a death until the funeral is over with, so Homer Gray had not until now acknowledged to himself that his wife and child were gone. Not until today, when parchments marked "Decret" had closed the last loophole of possibility,

Dr. Gray's involuntary fingers twirled the corners of the cigarette case he had taken from his pocket for a smoke which he had forgotten. In his mind he pictured the wide porch, the columns and the big bay windows of his home across the Atlantic. He must train himself to think of it as empty; now he would be going back to it so soon. No rosy little Eric, banging the green shutters of the nursery, and calling "Do'tor Homey" when his father came in sight. No slim Janet singing on the stairs, or disorganizing the adjustments on the radio. He'd have to train himself to solitude. He squared his shoulders in the chair, took a cigarette at last and struck a match determinedly. He still had his

science left, thank God. The lines about his mouth set and his deep eyes steadied at the thought of his beloved laboratory.

"Oh, Homer, would you mind? You'd have your work, you know."

He remembered Janet's exclamation when she asked for the divorce. And how she added, "Scientists, like crazy people, shouldn't marry, Homer dear. They make such uncertain husbands, don't you think?"

Dr. Gray's neglect, however, had not been intentional. It happened he was nearly double Janet's age, and success in his profession brought each year increased responsibilities. His work detained him for long hours in the laboratory. Sometimes—although not often—in the fascination of some new discovery, he lingered there all night. Meanwhile,

and long that have molded the woman, who today will be His Majesty's Minister of Labor in a Labor government, at a time when prolonged and extensive unemployment has freighted the portfolio with stupendous responsibilities. Margaret Bondfield takes a just pride in those years and their long lessons and strengthening. As Conrad would say: in them she has "wring a meaning out of life."

She makes no pretense, in fact discards the thought of any unusual ability or adaptability. "My childhood," she would say, "there is nothing there; in fact, I do not even remember learning to read." But her brothers could avow that she would omnivorously consume any reading matter from *The Boy's Own* to books of old sermons. She prefers to recount some of the episodes that remain as quite outstanding memories in what was apparently a rather healthy, outdoor life with sturdy brothers. Strenuous games of tag—she would call it "tig"—wherein broken fingers and broken heads appear, suggest as much.

At eight, she says, she made her first public appearance reciting "The Inventor's Wife" at a Sunday school tea, and so dramatically did she perform in that she was given an encore. The Right Honorable Ramsay MacDonald seems to have "followed suit," for this is the second time he has called her to his Ministry. But childhood days were fore-shortened for the girl who so loved her time of play. She was apprenticed at an early age to one of the small businesses of last century England, where the apprentice lived as a member of the family. At thirteen years of age the energetic mite we can imagine her to be was teaching in a Board School, later becoming a shop assistant. For eleven long years this was her work. These years have given her some of her most poignant memories. Then the assistants "lived in," in the great drapery houses, where they were crowded indiscriminately, two and three to a room with no regard for personal selection, practically no provision for privacy, and little accommodation for personal comforts. In those days, the Right Honorable Margaret has admitted, her kingdom would have been bartered for the assurance of regular hot baths, for the "house" had no such conveniences. Long hours precluded the use of the public baths on all but one night in the week. For three years, on that night each week, she has told how she and a group of fellow workers would "tear" from the shop at closing time, and madly sprint three-quarters of a mile to the baths, where after these efforts they had actually fifteen minutes in which to undress, bathe and dress before the baths were closed. One assumes that the provision of adequate and decent minimum housing accommodation in England will be a subject in which the new Minister of Labor will be interested.

SUCH were Margaret Bondfield's girlhood years—seventy-six hours in the shops every week at the princely wage of £20 (\$100.) a year. There were no employment bureaus then, and idleness meant tramping the streets for work. At one period she searched three long, hungry months, looking for work, and depended on the mercy of a kindly landlady for food and shelter. With dawn, the woman worker sought the warehouses, and for hours during the long day went in search of the vacancies reported. When an agitation arose over the wages paid to tea-shop girls, her alert mind was immediately impressed by the suggestion of the male secretary of the Shop Assistants Union that the only remedy would be found in the organization of the women themselves against these conditions. "If for tea-shop assistants, why not for drapery assistants?" she logically concluded. Immediately, she joined the Shop Assistants Union, found herself elected to the district council, and shortly afterward made her first official public appearance as mover of a vote of thanks to Sir Charles Dilke, at People's Palace, Mile End. From there to the Privy Council has been one un-interrupted progress.

Speaking brought her also into journalism as reporter and writer on labor topics. There were no facilities for quiet study or writing in those crowded drapery rooms. After her room-mates were in bed, she would stealthily light her "dip" and, shielding the others from the glow by having a towel or garment over the back of the chair, write thus, cramped and weary, those short, terse articles that helped to bring her to the assistant-secretaryship of the Shop Assistants Union.

For ten years she held that post and became the first woman delegate to the Trades Union Congress. She was appointed to its Council and was ultimately selected as Chairman—the first woman in the movement to be so honored. When the first MacDonald government took office in 1924, she became Great Britain's first woman of

Ministerial rank, as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labor. Today, she is the principal woman officer in the Union of General and Municipal Workers, one of the most important unions in England. Thus always and everywhere she has been a pioneer in the woman's movement as well as in the labor movement. In 1924, she was Great Britain's delegate to the International Labor Conference, and with the exception of one year she has been present at Geneva each summer as a technical adviser on labor matters in the British delegation. There was an irony of fate that must have given Margaret Bondfield a chuckle of satisfaction in being present last year, when, in the gathering of the nations, the British delegate apologetically explained Great Britain's failure to ratify the Eight-Hour Day International Convention, and in being able this year, as the responsible Minister of the Crown, to cable the same delegate to announce British ratification.

But Margaret Bondfield is not only a trusted and prominent figure in Trade Union and Labor circles. She is respected among all parties and groups in England. When her own party was defeated in 1924, the Baldwin Government immediately confirmed her membership on the Oversea Settlement Board, a fine gesture of recognition not only of the contribution she could make, but of her ability to rise above all partisan considerations.

CANADIANS are particularly interested in the new Minister of Labor, for in 1924 she headed the famous Bondfield enquiry into juvenile immigration to Canada. It was during that summer when I met her in England, through discussion of this and related problems in child protection. Summoned to the high dignity of a Minister's office in Whitehall, even a seasoned habitué of Ottawa corridors might quail. But while Margaret Bondfield never for a moment forgot the dignity and formality that tradition has made inseparable from the office of a Minister of the

deck." And then you started, only to be stopped by a man who with the eternal "Excuse my liberty, but—" would insist upon outlining how market gardeners might be settled in thousands just outside Toronto, or in the Fraser delta; and, like the lady born that she is, Margaret Bondfield would give him all the consideration she might accord a delegation of the aldermen of London.

She was Chairman of the usual boat concert, a charming Chairman, who made an earnest appeal on behalf of the widows and orphans of the Merchant Marine. Next day, on the deck, a woman introduced herself, a woman with a daughter whose antics would have justified anyone in throwing her overboard. "My daughter told me how well you took the chair last night; really, it's fine to think of a woman being able to do these things. Now, I'm president of one of the women's clubs in—Michigan, and that's what I'm always telling them, that women must do these things nowadays; we must all be ready when we're called on. Now, you've done so well, getting on in Parliament, and being able to make a speech like that, etc!" Homicide would have been mild under this garrulous provocation, but the Rt. Hon. Margaret was as courteous as if the Chairman of the School had given her a prize on Commencement day before an assembly of parents and visitors.

HER commission in Canada was well done. She did not "tour" the country, but got down to facts. She met the social workers across the Dominion and visited scores of children in their homes. In fact, many of us felt that her earnestness cost her her seat. Her progress was slow and thorough, with the result that she was as far west as Edmonton, when the MacDonald Ministry was forced to the people. She rushed home, but reached her riding only a few days before polling, to be defeated by a small vote. She was re-elected a few months later in a by-election.

Of course, her report did not have her direction in its execution, and, therefore, has not yet been fully effective; but it was frank and constructive, more so than is often the case in such commissions. Most important of all, Margaret Bondfield joined Canadian workers in recognizing the cheap labor dangers of this whole immigration scheme, and in urging that no immigrants should be brought to Canada

under fourteen years of age. When such an illustrious advocate so urged, the Canadian Government yielded, and in April, 1925, put on this restriction for a tentative three-year period. At the end of that time it was made a permanent feature of Canadian policy. Margaret Bondfield has many fine achievements to her credit, but I doubt if any give her greater satisfaction than that one great measure of protection for a strange and friendless little child in a strange land from economic exploitation. We discussed it again last year—the day the "Flappers' Bill" was debated in the British Commons—over buns and tea in an "A.B.C." shop, into which we had hurriedly dashed from Westminster. I wondered if, perchance, some memory of the laughing childhood years—cut short for the little girl who at thirteen was teaching in a Board school—lighted the mind and warmed the heart of that same little girl, when as a Minister of the Crown she had thrown this great protection around the little "helpers" who were being sent in thousands to "make their futures" in the strenuous, strange life of this great Dominion. I think it had.

THROUGHOUT her life, Miss Bondfield has won a reputation among her confreres as a hard worker, clear thinker, and an able organizer. During the long years spent in actual contact with the workers' organizations and their needs, and her personal experience with the horrors of unemployment, she has kept her faith and her belief in the rights and duties of the working man and woman. She has passionate convictions which she has no hesitation in expressing forcibly, and no one can listen to her speak without sensing her absolute sincerity and practical common sense. She deals always with actualities, and is singularly lacking in stereotyped phrases and thoughts. She is widely read as well as widely experienced,

and her lifetime of knowledge obtained from years of struggle, give her a powerful conviction in speaking, which has helped her to obtain many of her pet projects.

Born in the little town of Chard, Somerset, and coming to London when she was twenty years of age, Miss Bondfield has attained a very great position in parliament and British public life. As a Minister of the Crown, she will sit in the House of Commons on the Government bench, where she will be required to answer questions put to her concerning her ministry. It is interesting to note that socially she ranks midway down the table of (Continued on page 42)



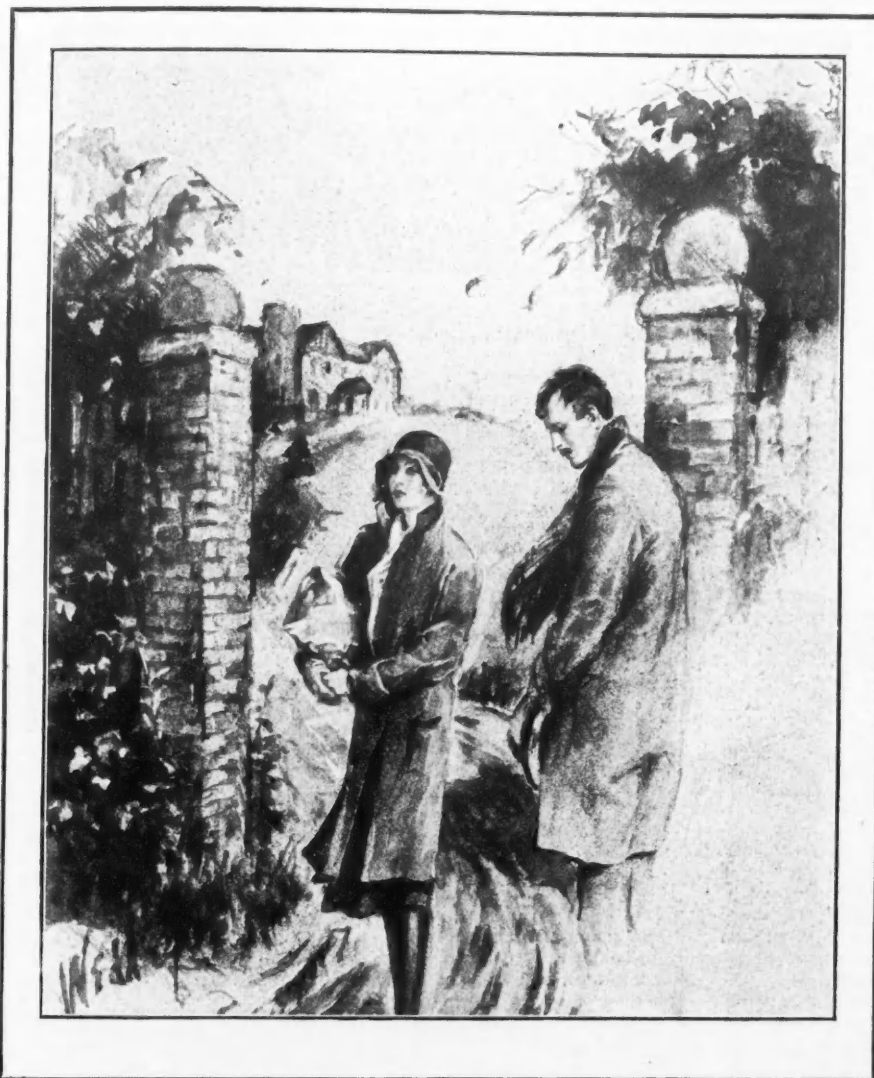
The Burned Farmhouse

by John Hanlon

Abandoned pastures pay no dividend
But the bright coin of rose and fireweed,
As wanton nature, drunk with summer, spends
All that she has, till she is poor indeed
In frosty poverty A birch tree bends
Above the charred foundation stones, and, freed
At last from fear of jealous axe, it sends
A signal to its fellows to proceed

On their reconquering march across the sward
Which man once wrested from them with his sword,
The plough, long-rusted In the evening,
Shy deer drink, fearless, from the dimpled spring.
. . . . Where settlers' dreams and labors proved in vain,
The forest comes to claim its own again.

King, her kindness, frank interest, and easy accessibility would have placed the most trembling neophyte immediately at ease. Later, travelling to Canada on the same boat with her, one found her all kindness and earnest interest, even when "button-holed" by the most insufferable of head hunters. Seasoned in such situations, the captain had arranged a private deck for her party, and thither you were summoned for enjoyable hours. But Margaret Bondfield sought no such sequestered protection. Her restless energy and frank interest in people and affairs would suggest "Let's walk a mile before dinner on the



Illustrated
by
Eileen Wedd

He was standing there in the sunshine and she knew suddenly that he looked surprisingly distinguished — and much more. She curbed an idiotic impulse to turn and run.

A PROUD LOOK

Pride goes before a rainfall

by HESTER CAULFEILD

THE Spicer girls lived down by the river, that curved a coquettish arm round the small Canadian town of New Sarum. It sounded well, thought Juliet Spicer, living down by the river. Until you learned its friendly habit of rising into the street every spring, until you saw the Spicer house, a sagging, unpainted cottage, old and gnarled as the apple trees about it; until you realized just how poor the Spicer girls must be.

Juliet Spicer was worse than poor. She had a pride that stung, and would not let her forget. She taught in the New Sarum public school; and hated it—such grubby struggling in obscurity! The Spicers, three generations back, had been people of consequence, people who were looked up to, over in Derbyshire. The girls had still a teapot with the Spicer crest and half a dozen silver spoons. Juliet Spicer's thoughts were forever turning three generations back, while her heart turned sick. But she held her head high.

Sometimes her sister Augusta's cheerful acceptance of poverty's makeshifts moved her to bitterness.

"Julie, the floor's humpin' through in a new place! Isn't it a blessing we have those extra bits of carpet so's I can make a mat!"

"We're speckled with mats already!" Juliet Spicer retorted. "If you're going to be thankful for old mats, old mats'll be all you'll ever get out of life, Augusta Spicer!"

Augusta Spicer stayed at home, did the housekeeping, fed the hens, and quoted Julie. A little thing, Augusta Spicer, with one bad leg that pained sometimes and limped at all times, but with ready thankfulness, always, for the good leg.

"You're a saint, Gustie," said Juliet Spicer, "but what've you got for it. Nothing!"

Augusta Spicer might have retorted that she wanted nothing—only to see Julie happy. When it came to day-dreams, Augusta had but one, with Julie's happiness as its theme. Julie, spirited from the school into a home of her own, a home fit to house the teapot and the half dozen

spoons. Sometimes Augusta had even dared to give the master of that home a face and figure. But, of course, she didn't breathe this to Julie. For Julie always lifted her chin at the mere mention of William Randolph's name.

"Oh, one of the school board!" Julie dismissed him curtly. As might be expected, one of the school board betrayed an interest in the school. It was nothing remarkable, therefore, that Juliet should meet him at the school corner almost any afternoon. But she guessed that New Sarum's interest would rise to fever heat at such a meeting three times in the same week. So she lifted her chin very high indeed.

William Randolph started walking beside her, with almost as easy an air, as if he had been invited. For though Juliet's chin lifted, her cheeks were pink. She tried to stop their pinking and found she couldn't; which made them pinker. She wondered if William Randolph noticed. When he spoke, she knew by some subtle quality in his voice that he did, that he even dared to find that pinkness very much to his taste, though all he said was: "Did you hear the old Davison place is up for sale?"

Exactly the type of drab remark to be expected from a school trustee. Juliet drew a fierce breath through disdainful nostrils. She remembered that William Randolph buttered his bread by way of real estate. An odious business—so commonplace! She lifted her eyes to the Davison place, towering on its hilltop above New Sarum.

"Are you going to buy it?" she asked.

William Randolph seemed to find the question amusing. He made her jump with his unexpected shout of laughter. "That place! Me?" he demanded. "What'd I do with a place like that, Miss Juliet? Why the grounds are big enough to keep a gardener busy! And the house—I'd be like a rat in a barn!" he chuckled.

"It is really very picturesque, indeed!" Juliet remarked. She couldn't take her eyes off the old brick house which had been built some seventy years before by a Davison just out from England, and planned in memory of the place he'd left behind. It was the home a Spicer might have built, thought Juliet.

"So romantic!" she mused aloud, "—and the wind in those pines . . ."

"B-rr!" interrupted William Randolph. "And that same wind coming in through those old windows! Nothing romantic about that, Miss Juliet. And that's the part you want to think of when you're buying a house. B-rr, set up there catching every wind that blows! Might live far better in town."

Exactly, fumed Juliet. Down in town, indeed! On one of the cramped new streets, like his own house, she supposed. She thought of that house of William Randolph's—bumptious in red brick, prideful with every modern convenience, and with a smug bulging bow window. Obnoxious was the word to describe it.

William Randolph hadn't finished with the Davison place. His voice fell smoothly across her irritation. "I'm going to try and persuade the town to buy it—for a hospital. It will take a heap to put it in shape, but they'll get it for a song. Not a cent been spent on it in years—not one modern improvement."

Juliet said nothing. Her thoughts still clung in bitter fascination to the bow window and refused to be diverted. They came to the Spicer gate. William Randolph lifted his hat and walked on toward the river. He always pretended he had business with the river. It looked better so, because Juliet never invited him in.

"Julie, who were you talking to?" called out Augusta. Juliet waited a sulky moment before replying. "Oh, one of the school board!" she said with careful indifference.

Augusta crossed the room to (Continued on page 46)

Janet fell into the habit of depending on the dashing Comte de Vion, visiting America for pleasure and "divertissement," as her escort to the dinners and the dances that she loved. The Frenchman brought her gaiety and laughter like her own, and gradually eclipsed the serious, considerate husband she had loved.

An ordinary person would have blamed his wife, but Homer Gray just blamed himself. Too late, he made such reparation as he could. He had come to Paris, given her her freedom, and such alimony as he could afford—and Eric too. And now he had accomplished what he had set himself to sacrifice. In that lassitude which creeps upon the will, after some grim necessity has held it for a long time taut, he was assaulted by intangible emotions. Impersonal comparisons came quietly as ghosts, as if a man could see his lifetime vows dissolved by legal papers into myths in some such mist as this which hung upon the boisterous and unsympathetic men and moters in the street. He wondered if his son would grow to manhood, found a home only to have it flit away some day like thistledown.

"Tink—tink—tink," went the telephone.

Dr. Gray glared at the little apparatus, ringing as though impelled by some occult grudge. He put his fingers in his ears—for scientists like artists have their temperaments, and he disliked a telephone.

"Tink-aling-aling—" the muffled patter of it reached him still. He put out his hand and snapped it from its hook.

"Hello," he said.

Miss Shattuck's flat uninteresting voice replied.

Now Homer Gray had kept completely to himself in France. Miss Shattuck did not count. She was an unattractive, stolid person who had been his secretary once at home. She worked in Paris now, and Dr. Gray had taken her to dinner twice. Middle age, pug nose, stiff tailored skirts and hats—even a man in the process of divorce could be seen with that, immune.

"What are you doing this evening?" asked Miss Shattuck on the wire. "Will you come out."

Dr. Gray checked the excuse that rose to his lips. What was he doing? Staying in a hotel room with thoughts of little Eric and Janet's unforgotten smiles!

"I want you to see the laboratories of *la greffe*," Miss Shattuck urged.

He knew by reputation these famous laboratories where glands of animals were grafted with a view to the rejuvenation of the human race. Under normal circumstances, his ardor of the scientist would have made him visit them before. It was like Miss Shattuck to have such a thing upon her mind! He had remembered her efficiency with gratitude so many times when laboring with the less adequate secretaries whom he had had since her incumbency.

"Yes, thanks, I'll come," assented Homer Gray.

The details being settled, Miss Shattuck laughed her safe, flat laugh as she hung up.

This unprepossessing person had loved Dr. Gray, though he had never guessed it. He had never observed how Miss Shattuck noticed that he hated interruptions when he talked, and loved a chicken sandwich on his desk at noon. Homer Gray's white coats had never lacked for buttons nor his fountain pens for colored inks those seven years Miss Shattuck worked for him.

Miss Shattuck, sometimes, in those happy days had thought that if he ever felt the need of settling down that he was very used to her. Homer Gray had been distressed but unsuspecting, puzzled, as to why Miss Shattuck left before his marriage, suddenly resolved to work abroad. In Paris, then, she started life anew, and fused her memories of Homer with the lilacs growing in the Bois; the organ in the Sacré Coeur; the fountains in the Tuilleries; and all the subtle values which come from God knows where to those responsive to their force. Her love for the considerate, brilliant scientist had lasted still, as devotion, founded on sane appreciation, will . . . And now he was in Paris, and upon this rainy day divorced!

Miss Shattuck, in her room with neat white counterpanes upon the tables and the bed, turned from the telephone so lately warm with Homer's voice. Miss Shattuck was not stupid; neither was she cowardly, and so she faced the mirror frankly estimating all her solidness. The face was older, even plainer than the countenance which had been plain enough before. Beyond the shadow of a doubt Miss Shattuck knew that she was destined still to keep her tumults of perception unexpressed. Yet even so, one might somehow remove the tragic sadness from another's eyes. Plan something . . . by some method make a solace for a man's great pain.

April sunshine was flowing through the Auteuil trees in the suburbs of Paris—persuasive sunshine, streaming on the paths, crocus beds and the Hôtel des Violettes itself.

Janet Gray stood in a long window, opened on the balcony, a cable in her hand. It read: "Halfway home—Goodbye—Good luck. (Signed) Homer."

She was mildly irritated by this message from mid-ocean. Homer should not presume upon his kindness of the past to keep himself in evidence. He should remember that husbands are effaced by a divorce decree, their greeting only welcome on the alimony cheques. Janet was preparing for her second honeymoon; and her infatuation for the Comte was so complete that she heard, almost without emotion, little Eric's cries for "Do'tor Homey" in the dark.

The child was Janet's only problem at this happy time. Eric, with deep-set eyes so like his father's, could not be persuaded to tolerate the Comte, or touch the toys he brought. He refused to learn a word of French, communicating with his Nounou by howls and stampings of boots upon the floor. For less than four years old, he



Wistful

by ANNE SUTHERLAND



I want but three things said of me at Heaven's door,
Three meek and lowly things—and not a tribute more,
I wish that some bright angel standing near may say,
"She looked around for loveliness along the way."
I want some little earnest angel-boy to tell,
"Master, she noticed little things and loved them well."
And then I wish the grayest gray old angel there
May speak and lay her wrinkled hand upon my hair,
"Not once did any word or deed of hers, I know,
Strike laughter from another's lips." Then oh, then oh,
I think through all the shining ranks an eager stir
Will be each angel making room for me by her.

sustained a disconcerting perseverance in his attitude, and Janet was at a loss to know how to manage the stalwart little personage.

Then Miss Mills came to the Hôtel des Violettes.

In a whim of babyhood, Eric took a fancy to the plain-faced American. Perhaps her tailored skirts and hats and general solidness appealed to him, after the household of excitable French and his own high-strung Mamma. At any rate, Miss Mills alone could still his crying for the quiet, dependable presence of "Do'tor Homey." And Eric's mother, grateful for this help in her perplexity, gave the stranger cordial access to her rooms and balcony.

"It's awfully kind of you to entertain my little boy, Miss Mills," she said. "He seems to miss his father so unreasonably. He doesn't take to anything that's French. And after seven months away from home, you'd think he might."

"He's a real Canuck," remarked Miss Mills in her flat, uninteresting voice.

"I hope he will get used to foreigners," said Janet. She put on a turban of silver lamé, took her pretty red purse, kissed Eric on his damp, rosy cheek, and went down to wait for the Comte in the green, budding garden.

Eric, who since he had been bereft of his father, seemed under some self-imposed constraint when his mother was about, relaxed the minute she had left the room. He tugged at Miss Mill's stiff skirt.

"Let's play."

He planted himself by the window and emptied out his box of blocks.

"You sit down, too," he commanded.

Miss Mills lowered herself to a position as dignified as possible upon the floor.

"What s'all we make, Mif' Mills?" Eric asked his friend. "We might build the ark in which Noah sailed the Flood," hazarded the latter; and was relieved when Eric acquiesced. Miss Mills was not at her ease with children; but Eric felt her friendliness, built his blocks and was content.

"I'd show you a pi'cher of my father," the child said suddenly, "but Mamma has it put away."

"Pictures don't matter as long as we remember people," said Miss Mills.

Nounou appeared in the doorway to see if there was anything for her to do.

"Go 'way," yelled Eric, in the transition to bad temper which the sight of his French nurse always produced.

"*Va, mon petit!*" remonstrated the pretty peasant. But she was quite willing to leave the little tyrant with Miss Mills, while she retired beneath the garden trees to sew.

Now, Nounou had worked before for American ladies who had married her compatriots when they became divorced. Nounou suspected that their temperaments were cold. They never satisfied the Frenchman after their external vivacity wore off. Not that Nounou phrased the reasons so exactly: she only knew Monsieur le Comte had passed her once already on the stairs. And Nounou, in expectation of her mistress' remarriage, was embroidering her own lingerie.

Miss Mills, playing with Eric on his mother's balcony, saw the girl in the garden at her handiwork. Miss Mills was not stupid. As she watched, an enigmatic smile screwed her unprepossessing features funnily.

"You look like a baked apple when you laugh like that," observed the child of Homer Gray.

Miss Mills did not resent his rudeness, for was there not a world of little Eric's, never past the age of three in intelligence, who do not see beyond the contour of a woman's lips?

THAT evening at dinner, at the *pension*, Miss Mills appeared to be herself. In fact, it was a particularly jolly meal. Monsieur, the plump proprietor, beamed at his guests from the head of the table.

"Behold, my friends, how Madame the mother of Eric enjoys her repast. I know what *Américaines* prefer."

The laughing Janet was a favorite with the genial host, who delighted in providing almond cakes with chocolate sauce, and other mixtures which, as long as they were deadly, he insisted were "*américaine*."

Yes, Miss Mills seemed quite all right. Dinner ended, she went to her room. Nobody noticed her departure any more than usual, for she was the sort of person whose movements are of very little importance. Who would have thought that this poky woman would become eccentric in the night? But that was what transpired.

After midnight, when all were sleeping, Miss Mills wrapped in a kimono, left her room, descended the wide stairway of the *pension*, opened the big front door, and stepped out into the moonlight. She paced the garden paths around the crocus beds, the plaster statues and the benches wrought in iron filigree. Round and round she went, her grey hair in a scant and unattractive pigtail down her back!

Monsieur, the plump proprietor, roused by the crunching of the gravel, rolled from his fourposter bed and observed her through the shutter slats. An invalid lady on the floor above was rendered nervous to the point of tears. An Edinburgh student on the third was interrupted in his dreams of butterscotch, and so on through the house. Only Janet Gray slept soundly as before.

The extraordinary figure promenaded up and down, round and across the garden, until dawn came. Of all the boarders, prim conventional Miss Mills! Then at sunrise, she entered by the big front door and so to her room.

"I will collect the board she owes, and after that I shall remonstrate," Monsieur muttered to himself.

So, fortified by breakfast, and with fresh wax on his mustache, he mounted the wide stairs to the upper floor. Heretofore, the plump proprietor had rather liked Miss Mills, whom, in deference to a greater weight than his, he secretly had named the "*éléphant américain*." This morning, he found her in a *humeur* totally unlike herself. She seemed jumpy, ill at ease, her fallow fingers twitching at her skirt.

"I had insomnia last night," she greeted him.

"So everybody in my house was made aware," snapped the proprietor. "Mon dieu, Madame," he continued impulsively; "You might have counted sheep traversing apertures in fences, quietly in your own room, instead of pacing the garden like one demented, and annoying all my guests."

Miss Mills, however, continued in a high, unnatural key. "How could I count sheep finding holes in fences, when every time I closed my eyes, I (Continued on page 50)"

that she might wear her best dress. On Saturday, your mother said, "Of course, she couldn't, and don't be silly!"

While you struggled with the buttons of your shoes, your mother brushed and plaited your sister's hair that was long and brown, and gold on top like a horse chestnut. Today, it was all fuzzy around the edges.

Your sister told you what it would be like in the tent, though she had never seen an Uncle Tom's Cabin either.

Your mother did not think Little Eva would go to heaven in the pink dress and hat. She was almost sure that she would not take her parasol. Your mother thought that you would probably not see her go to heaven at all. But though you loved Little Eva very much, you thought how wonderful it would be to see her go up among the shining clouds like an angel.

Your sister liked best the bit about Eliza. Wriggling under the hairbrush, she asked your mother how they would keep the ice from melting in the hot weather. This day was hot, full of nice, warm, June noises. But your mother said it would only be pretend ice. Your sister thought this was a pity.

She put on the little gold chain with the pink coral heart which your uncle had given her at Christmas. So your mother said you might wear your "carnelian beads." Your sister said she guessed when the bloodhounds went after Eliza in the tent they would roar something terrible.

Your heart stopped beating; you had forgotten the bloodhounds.

You knew at once that you could not go. You saw in a dreadful, clear vision the tent full of people, and the sudden strangeness of the ice in the close heat. You saw Eliza running, running, with terror in her eyes, and the bloodhounds creeping closer and closer after her, with their red eyes and flaming mouths.

You were terribly afraid. You could not go and shut yourself in that tent with the great dogs creeping in on you, from this side, from that side, among the people, sniffing the ground, looking for you with awful red eyes.

Even when you shut your own eyes, here, safe at home, they were there, dark and terrible, behind the lids; when you put your fingers in your ears, you could hear them roaring.

You told your father you did not want to see the show. Your mother said little girls were better at home, anyway.

Your sister wore her second-best dress, but your mother would not let her wear her Sunday hat with the apple blossoms and the long green tails; her "blossomin'" hat, she called it. She wore her school hat instead.

Your heart was like a great weight of lead, right down in the middle of your stomach. Your tongue felt dry and big. Something kept smarting in your eyes.

Your sister looked at you in a superior way. "You'd



The Methodist minister's little girl went into the church, and Little Eva went too.

were bees among the yellow roses, making a funny, warm humming sound. But far away you could hear music; the band was playing in the tent.

IN THE evening they told you all about the show—about Uncle Tom and Simon Legree, and Eliza on the ice, and Little Eva with the clouds around her. She really and truly went to heaven, but not in the pink dress—in a white nightgown instead. They told you the bloodhounds had not hurt anyone at all, not even Eliza who got quite across the ice and away from them, while everybody cheered. The band played, and a man sold pink and white taffy which he tossed from hand to hand as he pulled it. Your brother brought you some of the taffy in a bag.

You knew that you had been afraid, and that there had been nothing to be afraid about. You knew that it was too late now; that you would never see the show.

When your father came up to say Good night, he sang to you. Your father could not sing. He had a rumbling voice like a big bee, and he only knew one tune; so he sang different words to that. Sometimes the words didn't fit, and you and your sister used to giggle, but softly, so he wouldn't know. You liked him to sing to you.

Your father asked you to go with him tomorrow night to gather wild strawberries at sundown.

ON SUNDAYS you always went to church. You were English Church. After church, while your mother got lunch, you sat behind the shutters in the dormer window upstairs, and learned "the Colic." They were very hard to learn, but you liked the big, slow words. Your brother learned his quite easily, but your sister not so well. She used to shut her eyes and wave her head from side to side, and say over the words in a sing-song sort of voice. After dinner you would put on your blue dress

better come," she said. You shook your head. No, you didn't want to go, you said. Your voice was small and unsteady.

Your father gave you one more chance. Even when he got to the gate with your brother and sister, he looked back and said, "Coming?" But you shook your head again. Your father had on a white starched vest with shining buttons. His eyes were blue and wise and very kind.

Your mother was so calm and gentle. She did not seem to mind that you had not gone to the show. She said again that little girls were better at home, but you knew that this was not true. She gave you a sugar cookie, which you liked better than anything in the world to eat, but you did not eat it. You sat beside her on the side steps under the yellow rose vine, and made a new dress for your doll out of a fine piece of blue silk your mother gave you. There

again, and the bonnet that hurt, and your patent leather shoes with the straps, for Sunday school.

The Sunday school was in the cellar of the church, so that even on the hottest day it was cool. You went down three crooked steps under the church porch to get there. Your teacher wore tall hats with flowers, or sometimes a bright bird. You liked the flowers best. She would hear you repeat "the Colic," and the Golden Text, and then you would read the Bible. You were the smallest in your class, so you could not always remember all "the Colic," but you read the Bible better than the others.

At dinner, your brother told you that the car with the Uncle Tom's Cabin people was still at the station. There were no trains on Sunday. You looked at your father. Your father looked at your mother. "We might stroll around before Sunday school," your father said. Your mother shook her head. "The children saw them all yesterday," she said.

Your brother said that Little Eva was going to Sunday school—to the Methodist Sunday school.

All of your six eyes turned to your mother. She was helping ice cream in nice large helpings. "Mother," you three said: "Can we go?"

"Certainly not," your mother replied.

You knew that you must never go to any Sunday school but your own, because you were English Church.

Nearly all the children in the village were Methodist. Your Sunday school was much the smallest of all. You knew that all the Methodist children would see Little Eva. It was not so bad for your brother and sister. But for you . . .

When you were ready, your mother put on your bonnet with the blue strings, and your sister's "blossomin'" hat. She kissed you, gave you your Bibles and your leaflets, and your clean hankies. Your brother had on his velvet suit. You walked down the street and under the maple trees, slowly and nicely, because it was Sunday. But your sister always jumped the gap in the sidewalk at the corner. Even on Sundays she jumped it.

On the way to Sunday school you passed the Methodist Church. It was made of red brick and was quite new. The English Church had ivy on it, and your minister wore a white gown like a nightgown. The Methodist minister

was round and jolly. Sometimes he stopped to talk to your father, and he always put his hand on your head and said, "How are we today?" in a round voice. You knew he meant you. And sometimes, the Methodist children told you, he said quite funny things, right in church, so that everybody laughed.

You walked past the Methodist Church very slowly. All the Methodist children were outside—and then you saw why.

Right down the street, right in at the gate, right up to the door of the Methodist Church, went a small person in pink. Little Eva!

The Methodist minister's little girl was with her. She held Little Eva by the hand, although Little Eva was the biggest. You knew the Methodist minister's little girl, because she used to sit on the gateposts and wave to you.

The Methodist minister's little girl went into the church, and Little Eva went, too, and all the Methodist children. You stood still and stared.

The English Church bell began ringing, one, one-one, one-two, slow and fast, in the tower with the green shutters.

"Come on!" your brother said.

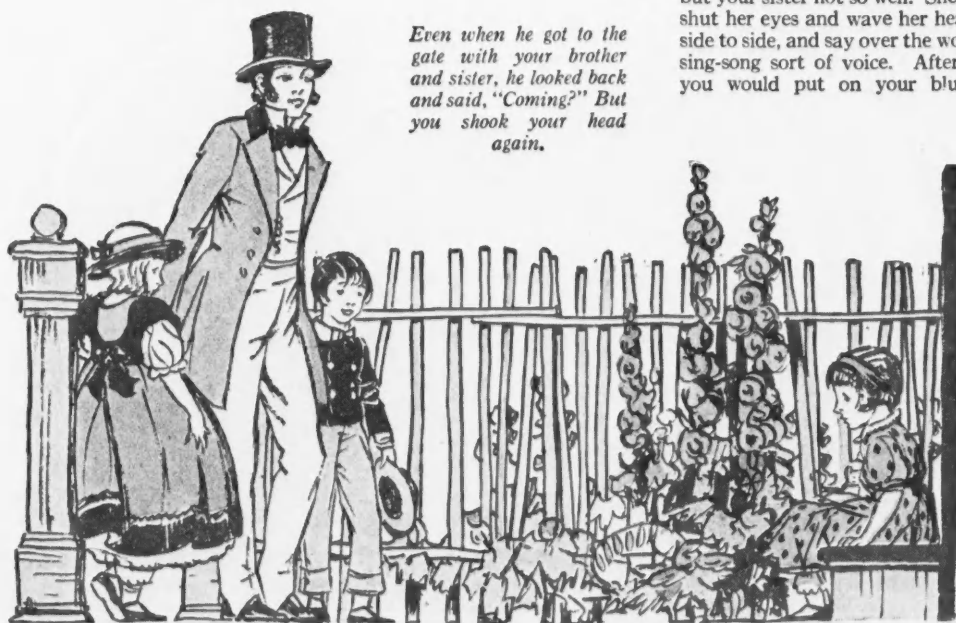
You sat in the Sunday school and smelled the funny air and felt the cool damp on your face. They sang: "There's a Friend for Little Children," which was your most favorite hymn. But the queer feeling in your stomach had come back. You could not sing.

When the time came for lessons, a terrible thing happened. Your sister's teacher came across the Sunday school, straight to your class, straight to you. Your sister's teacher was big and tall, and rather fierce-looking. She had a great deep voice like a man. You were very much afraid of her, but your sister was not afraid. Even when she didn't know "the Colic," as today, she was not afraid.

You wondered why your sister's teacher should come to your class. Was it to see if you could say "the Colic" better than your sister? Though you (Continued on page 61)



Afterward, a long while afterward, when it was quite dark in the garden, your mother came to hear you say your prayers.

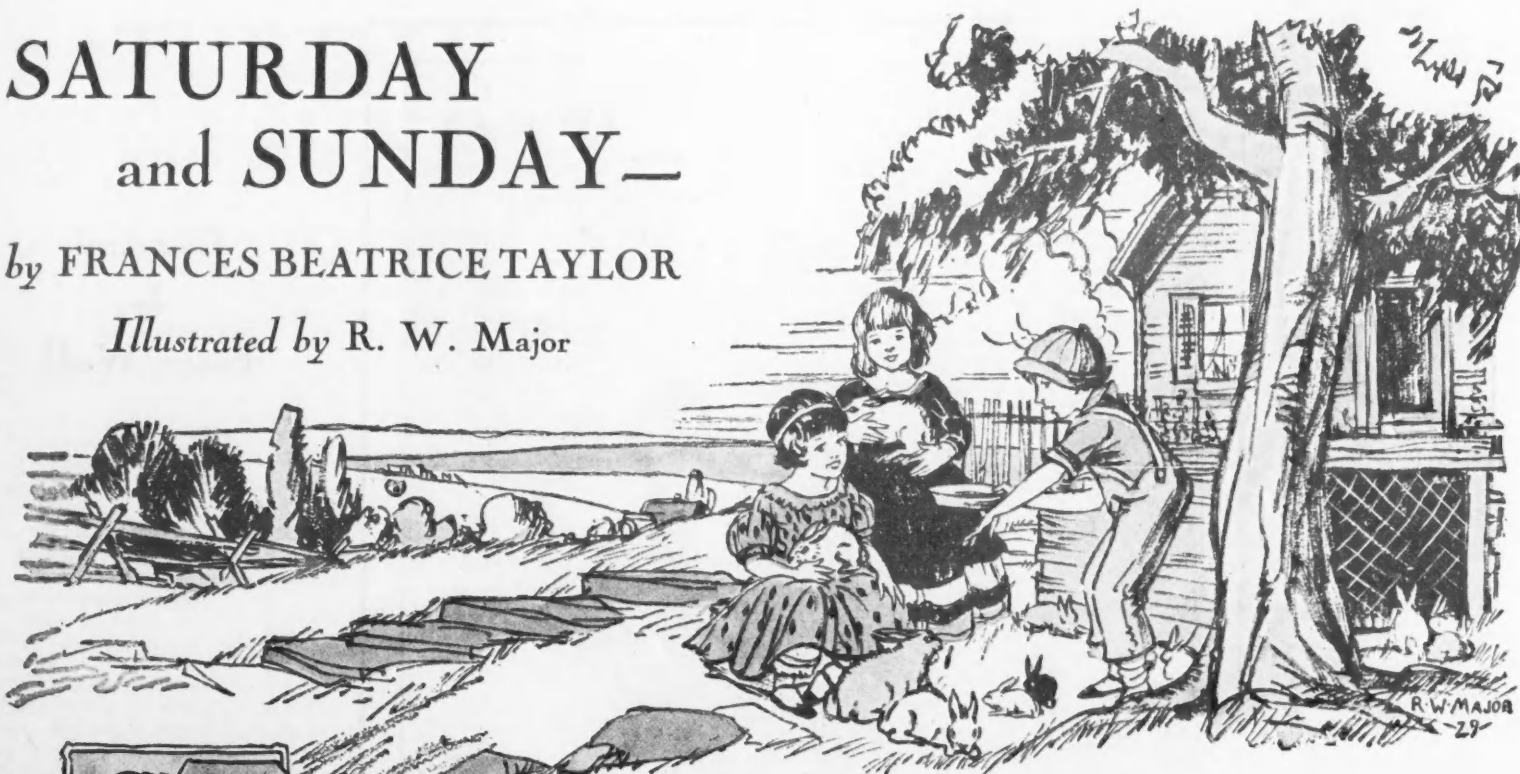


Even when he got to the gate with your brother and sister, he looked back and said, "Coming?" But you shook your head again.

SATURDAY and SUNDAY—

by FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR

Illustrated by R. W. Major



On Saturday mornings, your brother cleaned the rabbit hutches, and sometimes you were allowed to hold some of the small rabbits in your inconsiderable lap during the process.



HOSE were the days you liked best of all. Saturday, of course, because there were no lessons; Sunday, because of a sort of holiday mixture of bacon for breakfast and cream puffs for lunch; of crisply starched "vest" dresses, and hymns around the piano; and, if luck was with you, a walk through the "goyal" meadow to the strawberry patch at sundown—and Sunday school.

It was not that you were a particularly good child. Your brother was good, your sister was not, and you were some place in between, law-abiding but with possibilities. But Sunday school meant an acute sort of exaltation. It began with the sharp mental pangs from learning "the Colic" each Sunday, and carried on through a brief hour in the basement school, where the sun shone through dusty windows, and there was always a faint musty smell of spiders, velvet hassocks, and old hymn books.

On week days your brother and sister went to school, and you, because you were the littlest one, had lessons at home. You were very poor at lessons, so you came to like Saturdays a great deal. You awoke early with a great sense of adventure on you.

On Saturday mornings, your brother cleaned the rabbit hutches, and sometimes you were allowed to hold some of the small rabbits in your lap during the process.

There were a great many rabbits; you could not imagine where they all came from. Sometimes your brother would come in the morning with his hair bristling on the top of his head in a frenzy of excitement to tell you that there were little baby rabbits, more of them—and, once, a black one. You were never allowed to peep; something terrible happened to baby rabbits if you peeped.

Once, something terrible did happen, anyway, and the latest six died. The consolation was, of course, the burying-ground, under the early Transparent, at the far corner of the orchard. Your mother gave you a biscuit box, a large tin one, with beautiful printing on the paper wrapper, red and blue. But your sister pulled all the paper off; she said it would never do for a funeral. You were too small to help with the packing of the tiny corpses in the box, or to dig their grave among the crooked old roots of the apple tree. But because you sometimes made up verses and sang them over to yourself in a queer voice, your sister said that you might write a piece to put up over the little new grave. There were other pieces there, for the graveyard was quite full. Your father always gave you little split sticks from the garden, the kind he used to hold up the gay envelopes marking where the flower seeds were. But your sister said that these also were too gay for a funeral. So she brought a slip of white paper for the split stick.

All the time the funeral was going on, you sat in the garden and chewed your pencil, and could not make a rhyme at all. You had made a lovely one for the robin old Biddy, the cat, had got in the asparagus bed. But you could not think of a word to rhyme with "rabbit." Presently the funeral was over, and time to put up the stick.

So you wrote, very carefully, in large, printing letters: A BOX OF RABBITS. Which, of course, it was.

ON SATURDAYS your father and brother went fishing sometimes, and once they took you along. But it was only to hold the worms which were in a mustard tin. So you lost interest in fishing and did not go again.

But there was always something to do on Saturdays. In the morning, your sister helped in the house while you watered the garden. You could not carry the big can, so you had to make many trips to the pump to fill the little green one you were given on your birthday. You puffed a bit from carrying it, because you were quite stout. Then you took the broom and swept the slat walk. This was a nice place to sweep, because the leaves and dust slid down quite easily between the slats into the dark cave sort of place beneath. Once your sister lost a ring with a moonstone in it. You thought for sure it was down under the slat walk, but though your father took up a good many of the slats, you never found it. On Saturdays, when you were sweeping, you liked to lie on your stomach, and peer through the cracks into the darkness; often you were certain you saw the moonstone glitter.

IT WAS on a Saturday that Uncle Tom's Cabin came to town. They had a car all to themselves, and your father took the three of you to the station to see them. There would be a big tent in the town park for the show in the afternoon. You had never seen black men before, and you trembled a little when your father went right up to one of them on the station platform and talked to him about the show. You clung very tight to your father's hand, and your brother hung on tight at the other side. But your sister was not afraid; she walked right down the platform and peeped into the car. But she would not tell you what she saw.

There was a procession. A man in top boots and a tail coat came first after the band, and you knew at once that he was Simon Legree, because you had read the book so often. But you could not see Uncle Tom, for the only old man was quite white, except for a queer little black rim round his face. But there was a person you were sure was Eliza because she carried a very quiet little baby in her arms.

Then you were terribly afraid, for out of the car trailed the bloodhounds. Somehow, for all you knew of Uncle Tom, you had not thought about the bloodhounds really coming to town. The big poster at the corner of the park said twenty bloodhounds but only four were in the procession—great, terrible black monsters with red

eyes, and flame fairly dripping from their jaws. A man led them on a huge rope, and they walked past you on paddy feet, down the dust of the street, the while you went cold, and stiff all over with fear. But your sister wasn't frightened.

And then your breath—that was all gasping and queer anyway. It left you with a jerk and slowly puffed back into you again. For the loveliest creature in all the world stepped down daintily from the car, right beside you. She had on pink skirts that stood out all around her like a hollyhock, and a beautiful hat of pink silk, and pink shoes. You did not know that there were such things as pink shoes. Pink was your favorite color but your mother said little girls with blue eyes should wear blue. So your everyday dresses were blue, and your best dress, too, and there were wide blue strings on your best bonnet, the straw one with the rough edges that hurt you all through church and Sunday school. But this dress was all pink, most wonderful. And this little girl had long curls of real gold hair, like your best doll, only longer and much nicer. Your hair would not curl, nor your brother's, but your sister's did sometimes, when it was very hot or she was very much excited.

The little girl in the pink dress and the lovely pink hat went down the dusty platform and left you staring after her—you, and your brother and your sister, and every one of the children in the village. Your sister cried: "It's Little Eva," but you all knew that.

When she got to the end of the platform, she turned and blew a kiss to you and all the others. Then she went on in the procession, right down the middle of the street, in her pink shoes, with her pink parasol bobbing over her lovely long curls. And everybody followed right after.

You would see her again. After you got home, that was what kept zigzagging through your mind; you would see her again. You were going to the show—your father and your brother and your sister and you. Your mother was not going; she said, "Goodness, no, child!" when you asked her. But you were going!

THERE was apple pie for dinner, but all the time you were thinking of little Eva in the pink dress and hat, and the pink shoes.

Your mother dressed you in your second best dress and last summer's hat. She said that the tent would be crowded and that you could not put on your best dress, but you didn't want to, anyway. You liked to know that your best dress was hanging in the cupboard, safe and cool and clean for Sunday morning. But your sister begged very hard



The loveliest creature in all the world stepped daintily down from the car, right beside you.

MADE CANADA

The Women of Ontario -- by H. R. MORGAN

slow recovery to health, she and her small children went to the Mohawk River, where they clung out a precarious existence. Thence some months later they were removed to Niagara by a British force which had learned of their destination. Five Loyalist families, the Nelles, Secords, Youngs, Bucks and Bowmans—five women and thirty-one children—comprised the party so rescued, and among them all, it is recorded, there was but one pair of shoes!

The Bowman family was never wholly reunited. After a separation of eight years, the greater part of which had been spent by the husband in chains in a military prison, Bowman and his wife once more met in the Niagara district where, undismayed by their reverses, the loss of their property, the confiscation of their lands and the scattering of their family, lacking money, health and often provisions, they cheerfully adjusted themselves to their altered situation, worked hard and at last achieved a competence. It was of such stuff that the Loyalist women were made.

CONSIDER, again, the experiences of Christina Merkley, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a widower of the Schoharie district who, with a younger sister, had charge of the household and a five-year-old brother. The father, Michael Merkley, had been absent upon a visit to relatives, and the two girls were preparing to greet him and a cousin upon their return, when suddenly a volley rang out from a neighboring wood, and before their very eyes the father and his companion dropped dead from their saddles. A moment later, the sisters with the little boy found themselves the prisoners of a party of Indians; their belongings were seized as booty and the farmhouse and other buildings set ablaze. The entreaties of the girls and the cries of the boy were of no avail, but finally the child complained so bitterly and cried out so frequently for his father that the Indians murdered him and then exhibited his scalp to his horrified sisters. After seven weeks of suffering and extreme hardship, the Merkley sisters, mercifully spared from the warriors by the latter's squaws, at last reached Niagara where they were rescued by Sir John Johnson and taken into his own household. In Montreal, at the close of the war, Christina was married to Jacob Ross, a disbanded Loyalist, and with him settled upon the banks of the St. Lawrence in the County of Dundas, dying in 1857 at the ripe age of 98 years. At least three of her descendants have had seats in Parliament.

TYPICAL of the plight of many Loyalists when they reached their new homes in the wilderness was the case of Mr. and Mrs. Ross. The Government furnished them, as it did most of the Loyalists, with the bare necessities of existence and with the simple tools with which they were enabled to effect a clearance, build a rude dwelling and commence agriculture. But beyond this it rendered little assistance. The Rosses lacked a cow as well as the means of buying one. Nor was there any probability of the returns upon their labors being sufficient for years to come to warrant such an investment. Accordingly, the young wife agreed to leave her husband and homestead for a year in order to work for wages in Montreal, and by the end of that time she had saved the money to buy the cow. Meanwhile, Ross had cleared enough land to raise some vegetables and grain and the worst of their difficulties were over.

So it was with the great majority of the actual pioneers. To only a certain number was there granted compensation for the losses which they had sustained during the war, and very many of them lacked even the smallest capital with which to follow their new pursuits. But they had no stint of strength of character, energy or perseverance. In such conditions, the lot of the women was far from being an easy or happy one. Relief from labor—and hard labor it was, without the devices and conveniences that are today reckoned essential to the worker's welfare even on the most isolated farms—came only at long intervals. If the men were occupied in clearing the forest and bringing the soil under cultivation, the women also toiled at their domestic duties and generally lent a helping hand at the more arduous outdoor tasks. Since the wolves were so fond of preying upon sheep that even to keep them became unprofitable, the Loyalists in many instances had to depend upon the cultivation of flax for their clothing. To the women was assigned the care of the plot of ground sown with flax seed besides the conversion of the product into coarse linen, which they fashioned into clothing sufficiently strong to withstand the hard usage that it received. The fact that only the most primitive spinning and weaving apparatus was available, made such processes both difficult and laborious. The "fulling" of the cloth was usually accomplished by treading the fabric in large tubs.

The women were, indeed, never at a loss for occupation. As each family was almost totally self-dependent, the demands made upon the women's (Continued on page 44)

As they follow from the top of the page, Miss Janet Carnochan, an indefatigable woman historian of Ontario; Miss Ethel Galt, (Mrs. Austin Shaw)—daughter of a Chief Justice of Ontario and a Knight—who joined the Salvation Army and rose to high rank; Isabella Valancy Crawford, beloved poet; Mrs. S. A. Curzon, a pioneer in the fight for higher education for women; and Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen, the first Canadian woman to take an entirely Canadian course of study in medicine.



WOMEN WHO

The second in a series on women of the provinces

IF THE Government of Ontario chose to imitate that of Quebec by marking for special recognition those women who have displayed outstanding courage and resourcefulness in meeting and overcoming the difficulties inevitable in a new country, it would find no dearth of candidates for distinction. There are many such women in the newer sections of Ontario who, when faced with more than ordinary obstacles and vicissitudes, have conquered them with heroic tenacity and fortitude; and in the older and longer-settled parts of the province, in the cities and towns, as well as in the hamlets and on the farms, their sisters are carrying on in the same indomitable spirit, refusing to confess defeat, but determined that their sex shall be no barrier to ultimate success. In so doing, they are following in the footsteps of their ancestors, for courage has been a pronounced quality in Ontario womanhood from the earliest days of the province.

Very fortunately, recorded history does not deal so intimately or copiously with the exploits of the pioneer women as it does with those of their husbands or brothers. It is undeniable, however, that while the part played by the men in establishing Ontario has been adequately recorded, comparatively little has been written about the women who helped to shape their country's destiny. Yet the fact remains that during the period when the foundations of this province were being laid, well and truly, the women Loyalists exhibited as much courage, enterprise and public spirit as did any of their male relatives. If the departure from a traditional neighborhood and the compulsory abandonment of property—representing perhaps the fruits of a lifetime's endeavor—meant hardship and suffering for the Loyalist, what untold deprivation and heartache did it bring to the members of his family? Rare courage, indeed, it demanded of a man to differ from his neighbors in the conception of his duties when the American colonies threw down the gauntlet to the Motherland. How much greater then, must have been the courage required of the womenfolk who, sundered as they were from their husbands, endured the taunts and in some instances the actual attacks of their adversaries, yet remained true to their allegiance?

And what of the journey, sometimes by water, sometimes over land, through the forests to the virtually unknown wilderness where their lot was fated to be cast? What of the fear of attack from wild beasts and marauding savages, their poignant regret and grief at the severance of

old home ties and associations and the loss of relatives and friends? What of the hideous uncertainties of the future and the stark realization, upon arrival at the new home in the backwoods, that life must be begun all over again? Added to this were the miseries of isolation and loneliness, the struggle to rear and educate the family, far removed as it usually was from physician, clergyman or teacher; the disappointments and disillusionments, and, most of all, the sheer labor of wresting their subsistence from the virgin forest. Half the story of what these women endured has yet to be told and probably never will be told in all its fullness. Yet it is to their everlasting credit that, except in rare instances, they did not quail at the prospect or falter at the task. They were more than the equal of the circumstances in which they found themselves, and, by surmounting the difficulties and dangers which might well have proved insuperable to others of frailer grit and perseverance, they succeeded in placing Ontario upon the solid foundation that has endured to this day, in imbuing their descendants with the same determination to overcome all obstacles, and in handing down to posterity a picture that must invariably inspire emulation and respect. Ontario has every reason to take pardonable pride in the women who contributed to her prosperity, for to them must be assigned much of the credit for its early development.

LEST this picture be regarded as overdrawn, consider the case related by Egerton Ryerson, of Mrs. Jacob Bowman, whose husband settled upon a handsome grant of land upon the Susquehanna River at the close of the War with the French. The state of his wife's health obliged Bowman to remain at home when the Revolutionary War broke out and there, at dead of night, he was surprised by a party of Continental troops and with his eldest son, aged sixteen years, carried off into imprisonment. The woman was left with only the bed upon which she lay, one blanket to cover her, and the assistance of six small children. Half an hour after her husband was made prisoner, she gave birth to an eighth child. The eldest of the children remaining at home was but eleven years of age, and for a time went about without either coat or shoes—which had been pillaged—but he contrived to minister to the needs of the family. Had it not been for the assistance rendered by friendly Indians they would certainly have perished, for it was winter time and they lacked both clothing and provisions. After Mrs. Bowman's

As they follow from the top of the page, Miss Louisa Murray, distinguished writer of fiction and literary criticism; Miss Clara Brett Martin, Ontario's first woman barrister; Mrs. Charles Mair; Dr. Leonora Howard King, one of the first of Canada's women medical missionaries; and Mrs. Coleman, the famous "Kitt," reputed to be the first woman war correspondent in the world.



Everybody called her Sally, but it didn't mean anything except that she was the file girl.

"Have you heard about Temple, Sally?"

What nice eyes he had. She wished he might see her toast and eggs. If she could only straighten out that curl on his left forehead.

"No, what about him?" asked Sally disinterestedly.

"Why, he's quitting."

"Quitting? My, he must be getting an awful good job."

"I should say he was," explained Tom. "Mona Wales has engaged him for her publicity man, and the salary is several times what he was getting here. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he married her, yet. Just think of that, married to a beautiful girl like Mona Wales, and rolling in wealth besides."

Practical Sally had only one remark to make to this.

"Who's going to get his job?"

"Oh, golly, I don't know."

"Are you?"

Sally might just as well have said, "Oh, I hope you are," but the imaginary young man didn't seem to be aware of that.

"Well, listen to that. I'll tell you, Sally, who's going to get that job. The fellow who gets his work accepted for Theresa Thierry. And I'm out for the job. Now, you see, with the prospect of being Thierry's publicity man, all the boys will work overtime. And say, Thierry hasn't got a husband yet, herself. And if you want my opinion, she's ten times as good looking as Wales any day."

Sally didn't care about that, but she certainly did not like the warmth with which Tom expressed his opinion. She could just see his nose from under the waves of his curly hair. Little did he suspect how much that nose of his would like to sniff the aroma of her morning coffee.

Sally was effectually dismissed from his mind, but not more so than she was at any time. Funny how he never seemed to look right at her, but kept his eyes glued on her hair. Of course, he was unaware of all those nice things he said to her at breakfast time.

Sally filed mechanically that day. If Tom had only been telling her that the good fortune was for himself! But there, that wouldn't have done at all, because it would have meant that he would leave the office and she would never see him again, except possibly in the *Sunday Supplement* as the husband of the marvellous Theresa Thierry when they sailed on one of their casual trips to Paris.

She communed with herself sadly that night in her mirror. Would she have to relinquish her congenial breakfast table companion to that vamp of a Thierry? He had a pretty good chance. Wasn't he the best copy-writer of them all? And how he would work harder than ever to win the big prize.

She wanted him to win, of course, but she really only wanted him to win Temple's job. She couldn't bear to think of him leaving the office.

FROM force of habit Sally jumped up in the morning and got ready the breakfast for two in the usual way—the eggs just right, the toast just browned, but she found her imaginary companion more silent than ever.

Hardly had she reached the office when the telephone rang. It was Margetson himself, calling for Tom's file on Thierry. She had no sooner got back to her room than the bell rang again, and this time it was Tom himself asking for the same file. She told him where it was, and promised to bring it to him when it came back.

The file was returned to her during the day. Margetson had a habit of marking copy with cabalistic notations, intended to be a secret to all but himself; and, of course, Sally knew what they meant, for she knew everything.

Deciphered, these scrawls on Tom's file signified enthusiastic approval. Sally carried the file dutifully in and laid it before Tom.

"Wish I knew what the boss means by those dinged dots and things. Come on, Sally, you must know. Won't you tell me?"

"Did I ever break a rule of this office? You know I never did. Even if I knew, I wouldn't tell you."

"You know all right."

The file came back that night from Tom's desk, with additions. Sally had been waiting for it all day. Even if she had never broken an office rule, she was going to shatter one now.

There was one inviolable rule of the office. No file was ever to be taken out of the building. All the files were at the disposal of the proper people in the office and during working hours, but no one was allowed to take even his own work away from the building.

But there were pictures of the hated Thierry in that file, and Sally wanted to look them over in the privacy of her own room. She figured it all out during the day, much as a bad boy would plan a bit of mischief. She took a certain giddy delight in the thought of breaking this rule, and, of course, she could return the file without anyone's being the wiser.

Illustrated by Howard Ellis

She waited until the offices were cleared that night. Then she tied the file loosely in wrapping paper and went guiltily down the elevator.

THE very first thing she did when she got home, was to unwrap the parcel and take out the pictures of Thierry. She selected two and set them up on either side of her mirror, where she could compare them with her own reflection. Sally had to admit that the comparison was not entirely flattering to herself; that is, at first. But it was altogether a different story, once she had tossed her hat on the bed and fluffed up her own hair. Of course it was the color, because Thierry's flaming hair didn't show up in photographs. Sally turned her head this way and that and appraised herself. "Well, Theresa," she apostrophized the picture, "he may think you're good looking. But, of course, pictures can be touched up. And besides, does he know what sort of disposition you've got, and does he know whether you can cook his eggs exactly three minutes?"

She read through all the file. This didn't help things a bit, because there was evident in it a warmth that could not possibly have been excited only by Tom's interest in his work. Oh, thought Sally, if he only could say things like that about her.

Sally saw Tom's work on Thierry accepted. She saw him elevated to Temple's position and enjoying a substantial increase in salary; but worse than anything else, she saw him leaving to become the envied publicity man of Theresa of the red hair. Much more unbearable still, she pictured him as he sailed on his honeymoon with that same lady on the boat deck of an outgoing liner.

There was but one thing that Sally could figure would prevent this horrible calamity, although she didn't think it all out with much order, because she jumped from one thing to another. First, it would be her jealousy of the fortunate Theresa; then the curly head of Tom would come before her, which only made her hate the unsuspecting Theresa the more. Then the success which she wanted Tom to have,



and the desolation in her heart if he did succeed and left the office.

Tom must not succeed. There was but one way now to stop his success, and that was to lose the file.

At the thought of that act of disloyalty, Sally started to her feet and walked slowly about the room. That was what really caused all the mischief, for there, looking haughtily from either side of her own mirror, was the despised Theresa. Sally grabbed the two pictures, wrapped them up with the file and hid it in her bureau drawer. Yes, at the risk of ruining Tom's chances for success, at the risk of losing her own job, the file must be lost.

Of course, if Sally had been anything but what she was, she would have seen that Tom in Margetson's office and herself in another, if she could get a job, wouldn't help matters a bit. All she could see, however, was that smile playing about his nose, opposite her at breakfast, and the triumphant smile of the hated Theresa Thierry, as she nudged her hand in under his elbow up against a life raft on a big Cunarder.

SALLY was awake when the alarm rang in the morning, but she got up just as cheerily as ever, and served her perfect breakfast to the imaginary young man just as before, except that he seemed a little more unsubstantial and she caught him looking at her with admiration. The imaginary young man walked smartly at her side down the street, carefully guarding her against the traffic.

Promptly Tom called for the important file. Sally reported to him that she could not find it. Immediately there was an uproar. Tom asked Margetson about it. The file was nowhere to be found. Finally, both came in to Sally's room and went through her files and the pile of stuff yet unfiled.

"I sent it back last night, I'm sure," Tom said.

"Sally, you've got to find it," ordered Margetson. "Miss Thierry is to be here this morning. Let everything else go, but find that file."

It was a mad day in Sally's office, but she was anything but distressed. Quite the contrary, she had never felt so ridiculously happy in all her life. Tom set to work to reconstruct the file, but she knew he couldn't do it in a day.

She watched him from time to time as he worked fitfully at his dictating machine. His usual enthusiastic demeanor was gone. She was sorry for that, but she had him; that was enough.

The end of the day found the file still missing, Thierry unsatisfied with the material shown her, and Tom working feverishly, trying to recapture the lost inspiration. He came to her room just before closing time. The dimple had fled far away; the smile—well, it had simply perished. As for the curls, they looked as though they had been completely squelched.

"You haven't found it, of course. You're just like all women, careless, can't be trusted. And it doesn't seem to make a bit of difference to you. Let me tell you, young lady, if you had lost something that meant a pretty big thing in your life, I guess you'd be pretty darn sore at the fellow responsible for losing it."

Sally felt that she could sympathize with him, because she thought she knew how it would feel to lose that imaginary young man, who ate her breakfast eggs.

"Look here, you've got to get it for me. Why, just think, Margetson's decided to use my stuff. If I was the boss, I'd find a way to make you locate it soon enough."

"But I can't find it, if it isn't here, can I?" asked Sally, sweetly.

"How the dickens do you know it isn't here?" cried Tom.

"Because I've looked everywhere for it all day, and I know it isn't here."

She was actually quite unperturbed. Of course she knew it wasn't there.

"Well, can't you do anything but stand there and grin?"

Sally laughed merrily, to show him that there were other things she could do.

"I'll find that file if I have to turn your cabinets upside down," he said, grimly.

"You better get Mr. Margetson's permission to go through those files," she cautioned him, airily. Tom made noises in his throat and angrily jerked open the top file drawer.

Sally went home in a distinct state of elation, her nose tilted to the sky, her hands switched at her skirts; and she laughed gleefully at the funny sight Tom made fumbling through those papers, his curls quite dragged and the dimple completely effaced.

But this exalted state did not last. As much as half of it had gone entirely by the time she opened her door.

(Continued on page 42)

Then she tied the file loosely in wrapping paper and went guiltily down the elevator.



But it was all a most ridiculous proceeding, because there wasn't anybody for whom she was getting breakfast except herself. The man who liked his eggs just three minutes precisely, and his toast just so, and buttered sparingly, was purely imaginary.

SALLY COOKS AN EGG OR TWO

When two is company one is a crowd

by HARRIS BOOGE PEAVEY

EVERY morning when Sally's alarm clock rang, she slipped ten eager toes into her bath slippers, and skipped into the kitchenette to light the gas under the coffee percolator.

Her last name was unimportant, and anyway she was more than willing to change it. You would have liked her arms falling away from the joyous bob of her red hair, fussing around the coffee percolator and putting on a pot for the eggs. "He likes them just three minutes precisely," she explained to herself, confidentially.

You would have loved to watch her brushing her hair, her hands weaving in and out like so many forks tossing golden hay on a stack. "And he wants his bread toasted at the table, so it will be piping hot, and spread with the very least bit of butter."

Every morning Sally hurried to get this breakfast in the same manner, to dress in time to pop the eggs into the boiling water when the coffee percolator began to drip, and to turn the sandglass upside down.

But it was all a most ridiculous proceeding, because there wasn't anybody for whom she was getting breakfast except herself. The man who liked his eggs just three minutes precisely, and his toast just so, and buttered sparingly, was purely imaginary.

I say he was imaginary, although Sally could describe his appearance in minute detail, particularly at breakfast time, from the cut and color of his clothes down to the style of his shoe laces. But, of course, the really fascinating thing about him was his face. It had a way of breaking into a smile at her appearance that made her heart turn a little flip-flop. He smiled in the depression in his chin, and in those very attractive corners at the side of his nose which wrinkled up so delightfully. But what Sally found most lovable about him was his curly hair.

Now the reason this young man was not so imaginary as he seemed, was that he actually lived and breathed and worked, as Sally did, in the office of the Margetson Agency, which devoted its activities to advertising the superior qualities of various sorts of soap, tobacco, cosmetics, automobiles, shoes, and other commodities. Recently it had

undertaken to develop audiences for would-be motion picture stars.

Sally spent her days dipping in and out of yawning filing cabinets. All day long, except on Sundays, she could see the counterpart of her imaginary young man sitting among the copy-writers outside her filing room, the curls yet unsubdued, the smile alone missing, chased away by his preoccupation with the urgency of Theresa Thierry's claims upon the public.

Sally had very nearly forgotten his toast. A thin pencil of smoke puffed up from the toaster. "Oh," she cried softly, as she snapped off the current; "it's not very burned."

Of course she knew that this was absolutely ridiculous, but she had read somewhere that if you kept on making pictures to yourself long enough and often enough, of the things you wanted to happen to you, sometime, somehow, they would come true.

Quite shamelessly she wanted Tom Wardwell for a real husband. She wanted to hear him praise her precise three-minute eggs, and just-so toast and coffee that made the corners of his nose wrinkle. She yearned to have him hold her hand a prisoner and talk real nonsense to her, the kind of nonsense a really nice new husband would talk.

There were just two or three things that stood in the way of this consummation of her desires. One was that Tom hadn't as yet asked her if she would let him marry her. The other was that even if he had, she didn't think they could manage it on his salary.

SALLY really knew more about the business than Margetson himself. Not that she thought she did, but as chief filing clerk she had acquired an intimate knowledge of the affairs of the Margetson Agency.

She knew just what salary every man received, and she did think that Tom's present salary was not enough to stand the burden of a wife and—well, you know how those things go.

Now there was Mr. Temple. Why he hadn't been getting much more than Tom until last year, when his work had been accepted for Mona Wales. It had been so successful

that Margetson had immediately raised his salary very generously.

She recalled correctly the amount of Mr. Temple's salary before that raise, and figured that if Tom could get the same raise, in her judgment he could afford to marry and support a wife, and, yes, a baby, for you know that babies are inevitable. She did hope his work on the Thierry account would bring him the desired raise.

She drained the last drop of coffee and tidied up the dishes before starting to work. Pulling on her hat before her mirror, she caught the studied expression on her face and laughed back at her image shamefacedly.

"What a silly thing I am," she admonished her reflection. Why, even if she had caught him looking at her occasionally through the glass, she was just part of the filing machinery to him.

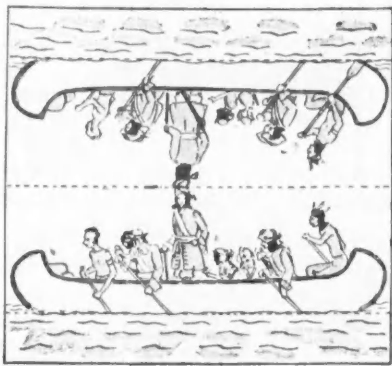
She went to work, not at all as you and I start off for the office in the morning, wishing that we had been able to stay in bed, or that we didn't have to go to work at all. You see the young man who had just partaken of her eggs and toast, walked at her side. And Sally was so engrossed with listening to the nice things the young man would have to say to her, that she didn't have any time at all to think of anything else. Besides, she was hurrying to the same office to which the real young man was hastening.

How quickly you got to the office if you had a nice young man walking at your side! Sally was there almost before she noticed it.

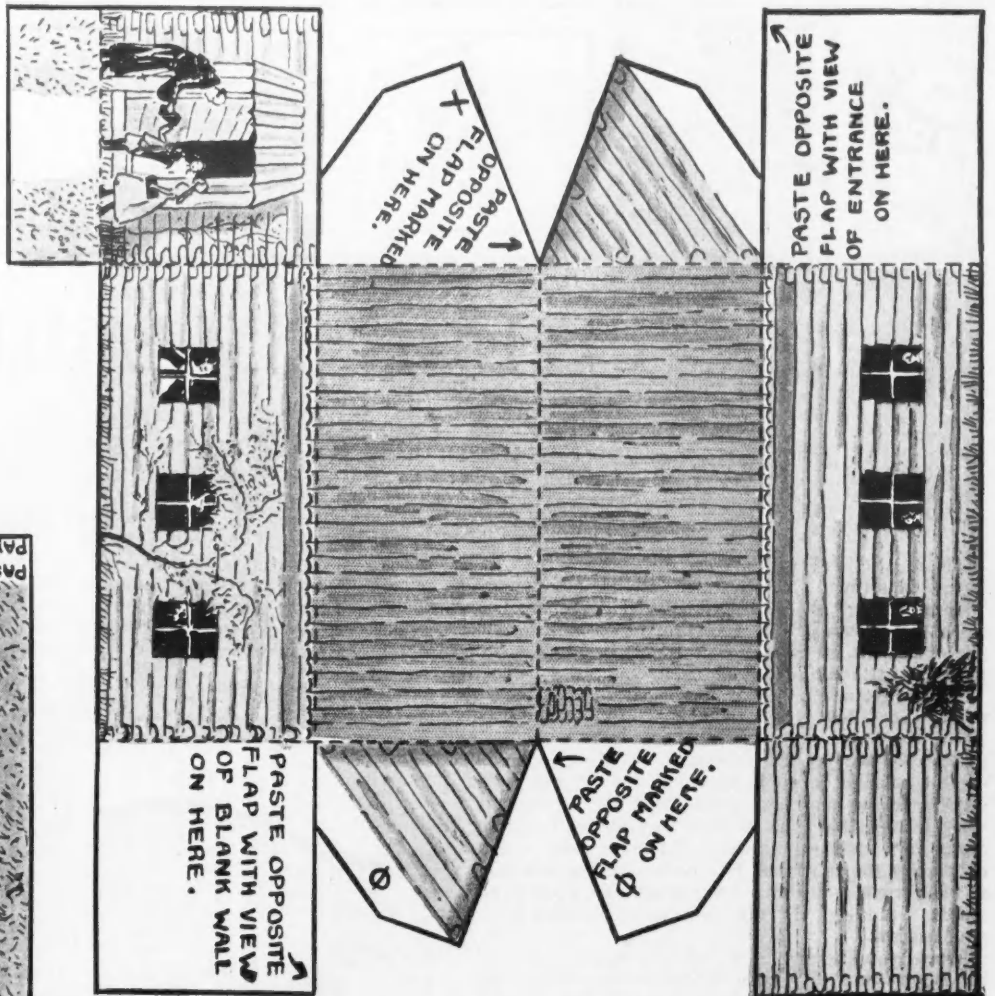
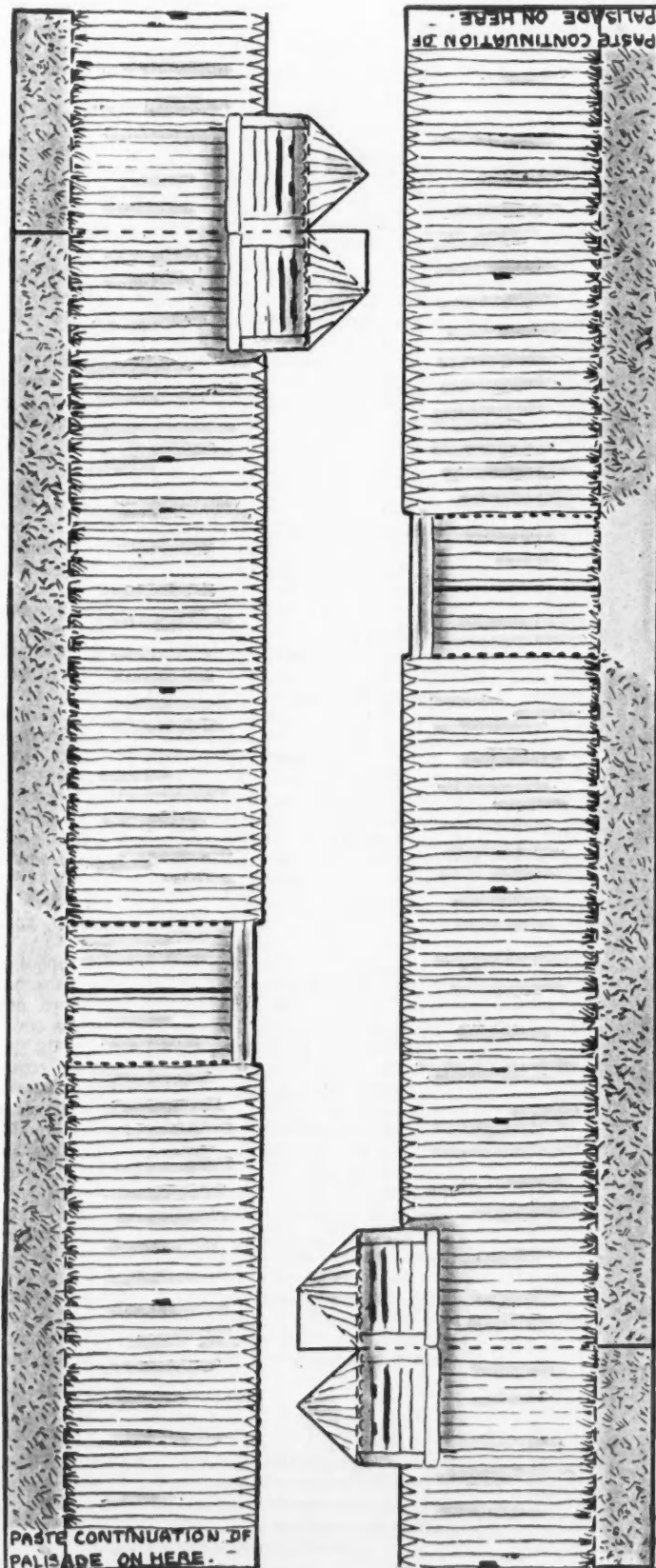
You must not think that her duties prevented her from bestowing an approving glance on the incarnation of her breakfast table young man as he arrived at his desk. He was all that she had visualized, even to the curly hair. But there was a new springiness in his step, and a more absorbed expression on his face this morning.

A tinkle on her telephone made her turn impatiently to answer the call. You would have liked to see that frown on Sally's face sink away in shame as she heard this same young man call for his Thierry file.

It was almost as if she were carrying him her heart, so tenderly did she press his precious file to her bosom.



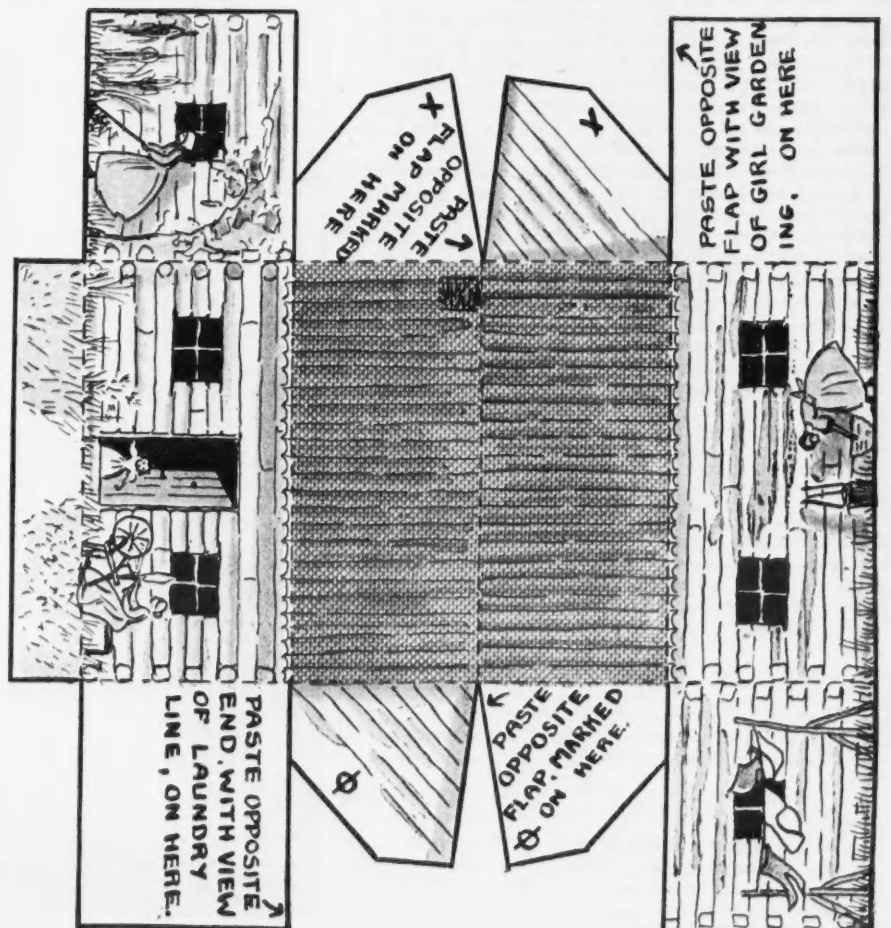
Soon after dawn on the morning of the ninth day a number of canoes were seen to be landing troops at the wharf.



Directions for Building Castle Dangerous

Implements required; Crayons, one sheet of light weight, smooth, brown paper, one pair scissors, paste, and one piece of cardboard about fourteen inches square.

Directions: Make one house at a time. Paste house, before cutting out, on thin brown paper. When quite dry, cut around all heavy ink outlines. Then, holding in your hands, bend all dotted lines till they form four walls and a roof. Following the instructions given, paste the ends carefully. Now on the piece of cardboard paste all stationary objects such as palisades, houses, blockhouse, etc., in their correct places, sketching with pencil or crayon the position of the river, paths, fields, etc.



*How Madeleine de Verchères
kept the Fort*



The HEROINE of CASTLE DANGEROUS

A cut-out story of Early Canada

by JEAN WYLIE

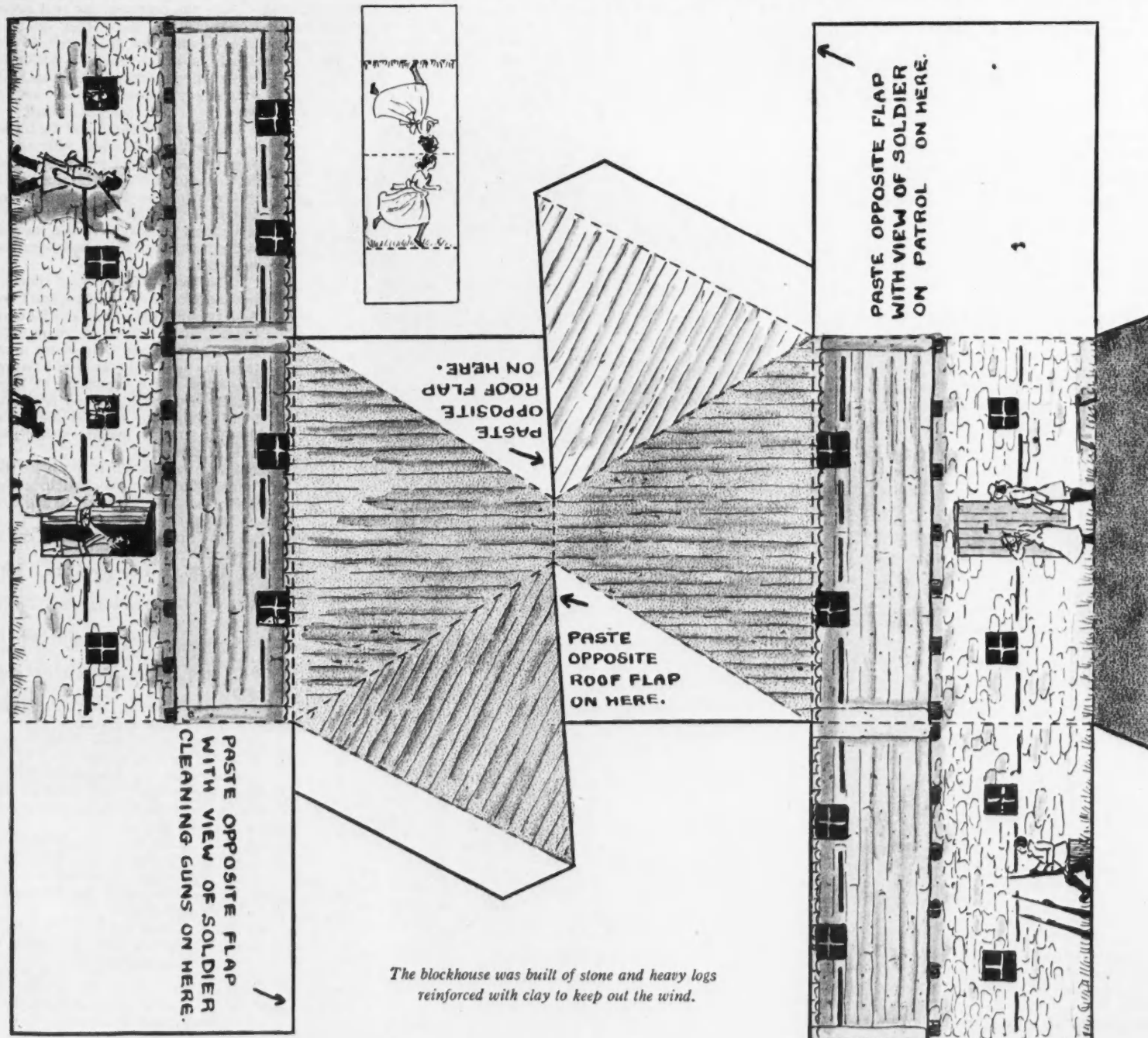
IN THE month of March, 1678, centuries before there were any trains, motor cars, steamships or big buildings in Canada; at a time when almost all our land was covered with great forests and there were far more Indians than white men, Madeleine de Verchères first opened her eyes in a world where she was one day to become a famous heroine.

In those days, as you know, Canada belonged to the king of France, and when he sent his soldiers out here to fight for him, he gave them large pieces of land called seigneuries. Madeleine's father, being a soldier, had received a grant of land on the south shore of the river St. Lawrence about twenty miles from Montreal; and there, after cutting down many trees and clearing the land,

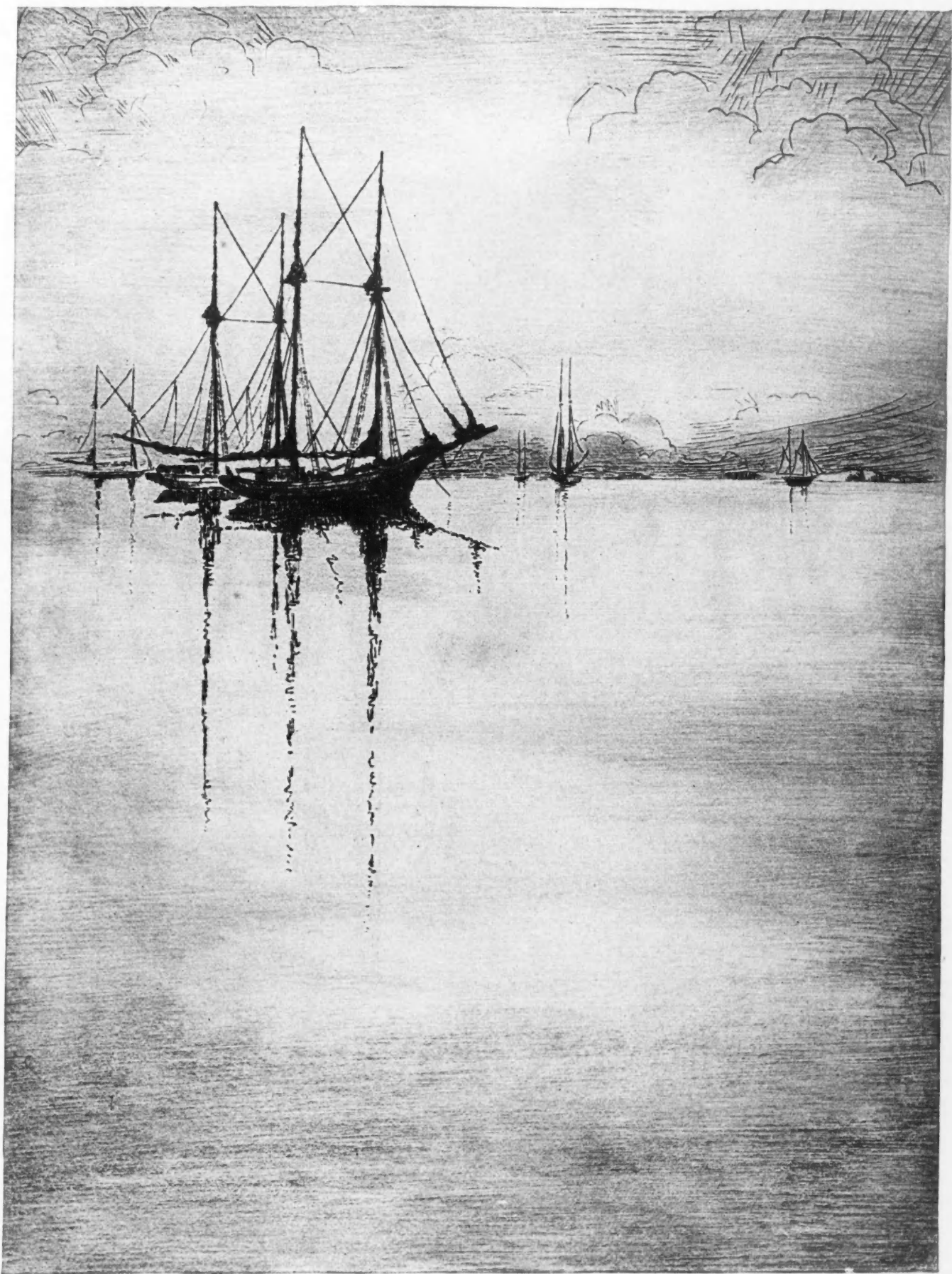
he built for himself and his wife their little home. If Madeleine's baby eyes could have understood her surroundings, how different they would have appeared to anything you or I would see about our homes today! The little brown wooden cradle, in which her mother so gently rocked her, had been made by her father's own hands. The soft quilt that kept her little body warm, her mother had woven in the long winter evenings. The cozy house in which she lived was made of great logs brought from the forests, and fitted so tightly on top of one another, with every crack and crevice filled with clay, that even the cold March wind when it blew most fiercely could gain no entrance. Outside the little log cabin were other log huts built in the same manner, where friends or workmen

of Madeleine's father lived. A great blockhouse two stories high stood nearby, where the people might flee for shelter, should they be attacked by the Indians. There the ammunition was kept, and slits or loopholes in the walls enabled those inside to shoot down on the enemy without any danger to themselves. A strong palisade of stakes sixteen feet high and mounted at each corner by a lookout tower completed the fortifications of the little settlement, making it truly worthy of its name, "Castle Dangerous."

Born in that month when the departing strength of winter and the sweetness of coming spring go hand in hand, with a brave soldier father and a gentle mother, Madeleine inherited a character (Continued on page 30)



The blockhouse was built of stone and heavy logs reinforced with clay to keep out the wind.



Stone Hook 18 Lara Ontario C. J. Travers / 08.

CYRIL J. TRAVERS was born at Manchester, England, where he received his initial training in art. Before embarking upon his artistic career, however, he spent some years at sea where he perhaps developed that sympathetic understanding which makes his studies of lake and ocean so attractive.

In 1913 he came to Canada, settling in Toronto, where he continued in a more extensive way his education in art. Mr. Travers is a member of the Society of Canadian Graphic Art and of the Society of Canadian Painter-Etchers. For several years he has specialized in designs for stained glass.



The MODERN CHATELAIN

A department for the housekeeper



THE HOME BUREAU

We solve our readers' decoration problems

Care of Hardwood Floors

IN A RECENT issue of *The Chatelaine* in *The Home Bureau* department you gave some very helpful advice to a "non-subscriber" about furnishing her living room. I, too, am a non-subscriber but a faithful reader of your "just fine" magazine, so perhaps you would be kind enough to give me a little information also.

I am a very new but admiring resident of Toronto. I am taking a small but well-equipped apartment which I should like to furnish as cozily but inexpensively as possible, and this is where my question comes in. Would it be asking too much to enquire where I could buy the unpainted "convertible" living room table you referred to? It is exactly what I want, but what I have seen at the furniture dealer are quite expensive, so that your price of ten dollars for the table and four dollars for staining and rubbing sounds very attractive—almost too good to be true to a stranger. If this is too personal a request I ask your pardon.

Would you also give me a little advice on the care of hardwood floors? Is it possible to keep them shining and clean without the occasional use of water? I do so want to keep my floors as "gleaming" as possible.

I am afraid I have written an overlong letter, but a "terse" questioning seems so "abrupt." May I wish you every success in the future for *The Home Bureau*, whose articles I shall eagerly watch for. I also want to thank you sincerely for the smallest advice.

I AM sending you by letter the name of the shop where the unpainted furniture can be obtained at the prices I mention. Your local furniture finisher will probably do the "finishing" as reasonably as did mine.

Hardwood floors are the easiest things in the world to keep "gleaming." You can clean them, when necessary, with gasoline. Remember, however, that it is inflammable, and that it is against the fire laws to keep more than a quart of it in the house at a time. Buy it in a can, and keep a piece of raw potato over the spout so that the fumes cannot escape. Enclose all rags used in applying it, after they have been aired outside, in a metal container. If they are left uncovered with the gasoline still in them, spontaneous combustion may take place and a serious fire occur. Gasoline is a useful household cleanser that must be used and treated with caution. As you say your apartment is well equipped, I presume that it is a more or less electrically run, so that there is not much danger of an open flame doing harm.

The best floor wax has beeswax as a foundation. Apply this according to directions and polish with a covered "weight" or an electric polisher. You can rent this from many furniture shops or through floor wax companies by the day or hour.

A Bedroom's Color Scheme

I NOTICE on *The Home Bureau* page of your magazine a suggestion for painting bedroom furniture green, with lavender hangings. Could you tell me the color of green, and also what you would suggest for floor covering? At present there is a brown rug on the floor, but the paper is white with mauve and colored flowers through it, mauve predominating.

AN APPLE green is fresh and good to the eye with lavender.

If your rug is right in every other way, it might be very lovely in a deep heliotrope or purple. If the brown is not too dark it will dye successfully. Consult your local dyer.

Draping a Bay Window

I HAVE a large bay window in a large living room to curtain. The room has plain walls in a yellow-green, the rug has fawn ground, and there is a Chesterfield and wing chair in brown with cushions of figured brown, rose

and blue. I should like to get something in a tub-fast and sun-fast material. Living in the country, I do not see what is being used or sold in the shops. Would you kindly tell me what material to get, what colors and how to drape this window? I thought of material not requiring overdrapes or side drapes. The window faces the west and there is a fine view of water and mountain.

THERE is a problem similar to yours answered in the June *Chatelaine*—that is the drapery of a bay window. About a sun-and tub-fast material, I should advise you to

get in touch with the drapery department of your nearest large store, or a reliable draper near you, and ask for samples of color-fast repp or cotton poplin. Striped voiles for windows are excellent where you intend using only one drape. Good color combinations for a western exposure are:

Gold (rich tan) and purple
Tan or beige and deep blue
Warm gray and old rose
Warm tan or gold and brown
Warm tan or gold and maroon

Problem of the Tall Window

I AM an interested reader of your department and have recently become a subscriber to *The Chatelaine*. I have a problem upon which I should be glad of your advice.

The windows in my living room are high and narrow, being 72 x 36 inches, including the casing. They are built about three feet from the floor and stretch to within a few inches from the ceiling. Can you suggest an attractive way of draping them?

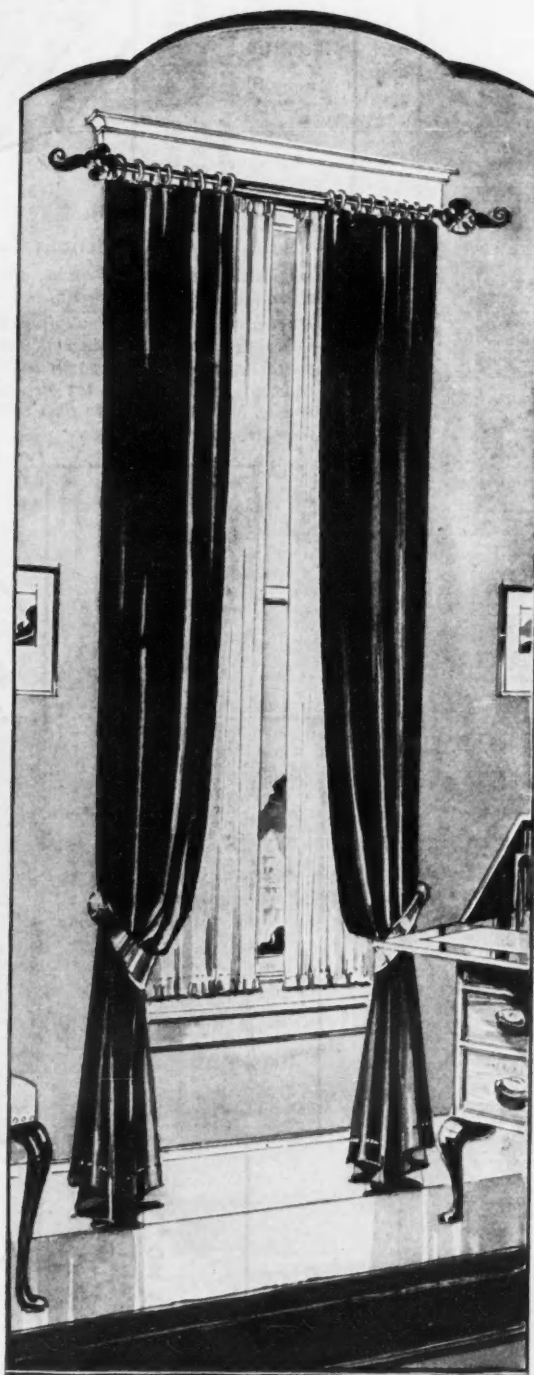
I SAW a very effective treatment for long narrow windows the other day which makes no attempt to disguise their "highness," but rather capitalizes it. After all, high windows are rather an unusual and luxurious thing in these modern days of economy in building proportions.

This idea which I outline may be of service to you. Use underdrapes of some soft translucent material such as voile, marquisette or fine celanese in cream. Rod two curtains to the window at top and bottom, leaving a clear space in the centre, making two distinct panels. Over these hang two unvalanced overdrapes of solid color in keeping with the room, on large, decorative wooden rods with large, old-fashioned wooden rings. Catch them in straight pleats below the sill with a plain, straight tie-back in contrasting color, leaving the portion below the back either short or long, as you prefer. The windows I saw, which were most effective, were short and tailored. You may prefer a more dignified and rich effect, in which case let them come right to the floor.

Living Room Overdrapes

I AM not sure whether you will make personal replies or not, but I am hoping so, as I would like your assistance about one small matter. I am not a subscriber, but always get every issue of *The Chatelaine* on the newsstand and find your articles, especially, very helpful.

My trouble is one of overdrapes for my living room, which is rather small and low, with two not-very-large windows about three feet apart, facing west. The room is very sunny all afternoon. The rug has a taupe ground, with a dull blue and rose and bronze; the furniture is a four-piece fibre suite in taupe shading into a golden brown at the top, and it is upholstered in a cretonne-like material with birds and flowers in rose, blue and bronze on a cream ground. Then, at one end of the room there is a couch with an adjustable headrest for which I have made a slip cover of plain taupe material, and have used the same material to cover an old red cedar chest which is placed between the two windows, and for slip covers for the furniture which I use occasionally. The curtains are panels in a fine cream file. (Continued on page 61)



Rod two curtains to the window at top and bottom, leaving a clear space in the centre, making two distinct panels. Over these hang two unvalanced overdrapes of solid color in keeping with the room, on large, decorative wooden rods with large, old-fashioned wooden rings.

THOUGHTS ON DOMESTICITY

A Hail and Farewell

ONE should never become sentimental over neighbors. I once grew quite maudlin over some old ladies upstairs until they poisoned our cat—and now I've had another bad turn. It came, I suppose, from having domestic thoughts downtown when I should have had my mind on business.

Though our office occupies an aristocratic position on the avenue, one can see, where one sits at a desk all day, the backyard of a distinguished Gypsy family. And flapping on the line which traverses it, is a perennial and beautiful white washing. On various occasions it has seemed that one could analyze the family life of these obviously respectable Romanies with ease, if all deductions were based only on the white, waving index of their drying laundry.

That a *grand dame* had taken to her bed seemed the logical conclusion when a series of white piqué frilled caps, voluminous cambric gowns encrusted with fulsome embroidery, and filet-bordered sheets, began billowing on the line. Later, I passed by the front window where the grandmother was propped up on a very luscious-looking bed, peering through brilliant yellow curtains. Beside her sat a starchy trained nurse.

"That," said I to myself, "is the old queen I have heard about." Had she been ensconced on a purple dais she could have been no more regal.

Later, the discreet royal bed linen gave way to something which looked very much like a ship in full sail. I wondered if it could be the canvas for a tent, and gave it closer scrutiny. The nearest approach was ten yards of linen in the bolt, so I took it for granted that the queen had died and that there was going to be the Gypsy equivalent of a wake—this being the banquet cloth.

This was followed, however, by a display of personal finery so coy that I could not bring myself to believe they were thinking of burying the old lady in *that*. My mind was particularly shocked by what would have been described at the lingerie counter as a "step-in." The lace, moreover, was not regal; it was distinctly *degagé*.

Then, a few days later, there was notable uproar on a corner which at best is not outstanding for its quietude, being the site of our local colored church. The police were officiating at what seemed to be a combined wedding, eviction and triumphal march. But of one thing I was sure; the queen was *not* dead. As the last piece of furniture was hastily piled on a large and heavily-bedecked van, she raised her arms to the sunset and pronounced at once a malediction on the law and a blessing on the bride. The going-away costume of the latter was the typical kaleidoscopic regalia, beneath which, I have no doubt, fluttered certain exquisite pieces of French underwear.

With the queen and the bridal party aboard, the van moved into the sunset, Gypsy-wise. It seems that they had timed the wedding, the recovery of the queen, the expiration of their tenancy and the moment of their departure for the summer trek, for one and the same instant. The presence of the police was a mere formality which, I understand, is only to be expected at Gypsy weddings, particularly those which last more than forty-eight hours.

But the queen and her linen? Ah, she was a regal sight, sitting on a bundle in the back of the van.

"What is she saying?" I asked the officer who was also watching the departure.

"She's sayin' something about the lady next door," he remarked laconically. "There's a mint of the poor soul's taken-in washin' her majesty's sittin' on there, but it's not me that would be unseatin' royalty!"

YES, this business of having domestic thoughts in the office has been my undoing. Finally, I got quite beyond myself, and I believe that by now most of you know the worst—I am going to turn actually *Chatelaine* and look at other people's snowy wash with sentiment no longer. For when you read this,



The Comforters

by Mary Josephine Benson

"My child!" crooned the river when
I came to it one day.
"My child!" it murmured softly, I had
been long away,
"My child!" the river welcomed me
forgetting I was gray.
"My little one!" the oak said, the mighty
voice was mild,
"My little one!" its leaves shone as though
its spirit smiled,
"My little one, come hither!" as I were
yet a child.
My tears fell in the river, I hugged the
lovely shore,
I kissed the rough cheek of the oak
for gentleness it wore,
No longer was I sick for home,
nor friendless any more.

my friends, I shall be "at home" in the most domestic sense of the word—where there is an excellent electric washing machine. Then, with a complete file of "Bride's Progress" in the kitchen drawer, I shall look forward each month to receiving *The Chatelaine*.

I am going to *enjoy* it now, and if you have enjoyed it before I'm sure you'll become even more enthusiastic as the year goes on. The editing of the magazine is to be carried on by one who not only understands its aims and spirit, but is capable of adding much besides.

Miss Byrne Hope Sanders has joined the MacLean editorial staff as *The Chatelaine's* second editor, and her first message to you will appear in the September issue. Miss Sanders, formerly editor of *The Business Woman*, has frequently contributed to *The Chatelaine* under the name of "Elizabeth Hope."

As for the retiring editor, she can only thank you

again for your enthusiastic help and interest during the "formative years" of this magazine, and bespeak for her successor the same support and close relationship.

* * *

SUCH a charming letter came into the office the other day from one reader, that I should like to use it in this, my last editorial.

"Dear Editor:

"May I add my hymn of praise to the countless numbers you no doubt have received in regard to *The Chatelaine*. I have my first copy and, although I have subscribed to a number of magazines for women, I have never been so enthusiastic nor so interested before. There is so much of value in this June copy that I have started something I have never done before—and that is the making of a scrap book to hold *Chatelaine* clippings. The article on "The Big Four," the summer menus so concisely arranged, the various canapés, the article on child training—having three of my own I seem never to know enough to be sure I'm giving them every chance to develop and still learn the value of discipline—all these I have cut out and pasted in carefully and have referred to them many times already.

"You are to be congratulated on the universal appeal of your articles, the type of story you publish, and the general "readability" of your book. I will await each number with the utmost anticipation."

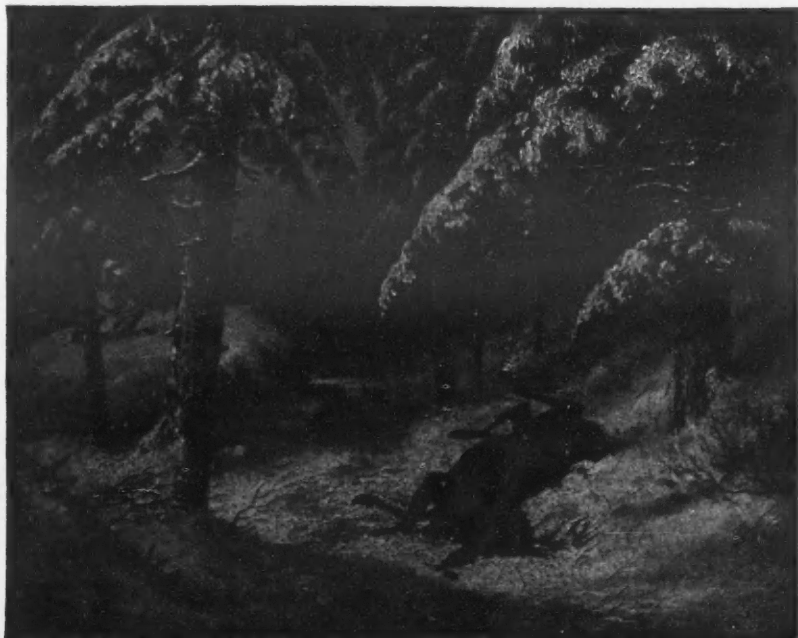
The beauty of letters like that is that no matter how much you *think* it, an editor is always so grateful to have you say it. For this one, at least, makes parting "sweet sorrow." Though I cannot deny a certain "sadness of farewell," still, like Tennyson, I feel that there should be no "moaning at the bar" from either side, and that this putting out to sea is not the sort of journey on which one should completely disappear over the horizon!

If the new editor will let me contribute now and then, there are a number of things I've never had a chance to say that I should like to tell you. "The Home Bureau," anyway, you and I can still carry on together, and that will be fun. Perhaps now that this bouncing bairn is off my mind, I might even perpetrate a short story or two, or commit a poem. The possibilities for literary misdemeanor in a free world are positively limitless.

But one legacy, at least, I can leave you. We have arranged to carry in every issue, from now on until further notice, a cut-out for the children. The series by Jean Wylie now running, on historical episodes, will shortly be alternated with a doll's furniture series that will quite eclipse all previous efforts. These cut-outs, originated by *The Chatelaine* in Canada, are especially planned and designed for our children readers by our own artists. They are an entirely new and original presentation of the cut-out idea, having a narrative as well as pictorial and manual interest.

So, introducing you and Miss Sanders to one another, and assuring you both that the best is none too good for either of you, I recall our first and happy "hail," and bid you "farewell."

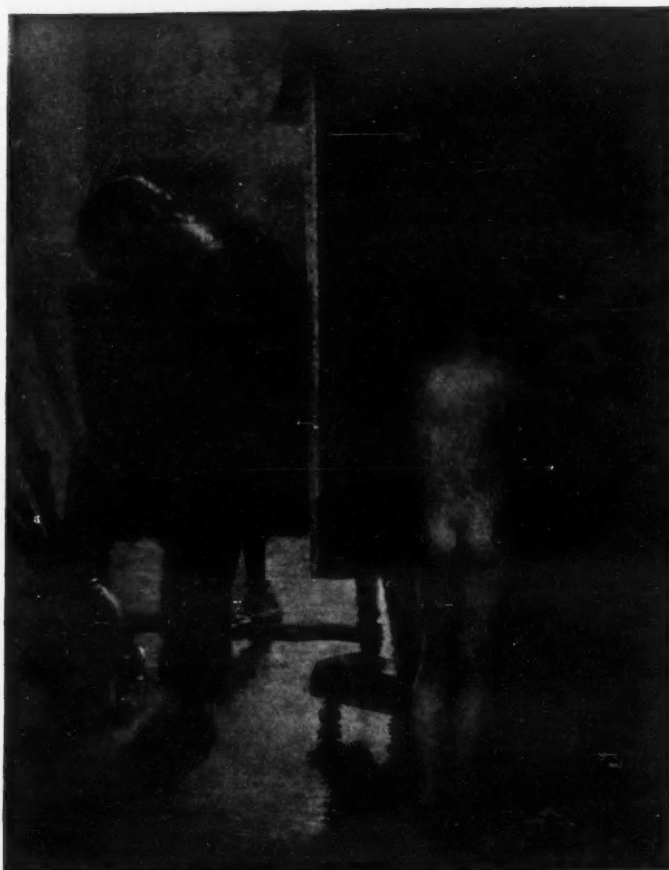
Ann Shepley Wilson



Cornelius Krieghoff

The Dead Stag

Pioneer Art in Canada



Paul Peel, R.C.A.

The Tired Model

THE history of art in Canada follows in the trail of industrial progress. Naturally enough, our cultural development has not been so phenomenally swift as our commercial enterprise, but the past sixty-three years which have seen so extraordinary an industrial development in Canada, have also witnessed the awakening of a national art. Latterly, of course, what is known as "The Group of Seven" has done much to further the cause of Canadian art. This group of outstanding artists has been successful in establishing a style of painting which is as colorful and vigorous as the rugged young land which is its inspiration. Free and vivid in treatment, the new movement has brought to the world a landscape which is as vitally Canadian as Turner's was tranquilly English.

But to go back to the beginnings of art in Canada, which is the background out of which this modern art sprang, we find that many fine painters have been attracted to our native scenery. To their paintings of a new country they brought the traditions of an older world, with the result that Canada in the past sixty years has been able to contribute to art circles of the world much that is of real value. Those who might be called the originators of Canadian art were not Canadian by birth. They came from England, France, Holland, Germany, but although they received their training in the schools of Europe, it was to the new land, uncultured and untouched, that they chose to give of their genius. The pioneers in Canadian art rank high among the builders of the nation. Fowler, Jacobi, Berthon and Krieghoff—all these won universal commendation, and through their portrayals of Canadian life, helped to disseminate a broader knowledge of the land. They held the beacons pointing the way to a national art.

CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF, who received his training in his native town of Rotterdam, followed the dictates of an adventurous disposition when he crossed the Atlantic. After months of itinerant wandering, he eventually settled in the city of Quebec, where he enjoyed



Horatio Walker, R.C.A.

Evening, Ile d'Orleans

considerable patronage. Krieghoff found the French Canadian and Indian especially attractive subjects and he has left us many charming paintings of Quebec rural scenes. "The Dead Stag" is a particularly beautiful example of his artistry.

COMPLETING most of his work in the eighties and early nineties, Paul Peel contributed to a later development of Canadian art. Peel was Canadian-born, a native of London, Ontario, studying in Philadelphia and Paris. Newton MacTavish in his book, "The Fine Arts of Canada," criticises his work from the modern standpoint as lacking somewhat in spontaneity, although he concedes that it displays expert draughtsmanship and tone. Be that as it may, Peel occupies a very definite niche in the history of our aesthetic progress and his pictures still retain their original popularity. His well-known painting, "After the Bath," which won the gold medal at the Paris Salon in 1890 and was a few years ago purchased from the Hungarian Government and brought back to Canada, is a delightfully tender study, and the equally famous "Tired Model" reproduced on this page, shows a similar delicacy of execution.

ANOTHER artist who contributed to the galleries of the nineties, and one who is also contemporary, is Horatio Walker. Walker was born in Listowel, and from that little Ontario town his fame has spread throughout the Continent. Water color was his first love, and it was in that medium that he established his reputation by winning in 1888 the Evans prize awarded by the American Water Color Society. (Continued on page 50)

NEWS from PARIS

Midsummer demands a few smart woollies

by EINNA

Paris, ce mois de Mai, 1929.

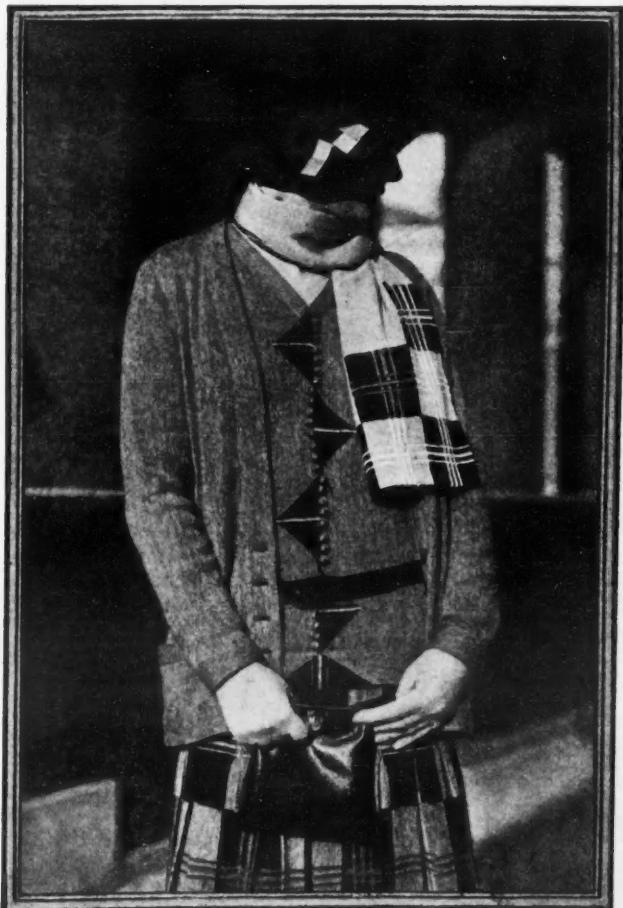
MES CHERES CHATELAINES.

I expect when my letter appears in print that you will all be enjoying glorious summer weather, but nevertheless I have chosen as my first topic, the woolly side of one's summer wardrobe.

To many of you these great little additions in the shape of light woollen suits may seem absolutely unnecessary at this time of the year, but to a French woman they are really the big stand-by of her summer clothes. I mean to say that it is so essential to have at least one or two woolly costumes with the changeable climate that we now have thrust upon us in Europe, and I'm sure the same thing must apply to those of you in Canada who are planning long trips on your coming vacations.

So every summer collection shown in Paris has its complement of woolly costumes, with one or two *deux pièces en lainage*, which is usually the newest kind of kasha that happens to be in vogue at the time, because, *Chatelaines* kasha has come to stay, but because it still happens to be kasha the *grandes maisons* have to change it a bit every year. Like the leopard it cannot change its spots, so they change its *tissage* a little and dish it up under another name. Yet it always remains the good faithful kasha of a good many seasons now, and always makes the best looking light summer woolly suit.

And so let us turn to what the *grandes maisons françaises* say about the woolly suit for summer wear. Jean Patou is showing some delightful ones in his latest collection. Several are in tarten-patterned kasha, the skirts appearing in a series of box pleats, while triangular motifs in kasha are appliquéd on the plain jumper. There is always a corresponding scarf and hat to match.



A jersey and kasha woolly sport ensemble with hat and scarf to match. Jean Patou.

Lucien Lelong uses the finest of jersey for his skirts and hip-length jackets, while the majority of his sweaters are hand-knitted in original designs. Lelong's skirts, by the way, are nearly all made with five distinct inverted pleats on the right side, giving a walking fullness which is very agreeable. Outstanding in this couturier's collection, is a three-piece sport suit called *Maraude*. The jacket and skirt are in black and white tweed jersey, that is to say, a jersey knit which resembles a tweed weave, while the jumper has the same combination of colors only in a tighter weave. (You will find a photograph to illustrate this suit.)

Another of his delightful models is called *Palme*. It is what I should describe as a little ensemble that would be delightful to possess on all occasions, as the skirt and three-quarter length coat are in gray crepella, which is an attractive name for wool marocain. The sweater shown with this model was in two shades of grey and green, worked in an amazing pattern, but producing wonders in hand-knitting which no machine could possibly make. This is an outfit that one could wear at practically any time when *en voyage, en voiture ou chez soi*.

LELONG has many fascinating travel coats in those new light tweeds which Paris has made the mode of this season. To look at, they almost resemble a sponge-cloth, as the material is very tightly woven. Mustard yellows combined with moss green are two of the favorite shades, while reds and browns and red and blue are also much sought after. Incidentally, irrespective of the number of colors used, be it your travel coat, two- or three-piece knitted suit or two-colored tweed ensemble, the scarf handkerchief at your neck must contain all the colors to correspond. The same can creep into your hand-bag, the gros-grain on your chic little *chapeau*, and possibly in your shoes, if you still like wearing the plaited kind.

And while I'm drifting from actual garments to etceteras, may I just say two or three words about hats to wear with these summer woollies. The very newest of the new are hand-knitted tagel wool—amazing little hats which are exceedingly chic and so very practical for sport or travel wear. They start out by being a very small wool crown which is stretched and draped actually on the wearer's head. The crown is then finished off with rather stiff gros-grain ribbon, which produces a little brim which can either be turned up or down.

I AM perhaps giving you very advanced information here, because the hat I have just described will not actually be on the market until the first bright snappy days of autumn appear, although we in Paris will be able to buy them long ere then.

Other attractive pull-on hats are made up in the same tweed or jersey as one's ensemble, and although they sound heavy to wear, the modern art of hat-making has overcome this inconvenience, by draping the crown, so doing away with wires and uncomfortable buckram. Felts in all manner of shapes and sizes are still just as popular. The majority are still cut very severely off the face.

I saw a delightful new idea for wearing the ever-popular scarf yesterday. The model shown was two plain squares of different colored georgette, one corner of each square being passed through a crystal ring. To wear the



A travelling coat, Lelong's "Record" model, in mixed green and yellow, colored tweed.

scarf one passed one square round the neck and then through the ring, so making a very fetching arrangement over the ear, while the other square falls in a fascinating jabot in front.

THERE are no limits to the possibilities for woollens in one's late summer wardrobe. Designers are producing such lustrous, soft weaves, that new fabrics are adopting all the age-old grace of silks and satins. Today, unbelievably delicate fabrics are lineal descendants of the once uncomprising wools, and appear in every phase of one's wardrobe.

In the midsummer days when you, *Chatelaines*, will be reading this, there must be a dominant interest in the part the silky soft woollens can play in your late summer and early fall wardrobes.

I have told you of some of the bewitching new things I have seen here in suits, hats, scarves, bags. Now let us consider the new fabric weaves in wools. They are ravishing! And moreover, as in everything else, they exploit a subtle combination of color and weave to achieve new delights. Particularly striking, are the swagger unions of tweeds and jersey for the sportive moments that enter into every holiday season. Rodier, that wizard of fabric enchantment, has developed jerseys with an open basket weave, in diamond designs, that is particularly effective with the open weave tweeds in rich colors. I saw one today, in which a dark blue tweed, flecked with white, was used with one of these diamond patterned jersey fabrics with the open basket weave, in two shades of the darker tones of blue and white. The ensemble was very striking.

Speaking of color reminds me to stress the new shades which are destined to play an important part in the coming months. The blue shades are still of unrivalled popularity with many new inflections of color that are very lovely. There is a new dark chocolate shade which is particularly effective in the woollen weaves and which will prove a beautiful foil for the tanned skins of summer.

You will love, I am sure, the new greengage shade which is being shown everywhere, and the rich currant red, which has developed from the summer interest in this shade. A new Oxford gray promises to be one of the most popular shades when developed in the novelty weaves.

Tweed jersey and kasha with the addition of the hand-knit tricot lead the summer woollens



Light tweed travel coats in tawny colors have been popularized for summer tripping

"Palme," a sport dress in gray crepella, which is really wool marocain. The knitted sweater is of two shades of gray and green. Lucien Lelong.

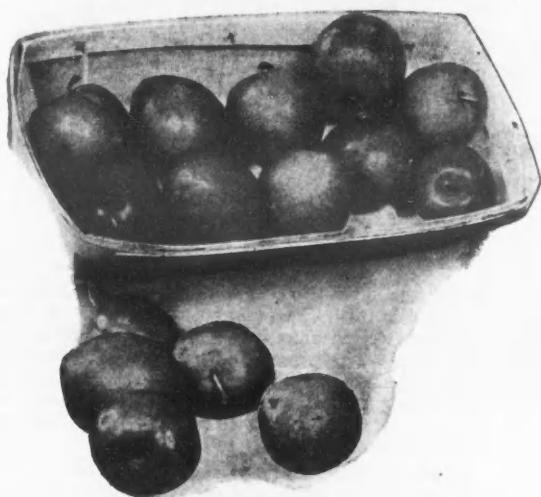
This is an outfit which one could wear at any time, with a pattern producing wonders in hand-knitting which no machine could possibly duplicate.



At left, a sport ensemble known as "Birouette," in brown woollen material with knitted sweater of two shades of beige and brown. At right, a three-piece sport modelyclept "Maraude." The jacket and skirt are made of black and white colored tweed jersey. Jaspéd jersey is used for the jumper, which carries a black belt. Both models by Lucien Lelong.

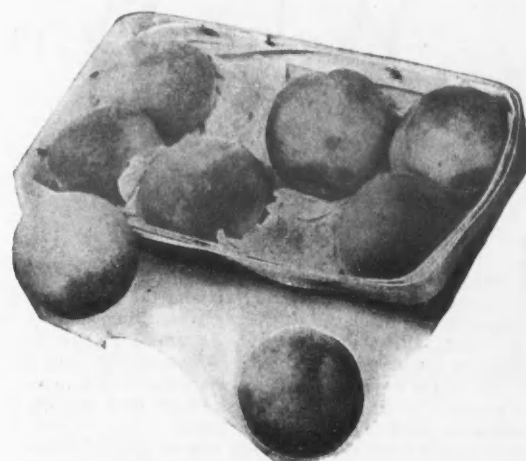
Breaking curves with broken lines





The numerous varieties of plums which succeed one another so continually, prolong the season for this delicious fruit from July until October.

For preserving peaches, always choose freestones rather than clingstones. Select peaches which are soft, juicy and highly colored.



THE MARKET BASKET

Fruit and vegetables are abundant in August

by MARGARET E. READ

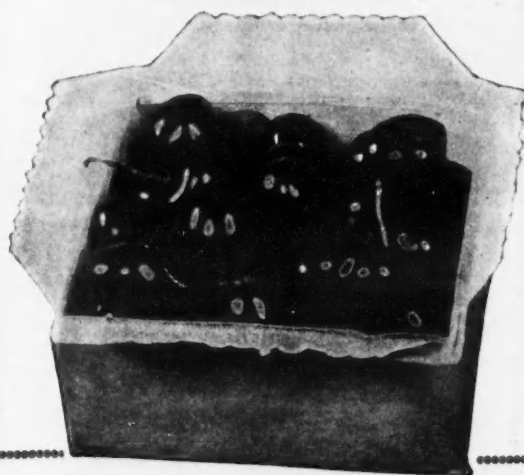
AUGUST'S excessive heat has a pleasant compensation in the great abundance of fruits and vegetables which are now on the market or growing luxuriantly in gardens.

Imported cherries have been with us for some time, but our own home-grown, black table cherries start in July and last until the latter part of August. The height of the season for the bright red preserving cherries is the last of July and the first part of August. Select unbruised fruit with the stems still on, for they deteriorate very quickly, once the stems have been removed. Always avoid cherries with white or yellow spots, as this is an indication that they are spoilt. The Montmorency, which is a large, firm, bright red cherry, is one of the most popular varieties.

Blackberries include both thimble berries and logan berries; the former being a small, firm berry and the latter a large, improved sort. Choose fruit which is full and firm, and not withered or dried up. The large berries usually have more juice. The fruit should be of uniform color, not speckled with green; nor should it be overripe or dirty. Blackberries do not ship well. The usual practice is to pack them down, crushing the soft berries underneath, that they spoil very quickly. As far as possible, they should be kept in a cool place, and so spread out that the weight does not crush those in the bottom of the basket. They are in season from the fifteenth of August until the end of September, and are at their cheapest about the beginning of September.

The season for blueberries varies with the locality in which they are grown; but with our modern means of transportation they are shipped from place to place, so that they may be obtained almost anywhere from about the middle of July until the end of September. The Saguenay berry comes in about the first of September and is a particularly popular variety. Blueberries should be firm and dry and run freely from the hand when picked up as a handful. They should not be moist or sticky. Fresh blueberries possess a "bloom" which rubs off in handling; and, consequently, berries which have lost it and present a smooth, instead of a velvety appearance, have been picked for some time and are not fresh.

Cantaloupes and muskmelons are plentiful during August and September. The outside of the skin should be well netted, and this silver-grey netting should stand out from the melon like lacework. The ground part is green, turning yellow as the cantaloupe ripens. Avoid melons which are smooth on the surface and have not this distinct netting. The color of the flesh varies from a green, greenish yellow, to a pink or pinkish orange. Select melons which are heavy in relation to their size. In testing melons for ripeness prick the stem end with a pin. Dealers say most emphatically that the stem end should not be pressed with the thumb or finger, because



Select cherries for preserving with stems still on.

The Market Basket and Monthly Menus to be combined

THERE has been such an insistent demand for more of the popular *Monthly Menus* and *Market Basket* series by Margaret E. Read, that these *Chatelaine* features, formerly appearing in various months, will be combined. Beginning with the September issue, a group of scientifically planned menus will appear in conjunction with *The Market Basket*, taking cognizance of seasonal foods.

Avoid melons which are smooth on the surface and have not a distinct "netting."



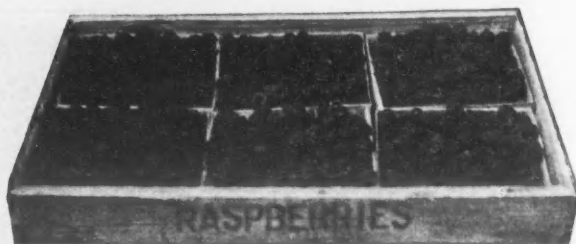
after several people have tested a melon in this way it has gradually softened, so that when a late customer comes to try it in the same way, she naturally concludes that the melon is ripe when it may not be ripe at all. A very popular variety is the Montreal melon, which varies in size from three or four to thirty pounds and has a particularly fine flavor.

The season for plums extends from July to October. The numerous varieties which succeed one another so continually, prolong the season for this delicious fruit. Greengages are one of the earliest of the homegrown plums, and are greatly in demand for preserving. The Bradshaw is a medium sized, red plum which has a much better flavor after it has been cooked. The Blue Lombard and the Yellow Egg plum are well-known varieties, popular both for eating and preserving. The Clymax is very similar to the Bradshaw, but sweeter. The best season for preserving plums varies to a certain extent with the locality, but generally speaking it is throughout the month of September. Always select freestone plums rather than clingstones. The ripeness of plums is determined by the softness of the fruit rather than by its color. The latter may be most deceiving. For eating, select soft, ripe, sweet, juicy fruit; but for preserving, plums are better when slightly under-ripe. They spoil very quickly once they have ripened, so that they should be used as soon as possible.

NECTARINES, which are of a reddish color, are a cross between an apricot and a plum; and have, as the name implies, a most delicious flavor. They are used for eating and preserving, but are fairly expensive. So far they have been grown only in California and British Columbia, and they can be highly recommended. Imported peaches have been on the market for some time, but our own Canadian peaches do not appear until September. The white fleshed peaches which come at the beginning of the season are considered best, though they do not keep well. The Elberta which is slightly long and pointed at the end, and the Crawford which is rounder in shape, are both yellow in color and keep much better. For preserving, always choose freestones rather than clingstones. Select peaches which are soft and juicy and highly colored. Usually the larger peaches have a better flavor than the smaller ones.

Crab apples begin to appear about the latter part of August, but are more plentiful in September and October. There are two kinds of crab apples, the large, mealy ones and those which are tart and juicy. Naturally, the latter make the better jelly. Of the best jelly-making crab apples there are two particularly popular varieties—the Siberian, which makes a clear, amber jelly, and the Montreal Beauty, which makes a very pretty, red jelly. Crab-apples are used chiefly for jelly. (Continued on page 47)

Canadian Food Series



There are three kinds of raspberries: the red, purple and black, all of which have their place for domestic use.

Part the Second
by
J. B. SPENCER, B.S.A.

CANADIAN FRUIT—and how to buy it

A Resumé of Some Peerless Varieties

ALMOST endless numbers of varieties, particularly of apples, are being grown in Canadian orchards. Indeed, it is not unusual to find eighteen to twenty varieties being grown in a single small plantation in the older orchards of the country. For the market, and consequently for the fruit stores and the homes of those who do not grow their own fruit, the number of varieties has been reduced year by year, and orchardists are more and more confining their plantings to fewer special sorts. It is important not only to know the best varieties, but also to be able to order them at the seasons of the year when they are in their best condition.

Apples—The season usually opens with Yellow Transparent and Duchess in the month of September. These are followed by Wealthy and McIntosh in October, which with careful storing will extend as late as the end of December. The famous Nova Scotia Gravenstein is at its best during the months of September, October and November. The British Columbia Jonathan is at its prime during November and December, while the Quebec Fameuse is at its best from October to January. Rhode Island Greening from Ontario, famous for its cooking qualities, comes on the market in December and is good until February. While the Northern Spy is grown in all the fruit provinces, it perhaps grows to perfection in Ontario. Its season extends from December to April. The Newtown Pippin, Golden Russet, and Winesap are splendid late varieties, being at their best from January to April and as late as May.

Pears—The season opens with Clairgeau early in September, and is followed by Anjou and Bartlett. These are all good varieties in their season. The Bartlett and another variety, the Keiffer, are excellent kinds for canning.

Plums—The plum season extends from August to October. The first plums to appear on the market are the Japanese kind, such as Red June, Shiro, and Abundance. At about the same time, and

continuing on in the season, come the domestic plums, such as the Monarch, Grand Duke, Italian Prune, Reine Claude, Lombarde, Bradshaw and Green Gage.

Cherries—With sweet cherries the best varieties are the Black Tartarian, Byng and Lambert. The season for sour cherries opens with Early Richmond in August, followed by Montmorency which extends well on into September.

Peaches—The peach season starts in August and extends to the end of October. Some of the best varieties in their order are June Elberta or Yellow Swan, Rochester, Yellow St. John, New Prolific, and Elberta. The Elberta peach is the best of its kind for canning purposes, as well as having high eating qualities.

Strawberries—This fruit is not usually shipped under specific varieties, but the principal kinds grown are the Mangoon in British Columbia and the Glenmary and Parson's Beauty in Eastern Canada.

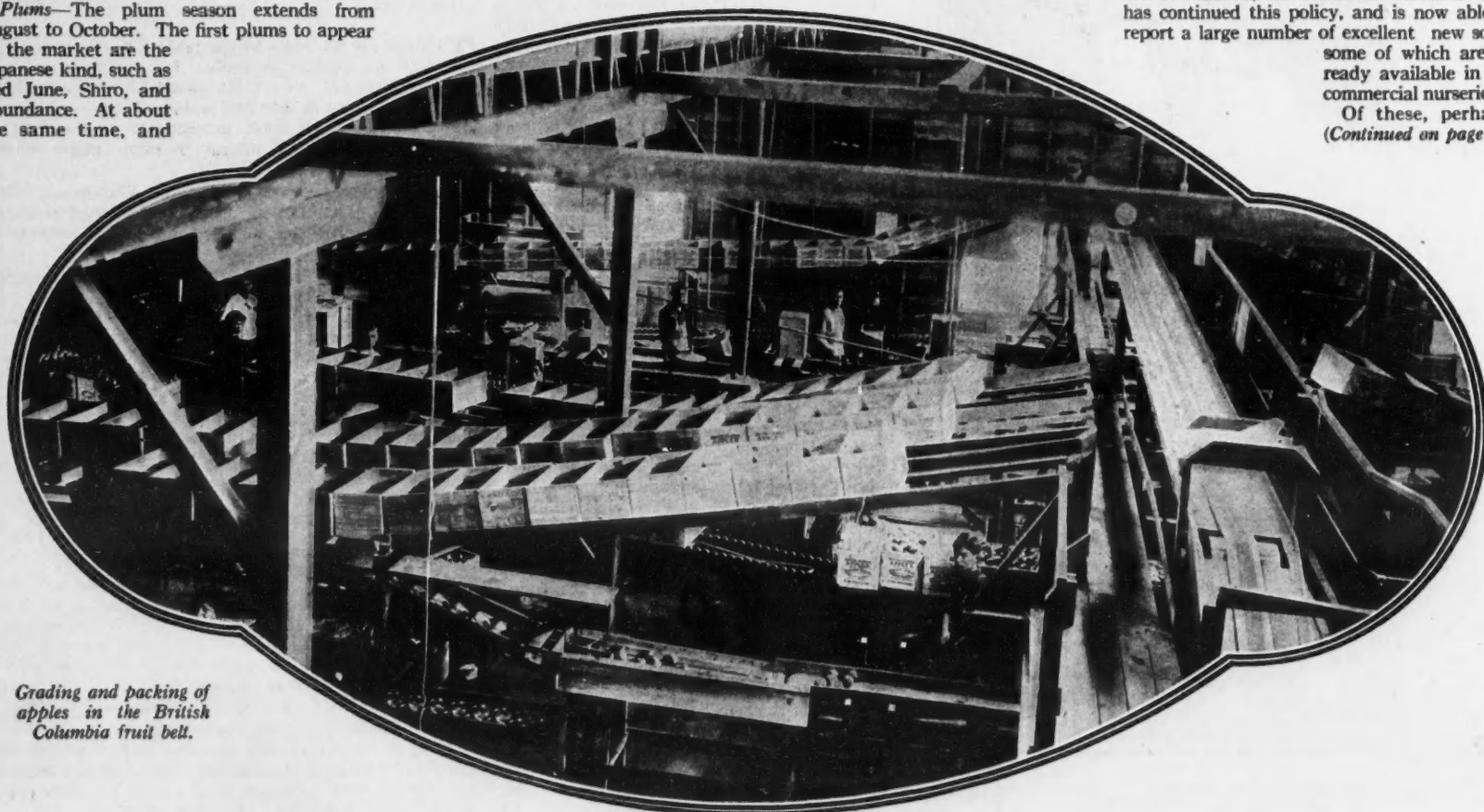
Raspberries—There are three kinds of raspberries, the red, purple and black, all of which have their place for domestic use. The red raspberry has undoubtedly the highest qualities and is, perhaps, the best for preserving. Red raspberries come on the market in July in the following order: the Marlboro, Viking and Cuthbert. The best purple variety is the Columbia, the season extending during August and September according to locality.

MANY of the choice varieties of apples and other fruits were chance seedlings. That is to say, they are the product of the seeds of former varieties that no doubt somewhat resembled the improved sort. It is an extraordinary

fact that if six seeds of a single apple were grown, the result would be six new varieties. Then there crop up within varieties variations called "sports." An example of these is found in a red variety of the Delicious, that famous dessert apple that comes chiefly from British Columbia. The story is told of its discovery by the proprietor of an orchard which was coming into bearing, and who found that one tree was producing apples solidly red but with the same shape and flavor as the crops of the other trees, all of the Delicious variety. This unusual sport, which is looked upon with great favor on account of its solid red color, is being perpetuated as rapidly as possible. The McIntosh Red was found growing on the edge of a pasture field on the shores of the St. Lawrence River. The Delicious, to which reference has already been made, was discovered in a field in the State of Iowa; while the Concord grape was first found growing in the woods of Massachusetts and is supposed to be a seedling of a wild grape growing in that vicinity.

But in more recent years science has been taking a hand in developing new varieties of apples; and, perhaps, no institution stands higher in the work done in this respect than the Experimental Farms System with headquarters at Ottawa. In his early years as Director of the Experimental Farms System, the late Dr. William Saunders undertook to produce varieties that might be grown in the Prairie Provinces and other colder parts of the Dominion. The seeds of hardy sorts were brought from Russia and grown under close observation. As hardy stocks were produced, they were crossed with the better varieties that were fruiting in this country, and from the results of this work many fine new sorts have been evolved. Mr. W. T. Macoun, the Dominion Horticulturist, has continued this policy, and is now able to report a large number of excellent new sorts, some of which are already available in the commercial nurseries.

Of these, perhaps,
(Continued on page 39)



Grading and packing of apples in the British Columbia fruit belt.



Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.



Lady Violet Astor



Mrs. Elizabeth Heymann Doubleday



The Duchesse de Gramont

DISTINGUISHED IN THE SOCIETY OF FIVE NATIONS . . . THEY TRUST THEIR BEAUTY TO THE SAME SURE CARE



The Duquesa de Alba



Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, Jr.



Lady Louis Mountbatten



The Countess Howe

WOMEN in society are subject to the keenest scrutiny. They know that to be well groomed one must have a meticulously cared for skin. So they use the four famous preparations Pond's makes which cherish the skin perfectly in any climate.

In America, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., says, "Even on our Nevada ranch I have my daily facial—with Pond's." A lovely, ivory-skinned bride, Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, Jr., uses Pond's "three times a day for charm" as the old rhyme goes. Charming Mrs. Adrian Iselin II, declares, "Pond's method makes daily treatment simple and practical."

In France, the chic Duchesse de Gramont attributes the velvety smoothness of her skin to these delightful aids. The fascinating Marquise de Polignac exclaims, "I have got the Pond's habit!"

A Viennese beauty, Mrs. Elizabeth Heymann Doubleday—says charmingly, "I like them so very much."

One of England's six most beautiful women, the Countess Howe, calls Pond's "a straightforward way of keeping fit." Lady Violet Astor declares, "Pond's has done a wonderful service to women." Lady Louis Mountbatten is another Pond's devotee.

In Spain, The Duquesa de Alba,

patrician beauty, says, "No aid for my skin is more effective than Pond's."

So, in Europe and America, and, indeed, all over the world, Pond's preparations are the favorite way to a lovely skin. This is how to use them:

First—for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously over face and neck several times a day and always after exposure. Pat on with upward, outward strokes; the pure oils sink into the pores and lift the dirt to the surface. *Then*—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, ample, absorbent, gently wipe away cream and dirt. Repeat these two steps.

Next—dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over face and neck to remove oiliness, close the pores, invigorate the skin. *Last*—smooth on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and powder base.

At bedtime—thoroughly cleanse with cold cream, removing with Tissues.

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The Marquise de Polignac



Mrs. Adrian Iselin II



Pond's four preparations are the simplest, safest way to a lovely skin . . .

Who Wants to Cook in August?

Labor-saving suggestions for hot weather menus

by RUTH DAVISON REID

HERE is a great deal more to planning and preparing a hot-weather meal than buying and cooking the food which we happen to see displayed in the markets. Many factors are involved. First in importance is time and ease of preparation, for, after all, we cannot ask the cook to spend a large part of the day in the kitchen when the thermometer soars toward the ninety mark, for she may want outdoor recreation as much as the rest of the family. Can't we cook early in the day when the heat is less and we are fresh, then put the food away in the refrigerator and forget it until meal time? Palatability, too, must be considered. Are the cold dishes properly seasoned and properly chilled? What of the garnishing and general appearance? Since "the eye does half the eating," we must remember to tempt the jaded summer appetite even more than at other seasons. Last, but by no means least important, are our bodily requirements the same in summer as at other seasons? Our energy requirements probably are less, so while we may cut down on the calories, we cannot neglect the minerals and vitamins. We must include abundant fruits, vegetables and milk with the protein foods. You may find it to your advantage to eat meat or fish but once a day, and often cheese or eggs may take their place. Any meat or fish which may be cooked some hours before the meal, and served chilled or jellied, is ideal for summer menus. It requires no heating of the oven or grill at meal time and does away with a last-minute rush for the cook. Of the jellied meats, *veal and celery loaf* is typical.

2 pounds knuckle of veal ½ teaspoonful salt
4 slices onion A few pieces parsley
½ bay leaf and celery leaves and
4 pepper berries tops

¾ cupful of diced raw celery

Have the knuckle of veal sawed through the bone in several places, and cut the meat in several pieces. Barely cover with boiling water, add seasonings, and simmer until tender. Drain off the liquid which should be boiled down to two cupfuls. Remove the meat and dice in small pieces, add the raw celery and liquid, and add salt to taste. Arrange slices of stuffed olives and pieces of parsley in the bottom of a loaf pan. Pour over these a very little of the liquid, just enough to hold them in place. When set add the meat mixture. Chill well. Turn out from the mold, and garnish with watercress and parsley. Chopped pickle may be substituted for the olive and slices of hard cooked egg may be used as decoration.

If the jellied veal is to be carried on a picnic, or for any reason cannot be well chilled, add one teaspoonful of gelatine softened in cold water and dissolved in the hot liquid. However, if the stock has been reduced sufficiently, it will set without difficulty. If in any doubt about it, test a small amount of the liquid by putting it in the refrigerator.

Pork and Beef Loaf is steamed, then chilled, and sliced very thinly, or served in the whole loaf.

1 pound beef ground 1½ teaspoonfuls salt
(round steak) ½ teaspoonful celery salt
¾ pound pork (including ½ teaspoonful pepper
a little fat) 1 cupful thick tomato
1 cupful raw rolled oats purée
1 egg 1 teaspoonful Worcester-
1 small onion shire sauce

Have the family butcher grind the beef and pork. Add to it the rolled oats (put through the grinder), chopped onion, tomato and seasonings. Pack in a loaf-tin, steam 1½ hours, then bake 15 minutes to dry it. Chill thoroughly, unmold on a bed of lettuce, or slice thinly and arrange slices on a platter garnished with parsley and lettuce.

Cold salmon, particularly if it is the large sea salmon, seems to lend itself especially well to a cold plate meal. Garnished with head lettuce, cucumbers and tomatoes, and served with mayonnaise it is ideal for a summer luncheon or dinner. A *Molded Fish Salad* may be as refreshing, using canned or fresh cooked fish and vegetables.

1 tablespoonful gelatine ¼ cupful diced celery
2 tablespoonfuls cold ½ cupful cucumber
water chopped
1 cupful boiled salad 3 tablespoonfuls
dressing olives chopped
1 cupful flaked fish Head lettuce sliced
 cucumbers, parsley,
 sliced tomatoes, and
 green pepper rings

Soak the gelatine in a quarter of a cupful of warm water and dissolve in the hot dressing. Cool, add the fish and chopped vegetables, and mold in a fish-shaped mold. When firm, unmold on a platter, decorate the sides with overlapping slices of tomato, cucumber, crisped in salt water and green pepper rings on head lettuce. Garnish with parsley.

One-plate Luncheons

One-plate meals solve the summer entertainment problem with ease and originality—everything is prepared and placed on one of the three compartment plates, which are becoming very popular. With meat and salad in the largest compartment, vegetable in the second and dessert in the third, we only need a beverage to make an attractive

luncheon. Once it is served to the guest, it makes no further demands on the hostess, and both are well satisfied.

In large section, place individual ring of jellied veal, with a light-colored tart jelly in the centre. One serving Potato Salad, molded from a scoop, garnished with a radish rose, and leaning on the sides, four sections of peeled tomato with a sliver of onion pressed into the side of each serving of mayonnaise.

In second section, spinach mold decorated with slices of hard cooked egg white, and the hard cooked yolk pressed through a strainer.

In third section, on a small paper d'oyly, a parfait glass with silver parfait and crushed berries.

Sliced cold meats, molded or frozen salads, or one hot vegetable with a variety of desserts, would adapt themselves to this type of one-plate meal. The jellied veal ring is made from the recipe given above, with the celery omitted. The parfait recipe is given below, and the potato salad is largely a matter of individual taste.

Spinach Mold

3 cupfuls cooked spinach 6 tablespoonfuls French
chopped and drained dressing

Combine the spinach and dressing, press into a mold, and chill well. The *French Dressing* is more highly seasoned than usual.

4½ tablespoonfuls salad ½ teaspoonful mustard
oil 1 teaspoonful salt
1½ tablespoonfuls lemon ½ teaspoonful pepper
juice Few drops Worcestershire
½ teaspoonful chopped sauce
onion

No matter how warm the weather may be, we do not want cold and frozen dishes only, in our summer menus. It is wise to limit the protein to the amount which is sufficient to repair the general wear and tear of the body cells, so we use meat and fish sparingly, with generous additions of vegetables and fruit. Occasionally, an all-vegetable dinner might be served, especially with the abundance of new vegetables on the market.

Rice Ring with new vegetables will form the main course of such a dinner.

1 cupful rice 1 cupful cooked beets,
2 teaspoonfuls salt seasoned
2 quarts boiling water 1 cupful cooked carrots,
2 cupfuls cooked cab- seasoned
bage seasoned

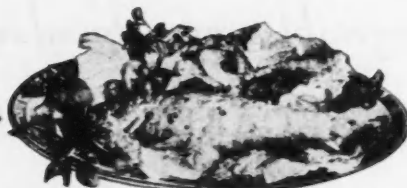
Pick over the rice, and wash in a strainer under running water. Add slowly to the rapidly-boiling water. Boil until tender, about 25 minutes. Rinse in a strainer with boiling water, and pack in a well-greased ring pan. Unmold the rice on a hot platter and fill the centre with the carrots and beets. Put the cabbage outside the ring. Serve with Mock Hollandaise Sauce.

Mock Hollandaise Sauce

1 cupful medium white 1½ tablespoonfuls
sauce lemon juice
2 egg yolks 2 tablespoonfuls
 butter

Add the hot white sauce to the beaten yolks, cooking over hot water until smooth and thick. Add lemon juice and butter. This sauce does not curdle if standing, as the real Hollandaise is so apt to do.

There is probably no more familiar salad than tomato jelly, but have you tried it frozen, with or without the addition of vegetables? In this case of course, it is (Continued on page 57)



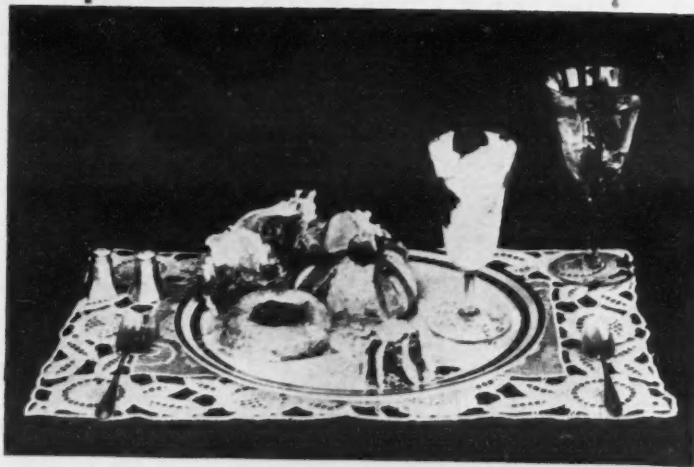
Fish salad mold is a tempting summer dish.

Summer Suggestions

Recipes in this article include the following:



Veal and celery loaf
Pork and Beef loaf
Golden dressing
Silver parfait
Quick marshmallow pudding
Rice ring with new vegetables
Frozen vegetable salad
Frozen fruit salad
Molded fish salad
One plate luncheon
Spinach mold
Frozen tomato salad



One-plate meals solve the summer entertainment problem with ease and originality. Everything is prepared and placed on one of the three compartment plates which are becoming very popular—meat and salad, vegetable and dessert.



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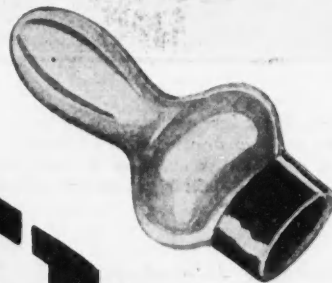
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ARISTO



BENDING over the foaming lawn and lace of Baby's crib, Mother dreams of all the splendid things her sleeping cherub will have and be.

The tenderness of that unselfish longing is like a flame in her heart. She sends her imagination questing down the years to meet the dangers that await her child—to meet them and overcome.

Yet, mothers of the past have not forseen how cruelly one neglect can rob her child of an endowment of beauty. All normal babies have rosebud lips—petals of placid sweetness in sleep; dewy miracles of grace caressed by awakening smiles.

But how rarely do we see truly lovely lips later on! Everywhere we see pleasant, even beautiful faces spoiled by ill-shaped lips and unlovely mouths.

Two things only rob baby of its first endowment of beauty. One, no longer a serious thing in these days of scientific motherhood, is the General Care, which makes for health and happy babies.

The other, which today's wise mothers only need to be told about to understand, is the use of nipples in bottle feeding which do not give Time Measured Feeding.

About the Baby's tender mouth is a network of tiny muscles which must be exercised properly to gain strength, firmness of contour, and that team-play which is harmony in itself and harmony is beauty.

Too rapid feeding doesn't give the little mouth muscles the right exercise. And the result, apart from present digestive troubles and the danger of lifetime ill-health later on, is **WRONGLY SHAPED OR UNSHAPED LIPS**. More, upon proper natural exercise of the feeding muscles of the Baby depends the development of the lower face into grace and beauty.

You get Measured Time Feeding with the famous patented ARISTO Nipples.

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*Your hair, your figure,
even your walk may change,
but not your hand*



The ancients' belief in the marks of destiny in the hand of the individual has a reflection in the palm-reading of today.

GIVE ME YOUR HAND

The old art of palmistry in a nutshell

by GERTRUDE CREWSON

UNTIL very recently, scientists have claimed that every seven years each portion of the body changes completely. At present they are not so certain, and one noted investigator has placed himself on record as disbelieving the entire theory.

However this may be, there is at least one part of the human body that leaves no trace of such change. Your hair may develop silver threads, your face may furnish trails for tell-tale wrinkles, your single chin may double or treble, your arms may take on a shade of yellow, your lips may lose their color, and your very gait become indecisive; but from youth to age, the markings of the palm of the hand are fixed and immutable. The fingers retain a definite shape, the nails do not radically alter, and the entire hand is recognizable from fingertip to wrist while life lasts.

It may be that this imperviousness to change led the ancients to believe that Destiny intended such lines and markings to form an index to the life and character of the individual; and from this belief has sprung the so-called science of Chirosophy. It consists of two divisions: Chiromony, or the study of the whole hand and fingers; and Chiromancy, better known as Palmistry, in which, as the name implies, the palm only is studied.

The origin of this interesting technology is lost in the mazes of antiquity. It was certainly practised in India three thousand years ago. Aristotle and Pliny confessed to some faith in it. The Romans seem to have scoffed at the idea, but it was definitely revived in 1814, in France, by Marie Anne Lenormand, who foretold the downfall of Napoleon. In 1843, D'Arpentigny, and in 1859 and 1874, Desbarolles published a set of rules based on available data.

Today, palmistry is treated quite seriously in many eastern countries, and even the white man has to some extent fallen a victim. To those who give it little credence, it still furnishes an interesting diversion, and the art is, therefore, eagerly sought after, and is laboriously learned.

THE foundation of Palmistry consists of well-known and established rules, and the novice has at least firm ground under his feet. They are repeated here solely as a basis from which to develop the thousands of readings possible.

There are four distinct lines in almost every hand. In some palms one or more of these lines may be short, or even entirely absent; but this is the exception rather than the rule, and may be to some extent disregarded. The long line surrounding the thumb joint is known as the Life Line. Connected with it at the upper end is the Head Line, which crosses the palm horizontally, and in a parallel direction, but nearer the base of the fingers, is the Heart Line. The Line of Fortune crosses the Head and Heart Lines obliquely, forming roughly the letter "M."

Three minor lines might well be noted at this point. At the wrist, and forming deep wrinkles with the bending movement of the hand, are a number of short lines called Cross Sulci. The Line of the Liver crosses the hand from near the base of the third finger to the wrist, and the Line of Apollo follows the general curve of the Life Line on the thumb ball, but much fainter and shorter.

Lying between these well-defined rivers of fate, are islands where circular lines centre irregularly to form slight elevations known as Mounts. These Mounts refer definitely to traits of character, and may, therefore, be present or lacking according to the personality of the individual.

The Mounts are seven in number and, should be carefully located and their names and significance memorized by the beginner, since on such knowledge he must necessarily depend in his characterization.

At the base of the first finger is the Mount of Jupiter. Saturn lies at the foot of the middle finger. The third, or ring finger, extends from the Mount of Apollo, and the little finger has the Mount of Mercury at its base. Between this Mount and the wrist lie two others—the Mounts of Mars and the Moon. The fleshy portion of the thumb is named the Mount of Venus.

In learning to read palms, one should observe that the lines represent life—its length, feelings, incidents, accidents, etc., while the Mounts indicate the character that to a great extent brings these about. The two cannot be separated. Even accidents are often caused by a combination of circumstances and some carelessness or oversight resulting from a defect of character.

Modifying indications are frequently present in the form of crosses, circles, triangles, squares, etc., and must be read in connection with the Lines and Mounts upon which they are found.

LET us now take up each Line and Mount in its turn. Unlike the forecasting of the future by tea leaves or cards, the reading of palms is not an intricate set of combinations but rather a group of separate and distinct manifestations which have at best little connection with each other. The difficulty lies in the variety of form each group may take, and in gauging accurately the extent to which any one characteristic or incident may be revealed.

The Hand—Preference is usually given to the left hand, as being more likely to be unaffected by use. In any case the hand in which the lines show more distinctly should be given the more attentive scrutiny, while only to clear up a doubtful point or for corroboration should the other be asked to bear witness. The hand should be held out flat, palm upward, but not stiffly or with fingers bent backward. The palmist holds the tips of the fingers steady by laying her own hand lightly across them. If there is no nervousness on the part of the enquirer, it is sufficient for the hand merely to lie flat on the table. The important point is that it must not be tense, nor yet too loose, for the Lines and Mounts have to appear natural.

The Line of Life—Figure A shows what is regarded as a normal life. At the beginning are a number of short intersecting lines which suggest a childhood of the usual type—that is, childish diseases and minor accidents which are in no case dangerous. These grow fewer as life proceeds, and the health remains good throughout. At the end, the lines thin out, showing the gradual sinking into old age. This is the most common and at the same time the most satisfactory type of Life Line.

Figure B represents a delicate life. It is irregular in its sweep, and formed of a number of (Continued on page 38)

THE LINE OF LIFE



The normal, the delicate and the tragic life lines.

THE HEART LINE



The normal heart line, the worldly and the fickle.

THE HEAD LINE



The normal head line, the unstable and that of genius.

THE LINE OF FORTUNE



The clear fortune, the incomplete and the double marriage.

Film darkens teeth

... it is the basis of decay

**Teeth free of film
are white and
healthy**

Film is the cause of dull, discolored teeth—the source of serious tooth and gum disorders. Now a special way to remove it.

Send for free 10-day supply

KEEP teeth white and sparkling. See your dentist twice a year, and don't worry about the danger of developing serious tooth and gum disorders. That is the authoritative advice of the dental profession as a body. The reason is simple.

Dull teeth and decay spring from a single source—a dingy film that forms on teeth and breeds germs of many kinds. Brushing alone fails to remove this film successfully. Thus a new special film-removing dentifrice is urged called Pepsodent.

As teeth grow white and dazzling from its use you know film is being removed. For white teeth are your best assurance of protection. Please accept a free 10 days' supply of Pepsodent to try. Send the coupon.

Germs, tartar, pyorrhea, decay

You can feel film with your tongue—a slippery, slimy coating.

This film absorbs discolorations and makes otherwise white teeth dull and dingy.

Film clings to teeth *too stubbornly* for usual ways of cleansing to combat successfully. It gets into crevices and stays. It is an ever-forming, ever-present menace in your mouth, say authorities, who have spent years in research.

Germs breed and multiply in that film. The acids of decay are invited. Film hardens into tartar. And germs, with tartar, are a proved cause of pyorrhea.

Now film removed new way

Film cannot resist brushing the way it did before. The new-found agents in Pepsodent curdle and loosen film so that light

FILM

discolors teeth and then destroys them. You can remove it now in 30 seconds.

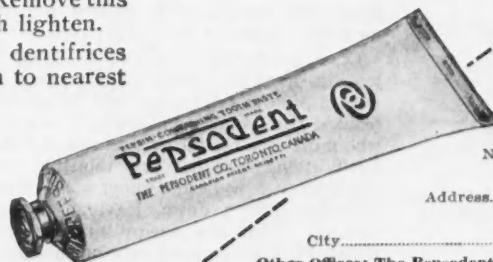
brushing takes it off. Thus the long and vigorous brushing necessary with old ways now is ended. Its use aids in firming gums and restoring healthy coral color.

Thus, Pepsodent answers fully the requirements of the dental profession of today. It is the greatest step made in a half century's study of tooth-cleansing methods.

If teeth are dull, "off color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that may be film also. Remove this film for ten days and see teeth lighten.

Get a large tube wherever dentifrices are sold. Or send free coupon to nearest address. Do not delay.

Posed by Miss Wilma Davis, in the popular success "The Front Page"



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WHAT OF YOUR CHILD? ^{by} FRANCES LILY JOHNSON

Every Child Should Experience a Farm Vacation

EVERY child, particularly every city child, is to my mind, entitled to at least one vacation on a farm at an early period in his life, before he has imbibed erroneous ideas as to where most of the commodities which appear, as if by magic, on the table, have their origin. There is a wealth of knowledge awaiting the child who visits a farm for the first time, eager and anxious for all the new experiences that he will gain. His bright young eyes will miss little that takes place around him; his wide-awake brain will store up what he sees. When there are children who live on the farm to show him its secrets, little will be missed which the farm has to offer, either in the realm of enjoyment or knowledge.

You may take your children year after year to a summer cottage where they learn to love the open, gain skill in swimming, handling boats and fishing; but a visit to a farm where they actually see the labor and care which all growing things require to bring them to fruition, is one of the greatest and most pleasurable experiences that a child can be offered.

You would be greatly surprised at the odd ideas of children about the origin of such everyday commodities as milk and butter. Many youngsters suppose that all one has to do to get anything, is to walk into the corner store and ask for it by name; whereupon an obliging storekeeper puts it into your hands, neatly wrapped in brown paper. True, the city garden, small though it be, offers a means of teaching that everything is not so easy; but, at best, the small plot can furnish only a very few commodities for the family table. The child needs a broader vision, a greater acquaintance with what is really involved in feeding the world. And there is no place where he can live through experiences for himself or make them part and parcel of his own life, as he can by spending many days on a farm, where he comes into intimate contact with nature—human, animal and vegetable.

Not any farm will do. Like every other experience planned for your children, it must be carefully chosen for its possibilities along lines of development. Personally, I prefer a farm where there are children already in the household, so that the older people in some measure are used to the insatiable curiosity of the younger folks, and will not resent the exploring expeditions and the endless questions which accompany them. If the children are to receive full benefit from a visit of this kind, they must be allowed a great deal of freedom, not only to carry on their own investigations, but also to help forward the work of the farm. In this way, they soon learn to realize the relation which the activities of farm life bear to the lives of the community.

IT SHOULD be part of the daily fun to take the cows to pasture and revel in the lush grass. The children should have opportunities to help with the feeding of the young calves and colts, still scarcely able to stand on their long gangling legs; and afforded every chance to get acquainted with these gentle, brown-eyed creatures—so attractive to children that it seems altogether natural for a child to put his arms around their necks. What fun the children will get out of their awkward and ungainly antics, as they gradually gain control of the feet and legs that seem to have no relation to their bodies! What care they will take to see that the pails of milk given to them, are not upset. The greatest fun I had myself, all last summer, was to watch my boy offer a brimming pail of milk to an awkward, white-faced baby calf, which put its whole face into the pail at once, and then swung the pail around on its head, liberally besprinkling the surrounding trees and people with the milk which should have appeased its hunger. I noticed that the next pail my son was permitted to offer, was firmly wedged in a fence corner, with the remark "Now, he can't be so silly. I guess he won't waste that." Wasn't it worth while to have the child feel his responsibility toward the baby

calf to such an extent that he went to such pains in order to prevent the recurrence of the accident?

THEN there is milking time. Nowadays, this part of the work is done by machines, but we were lucky enough to be where the warm milk was drawn by hand. Watching the milking of a cow is a real thrill and a most pleasurable one for the city-bred boy or girl; and never again will they rest under the fallacy that milk comes from a dairy in bottles. They have learned from observation that the cow is the source of our milk supply, and they have had the unique experience of seeing the white streams come from the udders and ring musically against the milk pails. It may even be that they themselves can do the milking—and

rustlers their ancestors have been from time immemorial.

The young lambs which frolic in the meadows and call so plaintively for their mothers, provide another source of interest and enlightenment. Children can be shown how the wool is sheared, collected, and sent to be woven into warm garments. The living animal, with its woolly coat in which a child's hands can sink and cling, is so much more convincing than a mere picture in a book, no matter how realistic. Actual contact with the animal in its natural surroundings offers possibilities of a practical education that no amount of explanation could achieve with the same success.

Then there are the horses, which the children can learn to harness, water and feed. What joy to ride behind a team on a hay-wagon, bumping over uneven fields, revelling in the delicious scent of new-mown hay, and later, stacking the hay high on the wagon, moving ever nearer the blue sky, as the load increases in height! Finally, the ride to the barn atop the fragrant pile, and the gay shouting as it is put in place. What games of hide and seek can be enjoyed in its yellow depths, covered with the fresh-piled grass! What daring when great leaps are taken from the highest beams of the barn into the springy piles of dried grass heaped in the mow! All the thrill of gay adventure is there, with very little danger of broken legs or arms to mar the pleasure.

THEN there are the tractors to watch as they plow or reap; and the fun of picking berries, sun-warmed to rich, red lusciousness and sweetness, which later appear on the table, a dish fit for a king. There are no jaded appetites here, although even the most sated would yield to fruits fresh from the bushes, potatoes but lately taken from mother earth, or vegetables fresh pulled from the garden. All these can be gathered by the children, and through this labor comes knowledge of the origin of much that we eat, and some idea of the care required to keep our bodies whole and strong. It is, however, not necessary to overload the younger members with a multitude of tasks, when they can be relied on to appreciate the opportunities which simple tasks afford to satisfy their curiosity.

The gathering of eggs, warm from the nest, is another pleasant duty—a diversion and a real achievement when broody hens can be found hiding their eggs far from the chickenhouse, in an effort to raise a family surreptitiously.

Isn't it a wonderful experience to see the downy bits of fluff emerge from the shell? It is never again necessary to ask "Where do chickens come from?" You have seen and you know from experience. Not only that, but you can see the down give place to feathers as the chicken becomes a hen, which will, in due time, lay eggs.

During the summer there is a succession of small fruits to be picked, and later come the red cherries with their translucent lustre. Meanwhile, the pears, peaches and apples, which started as blossoms, are growing slowly but surely to maturity and will call for picking. The child may say nothing about all this life that is going on about him, but he watches and is vividly aware of it.

He sees the grain heads becoming heavy and nodding lazily in the wind. Then they are cut down, and the thresher comes to separate wheat and chaff. The child watches it all, and it is a wise parent who will follow up a summer on the farm by taking the child to a grist mill where he will see wheat become flour, and to a woollen mill where he will see the fleece from the sheep's back go through the processes which make it into cloth. The child can learn more through personal acquaintance with things on a farm than he can ever learn through the reported experiences of his elders.

After a summer on the farm, it is surprising how much valuable information and knowledge will be stored up, to be used as occasion arises, in logical explanation to other children of hitherto inexplicable phenomena.



The children should have opportunities to help with the feeding of the young calves and colts and get acquainted with the gentle, brown-eyed creatures, so attractive to them that it seems altogether natural for a child to put his arms around their necks.

children love that. Above all else, they get pleasure out of causing things to happen, and there are so many opportunities on a farm to be the *deus ex machina* in perfectly harmless and helpful ways. The farm we visited sent all the milk, after it was separated, to the dairy, but we were able to persuade the farmer's wife to let us use an old churn, and one day the boys and I made butter. We churned, washed, salted, and then ate it for dinner. No butter ever tasted so good, and the boys can tell anyone exactly how butter is made.

All children find little pigs a source of never-failing fascination and amusement. How eagerly they watch the tiny pink ones with tightly curled tails and quivering noses, satiny smooth black ones on their little short legs, and some which are neither white nor black, but piebald,—all squealing, squirming and nuzzling for nourishment, and grunting in happy contentment when it is received! For a short time they make the most delightful pets, but soon grow unwieldy in size, and deteriorate into the greedy food

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I T ' S B E T T E R B E C A U S E I T ' S C A N A D I A N

The Heroine of Castle Dangerous

Continued from page 15

that combined strength and goodness. When she grew big enough to romp and play with her older brothers, she soon proved that even though she was a girl and younger than they, there was nothing they did that she could not also do. In fact, it was not long before her swift young feet could outstrip them in a race, and her deadly aim with rifle could bring down duck or partridge on the wing as surely as that of her brothers. How she loved to go out with them early in the mornings when the mist was slowly rising off the river, and creeping softly into the rice weeds, wait for the duck to rise. Or sometimes, when school was over and the priest had dismissed them from the little log schoolhouse—which was also used for

service on Sunday—they would run off into the woods that lay behind the fort and snare rabbits and other wild animals for food. Madeleine would have found it hard to decide which season she liked the best. When winter came with its great white mantle of snow, what fun she and her brother had, building snow forts and pretending that they were being attacked by Indians, or sliding down the hills on their home-made sleds! And in the evenings when the icy winds blew across the frozen river, how delightful it was to lie in front of the great crackling log fire in their cozy little cabin. Perhaps Madeleine loved the long winter evenings the most, for then all the family would be gathered together. Then her father, puffing contentedly at his pipe, would tell them many stories, and such thrilling tales about the Indians and their cruelty that the cold chills would run down Madeleine's back, until creeping nearer to the fire she would feel happy that she was so safe and sound within Castle Dangerous. Sometimes, growing suddenly very grave, her father would lean forward and say: "Remember, children, gentlemen are born to shed their blood in the service of God and the king." Madeleine never forgot these words of her father. Indeed, she wished she had been born a boy instead of a girl, and with head held high and eyes flashing she determined to do as brave deeds as any soldier of the king.

And so the seasons came and went, and Madeleine at fourteen years of age found herself indeed looked up to as "boy of the family," for both her older brothers had gone off to serve in the army. The tall, fair young girl was no longer a child; she was rapidly approaching womanhood and the time when her great wish to serve her "King and Country" was to be fulfilled.

It was October when the flaming red and orange-clad hills, golden fields, and dancing blue water seemed to be vying with one another on this glorious autumn morning. Seigneur Verchères and his wife were both away; most of the inhabitants were out in the fields, and as Madeleine wandered down to the riverside, all that remained in the fort were two soldiers, two boys, an old man of eighty, and a number of women and children. Suddenly, the sharp report of a rifle broke the peaceful morning air. Madeleine turned around, and to her surprise and horror, saw forty or fifty Iroquois leap from the woods, and with fierce yells and shrieks come running across the fields toward the fort. Commending herself to heaven, she sped up the long path that led to the fort. The Iroquois in hot pursuit, knowing that they could not catch her alive before she reached the gate, opened fire on the fleeing girl, and their bullets went whizzing about her. Madeleine, however, was not thinking so much of her own danger as of those in the fort or out in the fields, and ever as she ran she shouted, "To arms! To arms, the Iroquois!" How fearfully long the path seemed! Would she never reach the gate? She dared not look back, but she knew the Indians were close at her heels. Already she could see their long shadows. She was within a few yards of her goal when the foremost actually stretched out his hand to stop her. But Madeleine was too quick for him. With renewed vigor she leaped to the gate, and those who were eagerly waiting for her made it fast against the invaders.

Once inside the fort and breathlessly looking upon the terrified little group of women who stood around her, Madeleine realized that young as she was, it was she who must take her father's command. The fortifications were her first thought. On examining the walls she found some of the palisades thrown down, leaving openings through which the enemy might easily enter. These she ordered to be put up again, helping to carry them herself, although their weight was far beyond her strength. This done, she hastened to the blockhouse

where the arms and the ammunition were kept. There was not a moment to be lost if they were to be saved. What was Madeleine's horror, however, on entering the blockhouse, to find the only two men in the fort, La Bonté and Gachet, with flints ready for their attempt to blow up the gunpowder.

"What are you doing with that?" she asked.

"Light the powder and blow us all up," they replied. "It would be a better fate than to fall into the hands of the Iroquois."

"You are miserable cowards," she cried, dashing the tinder box on the floor. "Get out of this place and go and behave like men!" Amazed by her courage and determination the two soldiers slunk away.

Madeleine then threw off her hood, put on her head a soldier's cap, and taking up a gun, said to her two little brothers: "Come boys, we at least will fight to the death, and remember what our father has taught us—'Gentlemen are born to shed their blood in the service of God and the King.'" So with muskets in hand the three young warriors ran to join the other defenders of the fort.

From the lookout towers could be seen the enemy, apparently planning another attack. Madeleine at once ordered the two soldiers to fire the cannon. This, she knew, would not only greatly frighten the Indians who were unused to cannon warfare, but would also warn any villagers working in the fields that there was trouble at the fort and to seek safety in hiding. In the meantime, she and her brothers continued such a rapid fusillade from the loopholes that the Iroquois imagined the fort was bristling with soldiers, and so decided to postpone their attack until nightfall.

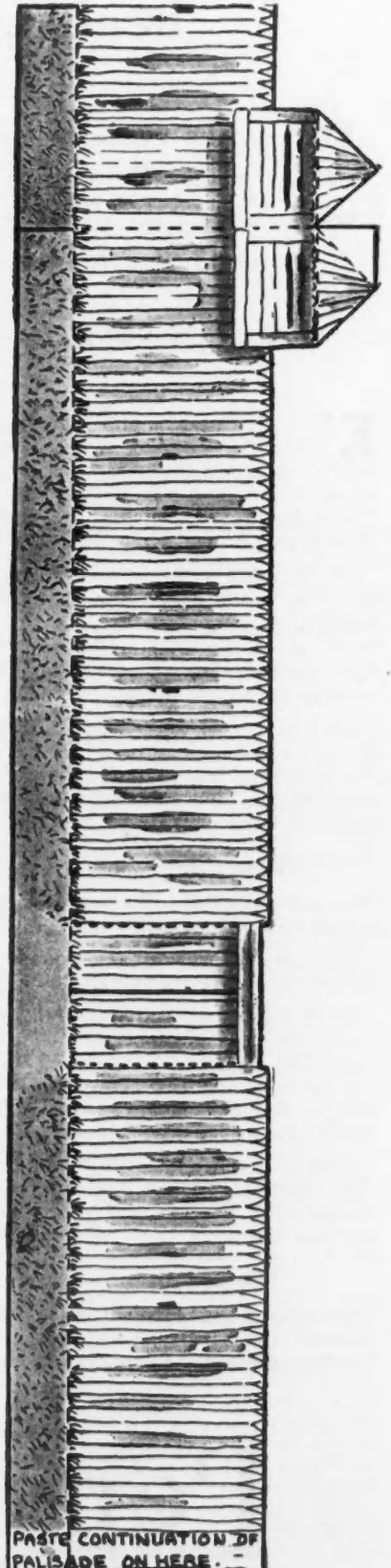
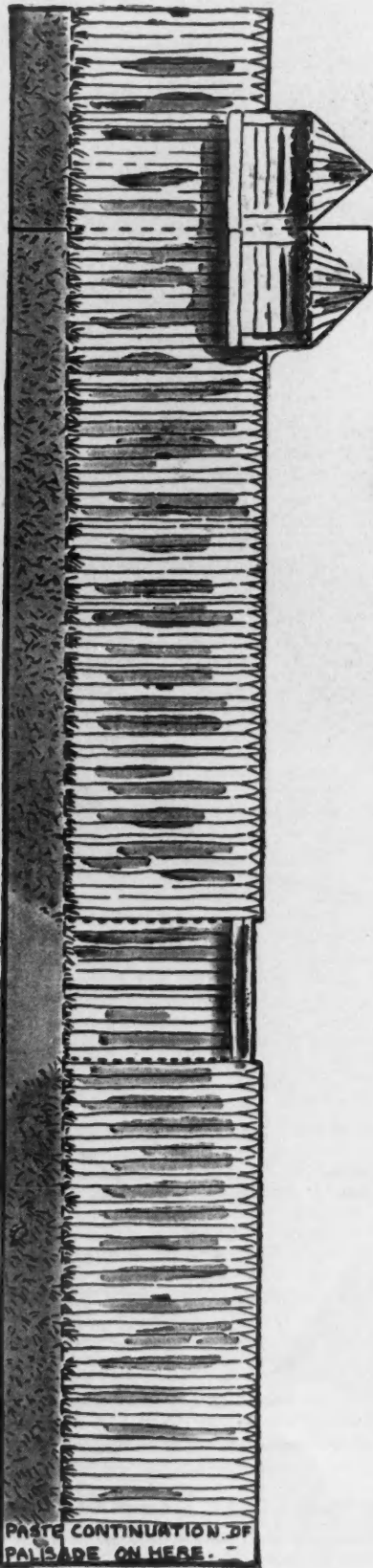
With wild shrieks and war cries they turned their backs on the fort, and rushing through the fields went in search of any who might be working there. Madeleine then ordered a strict watch to be kept, knowing that the enemy would deliver a fresh attack as soon as they noticed any weakening on their part.

Suddenly, from the lookout tower on the riverside of the stockade it was reported that a canoe was to be seen rapidly approaching the wharf. With mixed feelings of doubt and fear, the little company watched the boat draw near. Could it be Iroquois reinforcements? Breathlessly they watched and waited. As the boat drew up beside the landing, Madeleine with intense relief recognized a neighbor, Fontaine, who was returning from Montreal with his wife and family. Her joy at seeing her friends, however, was short-lived, for with horror she realized that unaware of the Iroquois they would probably be murdered before they could reach the fort. She tried to think of some plan to save them, and decided to send someone down to the wharf to give warning. She at once appealed for help to the two soldiers, but from sheer cowardice they flatly refused to leave the fort. Without hesitating a moment, therefore, Madeleine decided to run the gauntlet herself. She reflected that if the Iroquois saw anyone walking boldly out of the fort, they would think it was a ruse to draw them within musket range, and so might hesitate to attack her. Muttering a hurried prayer, and ordering the gate to be carefully guarded in her absence, she once more stepped down the path on which she had so recently escaped death. On and on she went, the while her heart was pounding furiously within her. Would the enemy be deceived as she had planned, or would they rush down upon her? Every step was taking her farther away from her beloved home and safety. Not for a moment, however, did she hesitate or look back. Arriving at the wharf, she greeted her friends with a hearty welcome, and after telling them quickly of the danger they were in, bade them be of good cheer and with bold faces march before her to the fort. Exhorted thus by

her fine courage and quiet self-command they obeyed, and soon everybody arrived safely within the stockade. Madeleine had, indeed, guessed rightly, for the Indians, suspecting a trap, had withheld their attack.

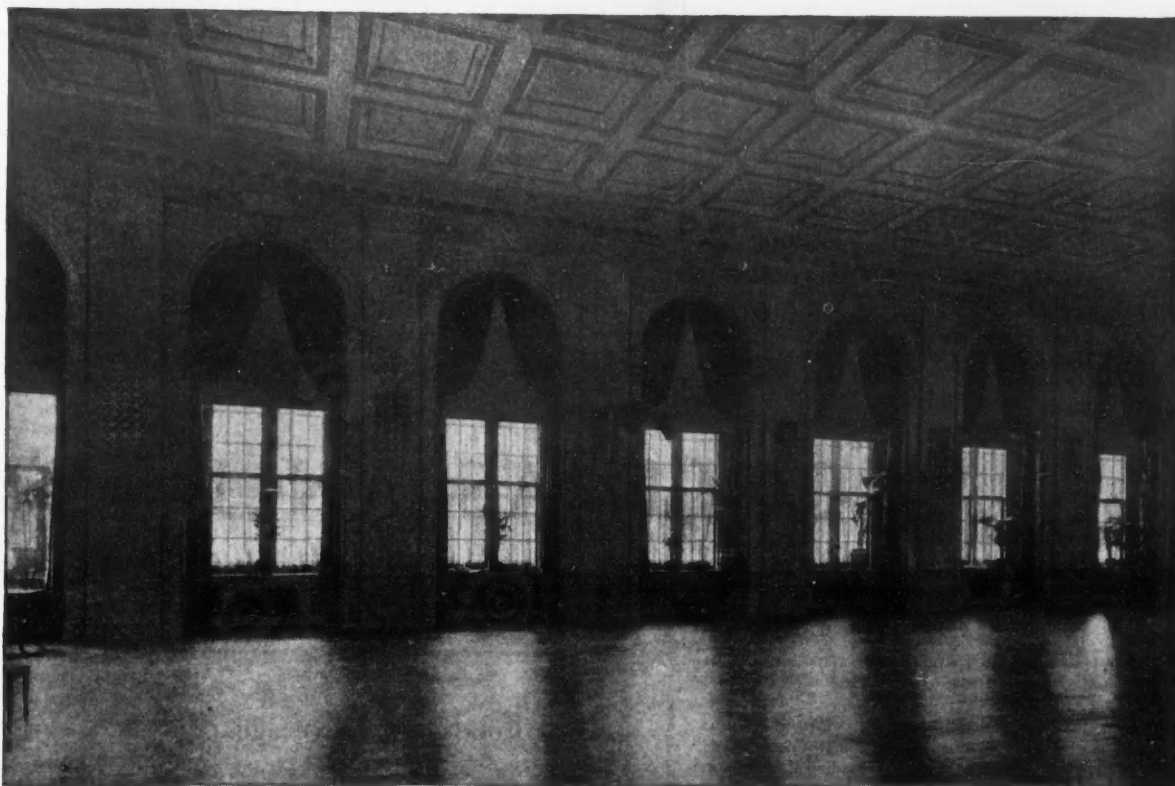
All through the rest of the day a careful watch was kept, and any Iroquois showing himself was at once fired upon. But as evening approached, all signs of the glorious day had disappeared and great black clouds drifted across the sky. Presently, a fierce wind blew down from the North, bringing with it icy blasts of sleet and snow. Madeleine, judging that the enemy would attempt under cover of darkness to storm the fort, called together her little company.

(Continued on page 50)



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To look charming while travelling is the desire of every daughter of Eve, and, in this wonderful age when trains are marvels of comfort, is fairly easy if one plans well in advance of the journey.

THE PROMISE of BEAUTY

How to be beautiful though travelling

by MAB

IT IS a fairly easy matter to present a well-groomed appearance, to keep up the daily dozen, and to watch the calory count, when we are at home pursuing the even tenor of our ways, but these three important needs for health and beauty, are more difficult to manage while on a long railway journey.

To look charming while travelling is the desire of every daughter of Eve, and, in this wonderful age when trains are marvels of beauty and comfort, this is fairly easy of achievement if one plans well in advance of the journey.

I have just returned from a trip across Canada and have observed rather carefully the ways of women when travelling, some of which are fearful and wonderful to behold. For instance, one woman wore a sleeveless dress during the week's journey, and complained bitterly of the hopelessness of trying to keep her arms clean. Another ate quantities of candy, despite the fact that she had occasional bouts of train sickness on the trip.

Of the many women whom I encountered, only three seemed to have mastered the difficulties of travel satisfactorily. One of these was a Canadian, one was English, and the third was from the United States—oddly enough she came from Missouri! The Canadian was a businesswoman whose work as a publicity agent necessitated almost constant travel; the Englishwoman was a seasoned traveller who had plenty of money "for to admire and for to see, for to be old the world so wide;" and the young woman from Missouri was travelling with her brand-new husband.

With a little blarney I was able to gain from each of these three women a few hints that may be of service to the readers of this department of *The Chatelaine*, particularly to those who are planning a railroad journey.

The young Missourian told me that she had travelled extensively in the United States, but that this was her first trip in Canada. She was enchanted with everything she saw, and was herself a most charming person. When I asked her how she managed to maintain a lovely, groomed appearance despite the heat and dust of travel, she said: "Well, I think that it is very important to look nice all the time, and so I have a regular method that I follow every day which I condense a little when I travel. My usual morning bath at home becomes a sponge bath on the train. This is comparatively easy to accomplish if one is travelling in a drawing-room, but I manage it even in a single berth. I use three towels for the purpose. The first one I soap thoroughly, the second one is wrung out of cold water for rinsing purposes, and the third one is dry. If the travelling is very uneven, I have this bath in bed. It is very refreshing, and as there is usually some exercise necessary to achieve it, it serves a double purpose.

After this I cream my face, neck and arms thoroughly with a special cream that I have discovered, which is a cream and astringent

in one. As a finish I get, if possible, a piece of ice which I put in a bit of absorbent cotton and pat my face and neck with it. Then I put on my make-up, being careful to use very little rouge, as the glaring light on the train is very revealing. I don't bother much about my skin for the rest of the day, except to give it an occasional dry clean with powder, but at night I give it a thorough cleansing with cream. The kind I use liquefies as soon as it touches the skin. I put this on and wipe it off, just as I would use shampoo, over and over again until all the grime is gone. Then I use a medicated preparation as a wash for my nose and throat every night and morning. This comes in crystal form to be dissolved in water and is, therefore, easy to carry."

I asked further, what method she employed to keep her fair hair in perfect condition. She told me that she massaged her scalp every night and then wiped off her hair with a damp towel which had been wrung out of hot water in which a little water softener had been dissolved. After this, she put combs in the permanent waves to keep them in place and tied a fancy silk handkerchief over them until morning.

THE Canadian girl told me that it had taken her nearly a year to learn how to travel with the minimum of trouble and the maximum of effect. "I think," she said, "that the first point to consider in preparing for a journey is elimination. It is positively amazing how light one can travel if one's clothes are chosen for suitability as well as for smartness. For example, such unenduring things as pale colors, pleats and frills should never be worn on a train, and yet it is surprising the number of people who wear such things. I usually have two

Information in regard to the special creams and powders used by the travellers mentioned in this article may be had upon application to Mab. Be sure to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your request. If you want the illustrated exercises, be sure to ask for them, too. They are ten cents a copy.

dresses for a lengthy trip, one of jersey and one of silk. These with a light-weight sweater and a topcoat will answer every weather need. I have always a well-packed outfit easily available in case some occasion should arise, either en route or upon arrival

at my destination, for which it might be required. I wear a pair of loose gloves and a collapsible silk hat on the train to keep my hands and hair protected from the grime of travel. In my travelling bag I carry a special box for cosmetics which I designed to suit my particular needs. Most of my creams I carry in tube form, as I have found this to be the most satisfactory method. Before I start on a trip I buy a lot of inexpensive powder puffs which I permeate thoroughly with my special face powder and pack in one of the containers in my box. With these ready to use, I do not need to carry any powder, and the puffs can be discarded when they become soiled. Room for manicure requirements, rouge and other odds and ends, is also specially provided for in my cosmetic box. It is really quite easy to keep presentable, when everything for so doing is available in compact form and complete in every respect."

This Canadian girl is of opinion that nearly every traveller eats too much. Probably because of the inactive life on board train, the trips to the dining car and the trying of new dishes become the daily adventures. She says that she never has more than two meals a day on the train—a late breakfast and an early evening dinner. She is a "compleat" traveller, as she always knew just where we were on the trip, just how long each stop would be, and was one of the first to step off for a brisk walk during every minute of the brief stay.

THE older and more seasoned traveller, the Englishwoman, told me that after having experienced the difficulties of travel in many lands, she found it a comparatively simple matter to be well-groomed while on a journey on this continent, where the weather, the comforts and conveniences of the trains made travelling a pleasure. "There are one or two hints which I might give you to pass on to the inexperienced," she said. "One is the importance of care in the selection and appointments of a dressing bag, and the other the need to exercise caution in the matter of food. Unlike some travellers I have three meals a day. I find it a diversion to go to the dining room, but I practise care and rigid economy while there. My breakfast consists of fruit, tea, and very thin toast; for lunch I have a salad or a hot vegetable course and finish off with biscuits and cheese; for dinner a clear soup, a chop, a green vegetable and a small coffee—no starches and no sweets."

This traveller showed me her hand luggage, which was durable but not heavy, and which had been specially purchased for an air trip from London to Paris—a method of travel that is revolutionizing the old types of luggage. She had a small overnight bag which was almost unbelievably light in weight, smart in appearance, and capacious enough to hold all her toilet articles in a fitted tray which could be folded up and used as a separate case. Under this tray there was room for a nightdress, a light

Continued on page 50



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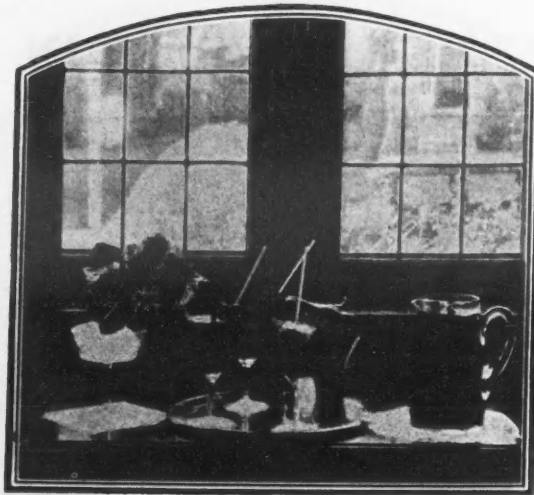
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20-C

Modern refrigeration methods make iced foods and drinks an everyday affair



On a hot summer's day, nothing is more refreshing than ice clinking against cool glass.

AS COLD AS AN ICEBERG

by SYBIL GAYFORD RHIND

ON A hot day, is any sound more refreshing than ice clinking against cool glass? The sight of iced food revives the most jaded appetite.

Once upon a time iced foods and drinks belonged only to party occasions, but modern refrigeration methods have changed that idea. With the coming of electric refrigeration and all its conveniences, iced desserts and drinks are every day affairs.

The old way of chipping ice has given way to the natty little ice cube, while the making of ice cream for the family no longer means turning a handle for a long period, but merely placing the mixture in a pan in its own compartment.

With these resources at hand, summer menus are attractive and easy. Even with the older type of ice-box, there are many tempting concoctions which can be made up in a short time. Iced drinks are always popular in summer time.

Iced Cider Cup

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 quart of sweet cider | 1 pint of Apollinaris |
| 1 cupful of crushed pineapple | 1 cupful of hulled strawberries |
| Sugar to taste | Mint leaves |
| Ice cubes. | |

Put ice cubes, or cracked ice, in a large pitcher, and pour over it the cider and Apollinaris. Add fruit and sufficient sugar to sweeten according to taste. Serve, thoroughly chilled, with mint leaves in each glass.

Iced White Currant Julep

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 box of white currants | 1 cupful of granulated sugar |
| 2 oranges | 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar |
| 1 quart of ice water | Ice cubes |
| ½ cupful of crushed pineapple | |

Wash and stem currants. Crush thoroughly. Stir in the cupful of sugar, cover and leave in refrigerator for one hour. Add juice from oranges, pineapple, ice-water and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Strain, add ice cubes or cracked ice and chill thoroughly. If this drink is not sweet enough, add more sugar.

Frosted Coffee

- | |
|---|
| 1 coffee pot of freshly made, medium coffee |
| 1 cupful of cream |
| Marshmallows |
| Ice cubes |
| 1 cupful of water |
| 1 cupful of sugar |

Strain coffee through fine muslin, add cream. Boil sugar and water together to form a syrup. Place ice cubes in pitcher and pour coffee over them. Sweeten

Iced Foods and Beverages

Iced Cider Cup, Iced White Currant Julep, Frosted Coffee, Iced Tea Punch, Iced Grape Nectar, Mint Fruit Cocktail, Ice Pudding, Iced Peaches, Pineapple Ginger Mousse, Raspberry Mousse, Peach Mousse, Caramel Coconut Ice Cream, Junket Ice Cream, Rhubarb and White Grape Mould, Mixed Fresh Fruit with Scalded Cream

to taste with the syrup. Serve in tall glasses, with a marshmallow put into each glass as a garnish.

Iced Tea Punch

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 pint of hot, fresh tea | 1 quart of ginger ale |
| 1 lemon, juice only | 3 oranges, juice only |
| 1 cupful of hulled strawberries | Sugar syrup |
| | Ice cubes |

Pour hot tea over ice in a jug and add orange and lemon juice. When cool add ginger ale. Sweeten to taste with sugar syrup made as above. Garnish with choice, ripe

strawberries. Chill thoroughly, add more ice cubes and serve at once. If strawberries are not obtainable add slices of orange in their place.

Iced Grape Nectar

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 4 large lemons | 4 tablespoonfuls of fruit sugar |
| 1 quart of boiling water | 1 orange. |
| 2 pint bottles of grape juice | Ice cubes, or cracked ice |

Peel lemons very finely, squeeze juice from them and add sugar. Pour boiling water over peel, juice and sugar. Cover with clean cloth and put away until cold, then strain through muslin. Add grape juice. Slice orange thinly, leaving the rind on, add to beverage, chill thoroughly, add ice cubes or cracked ice and serve at once with cookies.

Mint Fruit Cocktail

- | | |
|------------------------------|--|
| 2 oranges | 1 grapefruit |
| 1 teaspoonful of lemon juice | 1 cupful of pineapple juice |
| Fruit sugar | 1½ tablespoonfuls of chopped fresh mint. |
| Ice cubes | ½ cupful of skinned, white grapes |

Cut oranges, and grapefruit into small sections. Add grapes, lemon and pineapple juice and mint. Sweeten to taste. Place in refrigerator for one hour. Put small ice cube into each cocktail glass, fill with the mixture, and serve very cold. Garnish with skinned grapes rolled in chopped mint.

Ice Pudding

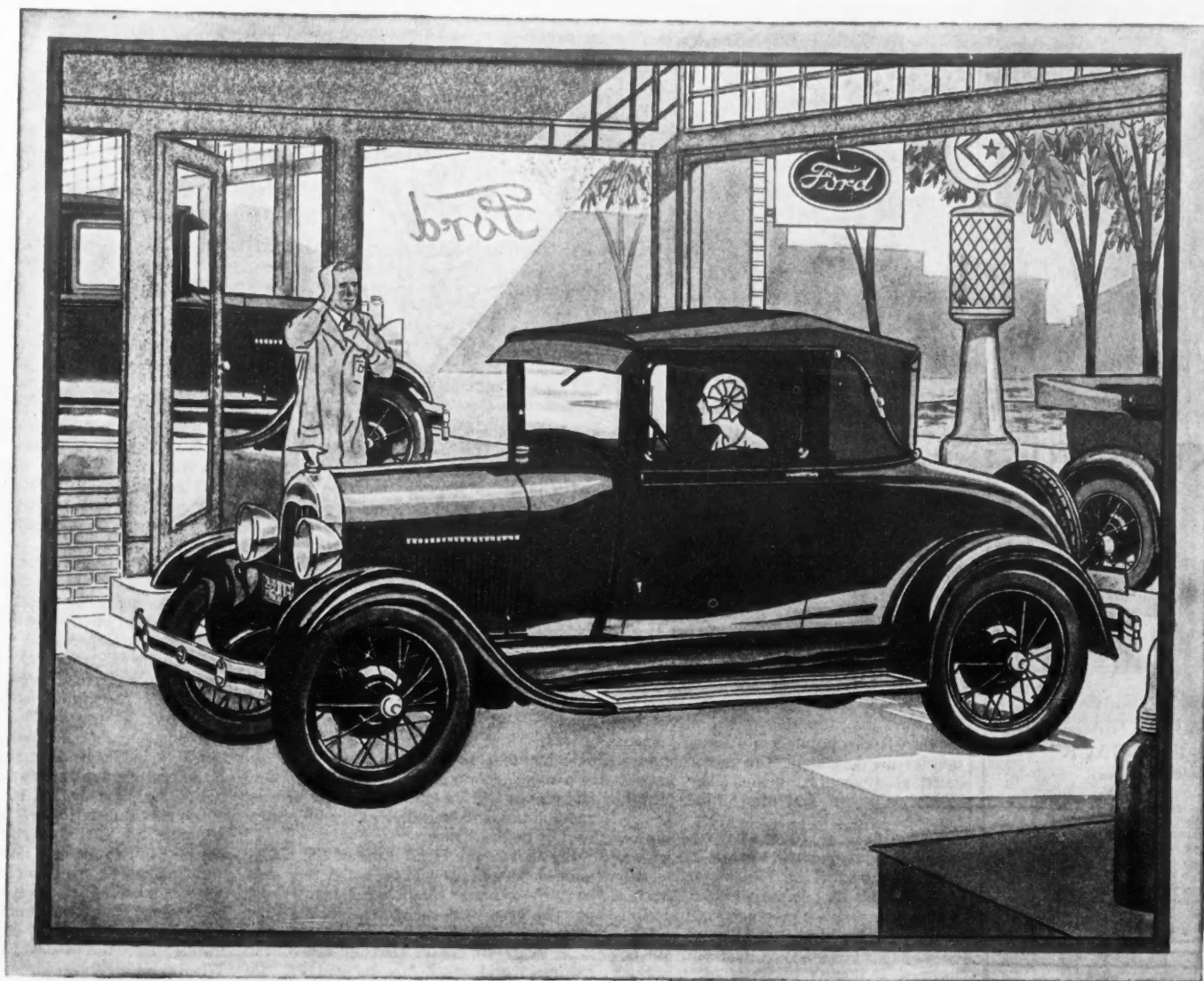
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|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 2 cupfuls of milk | 1 cupful of whipping cream |
| 3 egg yolks | 2 teaspoonfuls of pineapple juice |
| 1 teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring | 1½ tablespoonfuls of fruit sugar |
| 1 ounce of chopped, blanched almonds | Pinch of salt. |
| ½ cupful of chopped, glacé fruits. | Ice wafer biscuits. |

Beat egg yolks well, stir in milk, strain through muslin into a jug, and stand in saucepan of cold water. Place over a low flame, stirring until mixture thickens. Do not allow it to become too hot, or it will curdle. Flavor with vanilla and pineapple juice, and add sugar. Leave until cold, then place in freezing compartment, and half freeze the custard. Or pack well with freezing mixture and half freeze the mixture. The freezing mixture should consist of one third as much salt as cracked

Continued on page 40



Iced peaches, junket ice cream, and ice pudding, three particularly delicious frozen desserts.



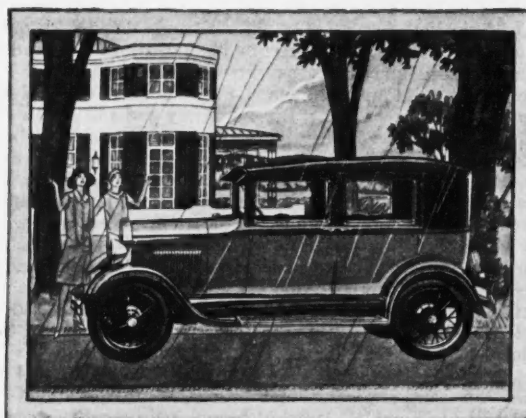
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No charge whatever is made for labor or materials incidental to this service except where repairs are necessary because of accident, neglect,

or misuse. The labor of changing the engine oil and lubricating the chassis is also free, although a charge is made for new oil.

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COLD PLATE LUNCHEONS

For simplifying summer cookery

by MARGARET E. READ

HOT days demand cool food. Summer appetites crave cold meats, crisp salads or cool-looking jellies. Such dishes not only have a very wide and general appeal to the large army of consumers, but they also greatly facilitate the labor of last-minute preparations, and consequently are sure to be welcomed by those responsible for meals.

Chicken Mousse

To the beaten yolks of three eggs add one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of paprika and, gradually, one cupful of hot chicken stock. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Then add the hot mixture to one tablespoonful of gelatine which has been soaked in one-quarter cupful of cold water, and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Using only white meat, put one cupful of cold, cooked chicken and one-half cupful of blanched almonds through the meat grinder; add these ingredients to the first mixture. Season to taste with salt and add a pinch of cayenne. Place the bowl containing the mixture in a larger bowl containing chopped ice, and stir until the mixture begins to congeal; then fold in one cupful of heavy cream which has been beaten stiff and continue beating. Pour into a mold which has been moistened with cold water, and set aside to chill. When ready to use, serve on crisp lettuce, attractively garnished with jelly cubes or vegetables. The mousse may be chilled in one large mold or in several individual molds.

Vegetable Salad

Cut cold boiled potatoes in cubes to make one cupful. Pare cucumbers, cut in half-inch slices and cut each slice in cubes. Combine the potatoes and cucumbers, and to them add one cupful of cold cooked green peas. Season with salt and pepper, and marinate with French dressing. Set aside to chill thoroughly. Serve very cold on crisp lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing. Garnish attractively with very cold cooked asparagus tips and chilled tomatoes cut in sections.

Ham and Egg Salad

Mix together one cupful of cold boiled ham cut in cubes and one-half cupful of chopped green peppers; marinate with boiled dressing and set aside to chill thoroughly. Cut cold hard-cooked eggs in half lengthwise, and remove the yolks. Fill the

whites with the ham mixture, and arrange on romaine lettuce. Rub the yolks of eggs through a sieve and sprinkle on top. Garnish with green peppers cut in rings.

Cold Dressed Rice and Salmon

Pick over and wash one-half cupful of rice, and cook it in boiling salted water twenty minutes, or until it is tender but not mushy. Drain and wash well with cold water, so that the kernels are separate and distinct; then chill thoroughly. Break in flakes one cupful of cold boiled salmon, add the chilled rice, and one-half cupful of finely chopped scallions, using the green tops as well as the white part. Season to taste and marinate with French dressing. Set aside to chill well, and serve on watercress with Russian dressing.

Molded Beet Salad

Soak one tablespoonful of gelatine in one-quarter cupful of cold water. Mix together one-quarter cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one-third cupful of vinegar and one-quarter cupful of boiling water; heat to boiling point. Then combine with soaked gelatine, stir until the latter is dissolved and allow to cool. When the mixture begins to thicken add two cupfuls of chopped, cold cooked beets and one-quarter cupful of finely chopped chives. Stir slightly and turn into individual molds which have been rinsed with cold water. When firm and very cold serve on crisp lettuce leaves with boiled dressing.

Glorified Eggs

Cut eight hard-cooked eggs in half, crosswise, removing the yolks. Nick the edges of the whites and leave in a cool place for some time. Rub the yolks through a sieve and then mix with two tablespoonfuls of chopped green peppers, two tablespoonfuls of chopped pimentos, one tablespoonful of finely chopped onion, two tablespoonfuls of chopped walnuts and a pinch of cayenne. Salt to taste and add enough mayonnaise or boiled dressing to hold the mixture together. Refill the egg whites with this mixture, and when quite cold arrange attractively on crisp watercress with tomatoes cut in sections and asparagus tips. Serve with any desired dressing.

Cheese and Cherry Salad

Remove the pits from two cupfuls of red cherries and stuff them with cream cheese.

Mix one cupful of chopped celery, lightly sprinkled with salt, with the cherries, and marinate with whipped cream dressing. Chill thoroughly and then serve piled lightly in a nest of crisp white lettuce leaves. Garnish with cherries and pistachio nuts.

Allerton Salad

Pare and cut a small cucumber in half-inch cubes, making approximately one cupful. Add an equal amount of chopped celery, one-half cupful of chopped green peppers and one-half cupful of chopped walnuts. Marinate with mayonnaise or boiled dressing, mound on sliced tomatoes and serve very cold in nests of watercress.

Stuffed Peppers

To one cupful of cold cooked rice add one-half cupful of chopped tomatoes and one-quarter cupful of chopped scallions, including the green stems. Season to taste, marinate with mayonnaise and set aside to chill. Cut green peppers in half, lengthwise, removing the seeds and stem end. Soak in salt and ice water for fifteen minutes, drain and dry. Fill the peppers with the rice mixture and serve very cold with cold sliced meat and one teaspoonful or a tiny mold of red currant jelly.

Tongue in Aspic

Cover two small tongues with boiling water, add one young carrot thinly sliced, one small onion sliced, two teaspoonfuls of salt, six cloves and a few peppercorns. Cook until the tongue is tender, then remove the skin and roots, and roll the two tongues together, tying in shape. A very satisfactory aspic jelly may be made with meat cubes or extract. Cut one small carrot in tiny cubes or slices, one small onion in thin slices and one sprig of celery in thin slices. To them add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley one bay leaf, a small amount of thyme and savory, two cloves and one-half teaspoonful of pepper berries. Cover with two cupfuls of cold water and bring slowly to the boiling point. Boil five minutes and then strain out the vegetables. Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in one-half cupful of cold water. Add enough boiling water to the strained vegetable water to make four cupfuls in all, and dissolve four teaspoonfuls of Bovril or four cubes of Oxo in it. Add the juice of one lemon and, if desired, one-quarter cupful of Madeira wine. Pour the hot liquid over the soaked gelatine and stir until dissolved.

Continued on page 40

Canadian Fruit and How to Buy It

Continued from page 22

Melba has become best known. This produce of an open pollinated seedling of the McIntosh, is a summer apple of handsome appearance. It is in season the same time as the Duchess but keeps longer, and is quite as high in quality as its known parent. This variety has won the distinction of being awarded the silver Wilder Medal given by the American Pomological Society. Lobo, of practically the same parentage as Melba, also a winner of the Wilder Medal, which is the highest award given by the American Pomological Society, is of a pale yellow color, washed with bright crimson. Its subacid flavor is very pleasing and it follows the Melba in season, being at its best in October.

Other new varieties, originated at the Central Farm from the McIntosh as one of the parents, are: Honora, Hume, Joyce, Macsweat, Macearly, Macross, and Patricia. Other new varieties of promise, originating from the seeds of Langford Beauty, are: Diana, Gerald, and Linda. These are but examples of many sorts that are put on exhibition year after year at Ottawa and at fruit shows held throughout the country.

Other fruits that have been introduced at the Experimental Farms are the strawberries Cassandra and Portia; two early raspberries, Brighton and Count; and among gooseberries, the Sylvia, Mabel, and Spinefree are regarded as sufficiently valuable to justify wide propagation.

THE hope of the late Dr. Saunders that his work would ultimately bring local grown fruits within reach of citizens of the Prairie Provinces, is being amply justified. With the introduction of the seedling and hybrid varieties and the protection afforded by shelter belts, large quantities of apples are now being produced, particularly in the province of Manitoba. At the Experimental Station at Morden, 25,000 trees, all of them grown from seed of Russian apples, are to be found in one plantation. More than 6,000 of these have already fruited, and some of them have proved to be of excellent eating quality. These varieties that prove hardy through the years, are being multiplied for orchard purposes throughout the Prairie Provinces.

THERE are a number of native fruits gathered from uncultivated lands that occupy an important place in fruit merchandising. On many open markets, known as farmers' markets, wild strawberries are offered at their proper season. This fruit, however, does not bulk anything so large in the trade as that luscious pie fruit, the blueberry, the cranberry, and the foxberry, which provide a considerable trade. The blueberry, more or less plentiful in the rough lands of Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick, is produced commercially, more especially in the French-Canadian province, and particularly in what is known as the Lake St. John District. The blueberry shipments generally start during the first week in August, containing from six to eight weeks, or in some cases until the frost destroys the fruit. There were shipped from Lake St. John District last year, 42,267 twenty-quart flat boxes, 3,677 ten-quart flat boxes, and 1,741 crates containing twelve one-quart boxes. This harvest amounted to approximately forty-eight carloads. There was also harvested in this area large quantities that were locally absorbed in the canning industry. The blueberry industry supports a number of canning factories both in the Province of Quebec and New Brunswick, and in Nova Scotia steps are being taken to bring the crop under cultivation, which it is hoped will not only prove profitable for those who go into it, but greatly improve the quality of the fruit.

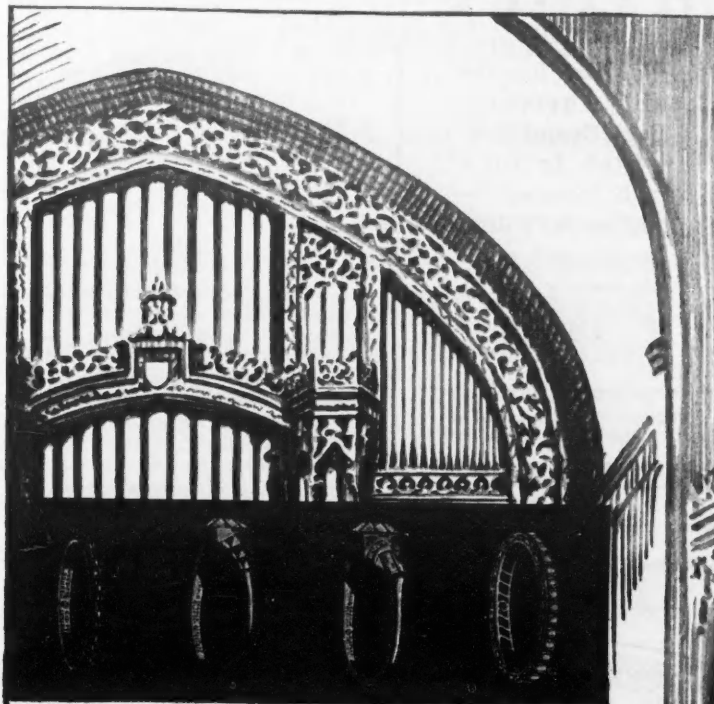
The foxberry, little known outside of the Maritime Provinces, is found growing on rocky barrens along the south shore of Nova

Scotia. The berry is very similar to the cranberry in quality, although its habitat is quite different. Unlike the cranberry, which grows in bogs, the foxberry prefers a dry rocky location. The berry is a little smaller than the cranberry but similar in appearance, and has a pleasant bitterish-sweet flavor in contrast to the acid flavor of the cranberry. The berries are usually sold to the trade in small barrels containing one hundred pounds of fruit. After the berries are put into the barrels, water is added to the full capacity of the barrel. Under this condition the berries may be kept for as long as two years. This berry, which finds an outlet locally and in the Boston market, is particularly prized during the latter part of the winter and early spring season when the cranberry is practically off the market. It is credited with being very suitable for pie-making. Indeed, it is claimed that foxberry pies were exceeded only by apple pies as sellers in the Halifax market during the winter season. The annual output of this fruit from the Province of Nova Scotia amounts to from 1,500 to 3,000 barrels.

The cranberry, though native to the Provinces of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Quebec and British Columbia, is being given increasing attention as a cultivated fruit. The cranberries that are being used in Canadian homes for jellies, the accompaniment of the Thanksgiving and the Christmas turkey, and other purposes, come chiefly from the United States, which sends us some 50,000 bushels a year.

THE subject of canning of fruits has already been treated in the pages of *The Chatelaine*. There are other ways of preserving fruit, however, that are assisting the housewives, and particularly those who have little space for storing their fruits. Dehydration bears a relation to what is known as evaporation, but it is a more advanced process. It is applied not only to the preservation of apples, but to most of the other kinds of fruit, including cherries, cranberries, grapes, currants, prunes and peaches. Unlike what is known as fruit-evaporation, dehydration preserves the flavor of the fresh stock. The Department of Agriculture at Ottawa has been investigating the possibilities of dehydration, and operates experimental plants of factory size in different parts of Canada. The work accomplished has shown that where good fruit is put through the dehydrator, it comes out with the loss of little more than a certain percentage of moisture; and where properly prepared for the table, it is little if at all distinguishable from fresh fruit. In addition to the evaporation of a certain proportion of the moisture, the fruit in the process of dehydration is submitted to a bleaching process which preserves the fresh color. This is retained when the fruit is being prepared for the table, by a few hours soaking and cooking in the usual way.

The work done in British Columbia and in the Niagara District of Ontario proves that Canadian fruits, if properly matured, graded and prepared, make a quality of dehydrated product equal in grade, appearance and value to the very choicest products which are imported into Canada. Canadian apples and peaches in particular, grown as they are under northern conditions, possess a flavor that is retained in dehydration seldom found in even the highest grades of imported fruit. Commercial dehydration is a growing industry, and commercial plants are being operated at two points in Nova Scotia, at London, Ontario, and in Vernon, British Columbia. It is expected to prove of great assistance to the fruit-growing industry in preserving, in the vicinity of the orchards and other fruit plantations, much fine fruit that would otherwise be allowed to waste. Fruit thus preserved is capable of being stored without deterioration and may be brought into use at times of the year when the fresh fruit is out of season.



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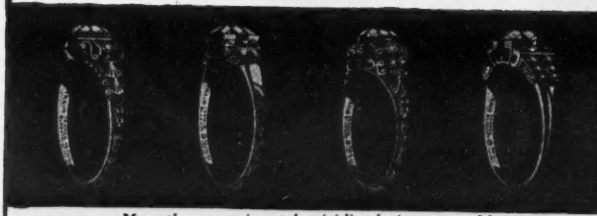
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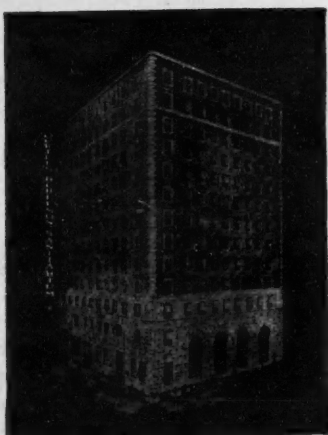
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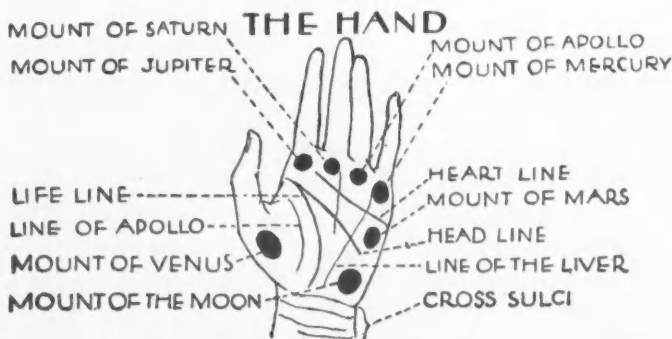
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Give Me Your Hand

Continued from page 26

small lines intersecting and paralleling each other. In places the Line is indistinct, and is also much shorter than the one shown in the previous figure. The cross represents a serious illness, and the indecisive lower end suggests invalidism toward the end of life.

Figure C might be called the tragic life. The Line is strong enough as regards ordinary health, but the numerous breaks and crosses indicate accidents or calamities as being frequent. The line itself is cut off abruptly, presaging sudden death. Happily, lines of this type are comparatively rare.

The Head Line—This line is, as a rule, connected at its upper end with the Life Line, and indicates the intelligence of the person. It also provides a working foundation for the development of such characteristics as invention, genius, nervousness, reasoning power, and many other mental faculties.

Figure D is an example of the normal Head Line. It begins early in life, strengthens gradually toward the middle, and slowly weakens and dies with old age. Such a person has a good average mentality, is practical in his ideas, not likely to be influenced against his better judgment, but not inclined to flights of imagination. Such persons are frequently good mathematicians, but not inventive. There is rarely any tendency toward insanity.

Figure E shows the undeveloped Head Line. Such a person is temperamental, more likely to be guided by his impulses, likes and dislikes than by much exertion of his reasoning power. On the other hand, he has a tendency to art and imagination, and may develop this tendency to the point of genius or insanity. The short branching lines are indications of lack of definite purpose, and also a kindness of disposition that is apt to be imposed upon. Such Head Lines are found in the palms of poets and artists, as well as in those of the great majority of ordinary men and women.

Figure F is the rarest of Head Lines. It belongs chiefly to men and women of outstanding genius who are gifted with a natural ability for many lines, but who, as a rule, are able to concentrate on one principal line of endeavor, to which all others are made subservient. Here we have our best surgeons, scientists, organizers, leaders, authors, and teachers—in fact, all those who are specialists in their professions. Wealth will probably always be incidental, but the mentality is of the finest calibre.

The Heart Line—The third important line is known as the Heart Line, and it is largely responsible for the emotions, not only of love, friendship, tenderness, sympathy, but also of their opposites—hate, envy, cruelty, etc. This line is usually very plain, but varies greatly in strength and uniformity.

Figure G shows the normal Heart Line with the Marriage Line crossing there to the Head Line. Here the Heart Line is seen to be strong and uniform throughout with few branches. Such a person is affectionate and true to his friends. He has little inclination

to wander in his loves, and will not be easily influenced by gossip or malicious tales. He will be generous and sympathetic to a fault, and is likely to allow his heart to rule his head; that is, he will follow inclination rather than judgment.

Figure H is the Heart Line of a person who makes his friends according to their ability to be of value to him. He changes associates frequently, but the changes are a result of expediency rather than fickleness. He is trustworthy to those who are themselves trustworthy, but has little real sympathy or generosity. He will marry, probably well toward middle life, as the line crossing suggests; and if he chooses a partner with characteristics like his own, will probably be contented, but he has not the capacity of a more emotional nature for happiness. His friends will be chosen for their virtues and abilities, and he will be successful from a worldly point of view.

Figure I is the Heart Line of the fickle-minded person. It will be noted that it is badly broken and composed of many short parallel lines, none of great uniformity or strength. Though he will probably marry, it is likely to be on the impulse of the moment; and since his inclinations are transient, there is little likelihood of permanent happiness. Often, indeed, the Marriage Line will be cut across by another line branching from the Head Line, signifying divorce or estrangement from his life partner.

The Line of Fortune—This line is frequently referred to as the Marriage Line, since the fact that it crosses from the Heart to the Head Line indicates a junction of the vital forces. More correctly, it is known as the Line of Fortune, since the inference would seem to be that the success of a man's life depends directly on his emotions and on his judgment. The reading of the line is very simple.

Figure J shows the Line of Fortune crossing firmly and truly both Heart and Head Lines. This person will be both happy in marriage and successful in business. His dealings will be marked by honesty, and his enemies will be few and half-hearted.

Figure K shows an incomplete fortune. The Line begins clearly enough crossing the Heart Line, but fails to reach the Head Line. The obvious deduction is that a fairly happy marriage may be made, but that misfortune is likely to arrive in other lines, particularly in business.

Figure L is a type of Fortune Line that bears two interpretations. First, that this person will probably marry twice, once for love, once for business reasons, and in both cases be successful. Or, second, that his married life will be entirely separate from his business life, a not uncommon state of affairs among modern business men.

The Cross Sulci—These are the lines formed at the wrist by the forward movement of the hand. They are interpreted as indications of the size of the family. Such lines as are complete are counted as sons, those incomplete, daughters, and very short or imper-

fect lines indicate the early death of children. Naturally, these lines have a close connection with the Marriage Line. The Cross Sulci also indicates the amount of perseverance under difficulties that may be shown. The uniformity and depth of the lines are noted for this purpose.

The Line of the Liver—It crosses from the base of the third finger to the wrist, and is often very light, or wanting entirely. It indicates great changes of home, fortune, or position, when present, and a quiet or monotonous life when almost or entirely absent. In its deeper parts, it signifies long journeys or important changes in home life.

The Line of Apollo—This Line is on the thumb ball, and roughly parallels the Line of Life. It indicates an artistic nature, the longer and plainer the more inclined toward everything beautiful. Lines cutting across it, denote difficulties to be overcome in attaining the ideal. A complete break in any part of the line, and later a continuance of it, indicates a change of ideal likely to be accompanied by a complete change in profession. The ideal remains artistic, as, for example, when a painter becomes, through force of circumstances, a musician. When the Line shows strength at the beginning, but weakens and dies before half its natural length, it indicates an artistic nature forced into a materialistic profession; in other words, a misfit.

The Mounts—In reading the Mounts, the difficulty is in judging accurately just how deeply embedded certain traits are in the character. There are three principal indications to be studied:—

1. The regularity of the fine concentric lines and the extent to which they complete the oval which forms the perfect centre of a Mount.
2. The elevation of the Mount above the average surface of the palm.
3. The modifications caused by diametric lines, triangles, circles, crosses, and other indications.

It is obvious also that a missing Mount indicates a lack of the quality it stands for.

Briefly, the Mounts show the following definite characteristics:—

Jupiter indicates love of honor, religiosity, ambition, happy disposition, pride and superstition.

Saturn indicates prudence, wisdom, and success. When lacking, improvidence, ignorance and failure.

Apollo indicates love of the beautiful, noble aspirations, success, celebrity and intelligence.

Mercury indicates love of science, industry and commerce; and love of lucre which may even lead to dishonesty.

Mars indicates courage and resolution. Moon indicates a dreamy disposition. When present, a strong moral character; when lacking, a weak morality.

Venus indicates taste for beauty, charity, love, amorous temperament, libertinage.

Article Number Two will follow in the September issue.



cut lengthwise. Serve with small chocolate biscuits.

Pineapple Ginger Mousse

- 1 cupful of drained crushed pineapple
- 3 tablespoonfuls of the pineapple syrup
- 1 cupful of whipping cream
- 1 teaspoonful of almond essence
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of granulated sugar
- 1 tablespoonful of powdered gelatine.
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of cold water
- 2 tablespoonfuls of crystallized ginger, chopped
- Pinch of salt

Dissolve gelatine in the cold water. Whip cream till stiff. Combine pineapple, juice and sugar, add gelatine, and warm until gelatine is dissolved. Add ginger and leave until cool. Fold in whipped cream, add almond essence and salt. Freeze for five hours in an electric refrigerator, or pack with freezing mixture, and freeze. If packed, allow two parts of ice to one of salt, and stand for at least three hours. Serve with cookies.

Raspberry Mousse

- 2 cupfuls of raspberries
- 1 teaspoonful of lemon juice.
- 1 cupful of whipping cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of fruit sugar
- 1 tablespoonful of powdered gelatine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of cold water
- 3 tablespoonfuls of hot water
- Pinch of salt

Wash and pick over raspberries, sprinkle with sugar and mash with fork. Add lemon juice and allow to stand for half an hour. Soak gelatine in cold water, then dissolve it in the hot water and add to raspberries. Whip cream stiff then fold into fruit mixture and add salt. Freeze as for pineapple ginger mousse.

Peach Mousse

- 3 egg yolks
- 1 cupful of fresh stewed peach juice
- 2 teaspoonfuls of lemon juice
- 1 cupful of whipping cream
- 2 teaspoonfuls of powdered gelatine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of cold water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of hot water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of granulated sugar
- Pinch of salt
- Green gum drops

Beat egg yolks well. Soak gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot water. Put peach juice, lemon juice, sugar and eggs, in a large jug. Stand in pan of hot water over low flame, and stir mixture until it thickens. Heat must be low, or mixture will curdle and it must not be cooked too long. Add dissolved gelatine. Let mixture cool. When cold, fold the whipped cream in lightly. Freeze as directed for the other mousse recipes. Garnish with green gum drops. Serve with little cookies or lady fingers.

Caramel Cocoanut Ice Cream

- 2 cupfuls of milk
- 1 cupful of whipping cream
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 teaspoonful of powdered gelatine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of cold water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of granulated sugar
- 1 tablespoonful of flour
- 2 tablespoonfuls of dessicated cocoanut browned slightly in oven
- Pinch of salt

Caramelize half cupful of sugar. To do this place sugar in pan, stand over heat and stir continually until sugar is all melted and a golden brown color.

Put milk in top part of double boiler, add salt and scald milk. Soak gelatine in cold water. Beat egg yolks. Combine flour, and the quarter of cupful of sugar with the scalded milk. Stir in the caramelized sugar, return to double boiler, and cook over low heat for ten minutes. Stir in eggs and cook for one minute longer. Add gelatine and

stir well. Allow mixture to cool. Whip cream stiffly, and combine with custard mixture. Pour into tray and freeze. If in an electric refrigerator, allow five hours. If frozen with ice and salt, allow one part of salt to three of ice. Turn out, and garnish with the browned cocoanut.

A caramel sauce served with ice cream is enjoyable. To make caramel sauce, caramelize sugar as directed, stir in one cupful of boiling water. Stir thoroughly, and simmer until slightly thickened.

Junket Ice Cream

- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Junket tablets
- 1 tablespoonful of cold water
- 1 pint of milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of granulated sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of coffee
- 1 egg, beaten
- Pinch of salt

Junket ice cream is particularly easy to make, as the liquid mixture is not cooked before freezing. Crush junket tablets, and dissolve in the cold water. Mix milk, cream and coffee. Heat slightly. Remove from fire, and stir in the egg and sugar. Cool to blood heat as mixture must be only lukewarm, then add dissolved junket tablets, and stir for a few seconds. Pour into tray or freezing container, and leave in kitchen until junket is firm, then freeze as for any other ice cream. Serve with chocolate ice wafer biscuits.

Rhubarb and White Grape Mold

- 3 pounds of fresh rhubarb stems
- 1 quart of water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of whipping cream
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of cold water
- Gelatine to set 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ imperial pints
- Sugar to taste.
- Small bunch of choice, white grapes

This mold has a delicious flavor. Wash and wipe rhubarb stems, remove any discolored parts, but leave peel on stems, and cut into two-inch pieces. Put in a granite saucepan, add water, and boil gently till tender, and the flavor extracted from the rhubarb, but do not allow the juice to become thickened. Strain through muslin. Put one and a half pints of juice back in the granite saucepan, sweeten to taste, boil quickly for a minute, and remove all scum formed from the sugar. Dissolve sufficient gelatine in the cold water to set one and a half imperial pints, stir into the juice and cool. Remove skin and pips from grapes, keeping them in good shaped halves, and saving a few for garnishing. Add grapes to cooled juice. Wet fancy mold, and pour in mixture, place in refrigerator, and chill until as cold as ice. Whip cream stiff and place in refrigerator also. Turn mold on to glass dish, pile high with whipped cream, and garnish the top with the remainder of the skinned grapes. Serve cookies as an accompaniment.

Mixed Fresh Fruit, with Scalded Cream

- Raspberries
- Red currants
- White currants
- Black cherries
- Wineglassful of sherry
- Half pint of thick cream
- Fruit sugar to taste

Take a deep glass dish, and put the fruit in it, washed, and carefully prepared, stringing currants, and removing stones from cherries. Pile dish high with alternate layers of fruit, plentifully sprinkled with finely sifted fruit sugar. Put fruit in refrigerator to chill thoroughly. If strawberries are in season, they make a nice addition to this dish. Serve with plain white cake and scalded cream as an accompaniment.

Scalded cream is a good substitute for Devonshire clotted cream. Procure the thickest whipping cream, which must be sweet and good, but at least twenty-four hours old. Place in granite saucepan, add two teaspoonfuls of granulated sugar, and bring slowly to scalding, but not boiling point. Pour into jug and leave till cold and thick.

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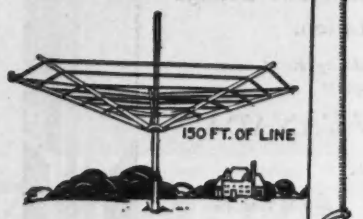
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Cold Plate Luncheons

Continued from page 36

Pour this liquid in the bottom of a moistened mold. When set, arrange the cold boiled tongues in place and pour in the remaining liquid. Chill thoroughly. The mold may be decorated with vegetables cut in fancy shapes, or hard cooked eggs, if one wishes, but this is not necessary. Arrange the aspic attractively on lettuce either in the mold or sliced, and serve with sliced cucumbers, tomatoes and rings of green peppers, with mayonnaise.

Ham Mousse

Soak one tablespoonful of gelatine in one-quarter cupful of cold water, and then dissolve it in one-half cupful of boiling water. Stir in two cupfuls of finely minced ham, and cool, stirring occasionally. Whip one-half cupful of heavy cream until stiff, add a pinch of cayenne and one teaspoonful of mustard moistened with a very little cold water. When the gelatine mixture begins to congeal, fold in the whipped cream with seasonings and beat well. Turn into a moistened mold and chill.

Cabbage Salad

Cabbage salad is not at all a new salad, but there are ways of making it taste quite differently, and as raw cabbage is one of our richest sources of vitamins it should not be overlooked. Shred one small head of cabbage very fine and sprinkle with salt. Chop two green peppers very fine, removing the seeds. Combine cabbage and green peppers, add chopped pimentos, season with paprika, a pinch of pepper and celery seed, and marinate with sour cream dressing. This is made by adding two tablespoonfuls of salad oil and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar alternately to one cupful of slightly beaten sour cream. Hard-boiled eggs added make a complete luncheon dish.

Jellied Shrimps

Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in one-half cupful of cold water. Add one cupful of water to one can of tomato soup, and heat. Dissolve the soaked gelatine in the hot liquid and when it begins to cool add one-quarter cupful of chopped pickles, one and one-half cupful of shrimps broken in pieces, and three-quarters cupful of cold cooked green peas. Pour into one large mold or individual molds which have been moistened with cold water, and chill. Serve cold on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise. Garnish with peppers and celery.

Assorted Sandwiches

Roll Asparagus Sandwiches. Spread fresh bread with butter and slice very thinly; remove the crusts and cut in pieces approximately two inches by three inches. Having thoroughly chilled cooked asparagus tips, cut in two-inch lengths, dip in mayonnaise and roll in the pieces of bread, fastening

with a toothpick. Allow the sandwiches to stand for some time in a cool place, and when ready to serve remove the toothpicks. They will then keep their shapes very well.

Pineapple and Cheese Sandwiches. Mix cream cheese with well-drained, sweetened, and shredded pineapple, and work to a creamy consistency. A soft cheese will require very little moisture, but a firmer cheese may need some of the pineapple juice to soften it. Spread between buttered slices of brown bread.

Lobster Sandwiches. Break lobster meat in fine pieces with a fork. Add chopped pimento, chili sauce and enough mayonnaise to bind the ingredients together. Spread between slices of buttered brown or white bread.

Watercress Sandwiches. Possibly nothing is more tasteful and refreshing than crisp watercress arranged between slices of buttered bread.

Macaroni Salad

Combine two cupfuls of cold cooked macaroni with one-quarter cupful of finely minced onions, one-half cupful of cold cooked green beans and one-half cupful of small whole radishes, or larger ones cut in halves or quarters. Beat one cupful of sour cream slightly, and add one-half teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of pepper, a pinch of mustard, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire Sauce, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Marinate the first mixture with this dressing, and set aside to chill. Serve very cold on watercress.

Cold Stuffed Heart

Wash calves' hearts, and remove arteries, veins and membranes. Prepare a stuffing made as follows: Mix together one cupful of bread crumbs, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of pepper, one-half teaspoonful of sage, one teaspoonful of onion juice, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of chili sauce or catsup and two tablespoonfuls of hot water. Fill the hearts with this dressing and sew up. Roll the hearts in salt, pepper and flour, and brown quickly in a well-greased frying pan. Then place them in a small roaster or casserole, half cover with boiling water, cover the roaster with a tight lid and bake slowly about two hours, basting frequently. Add more boiling water if necessary. When cooked remove the hearts from the water and cool. When very cold slice and serve on lettuce with currant jelly or meat relish.

Salad Maryland

Flake two cupfuls of left-over codfish, or any such fish as one may have on hand. Add one teaspoonful of onion juice and shredded lettuce. Marinate with French dressing and chill. Arrange tomatoes, peas or other left-over vegetables attractively with the first mixture, and serve with mayonnaise.

As Cold as an Iceberg

Continued from page 34

ice. If too much salt is used, mixture will freeze too quickly, and be of a granular consistency. Take an ice mold, decorate it with some of the chopped glacé fruits and almonds. Whip cream till stiff. When custard mixture is half frozen, fold in the remainder of nuts and fruit, and the whipped cream. Press down in prepared mold, and freeze until firm. Remove from mold, turn on to a glass dish and serve with ice wafer biscuits. This ice pudding can be colored any desired shade, by adding coloring to the custard before it is frozen.

Iced Peaches

1 quart sealer of peaches
or equal amount of stewed
fresh peaches

- 1 small lemon
- 2 egg whites
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of sugar
- 1 cupful of peach syrup
- $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of whipping cream
- Blanched almonds

Drain syrup from peaches. Take half the peaches and rub through wire sieve, add juice from lemon. Strain peach syrup through muslin into a saucepan, add sugar and boil until a thread will hang from spoon. Beat egg whites until very stiff. Pour syrup slowly over egg whites, and whisk until cool. Whip cream stiff, fold into peach pulp and then lightly into egg whites. Freeze mixture until firm. Fill sherbet glasses with the frozen mixture, place half a peach on top. Stick peach with halves of almonds



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There was only one bright spot in all this dim vista of unhappiness—Tom was assured of his success which she had so foolishly tried to keep from him.

But dark clouds obscured the sun when Sally passed out of the familiar offices; the hopeless rain came down in a dismal drizzle; and she felt that she was on her way to a funeral. Yet the weather forecaster could have scanned the heavens and failed to see a wisp of cloud. He would have had to shield his eyes from the sun that blazed merrily.

But to Sally the state of the weather was wretched, and if you could have attached a barometer to her heart, it would have dropped alarmingly. She knew she was on her way to a funeral—the grave of all her hopes, and those bursting hopes of hers were the last of her possessions she wanted to bury.

There she sat in her chair all the next day, forgetting to eat, for what good would an egg and toast be to her now? Her lip would tremble, although she struggled to smooth the twitching out.

An odd, long-forgotten, little nursery refrain came limping to her lips; she whispered it. "Rain, rain, go away; little Sally . . ." But there was only one thing she wanted.

Why had she done it? A little wan looking, the beginnings of blue rings under her eyes, the hands a little limp in her lap, she sat dejectedly in the same chair the morning after. She had put the coffee percolator on; it sputtered as though it were dying of quick consumption.

She looked idly at a slip of white pushing itself under her door. It took her some time to decide that it was the corner of an envelope. A letter might have been alluring to her at any other time; but what good was a letter now?

With faltering steps she crept to the door, and leaning down painfully, carried the letter back to her chair. She had hardly the heart to open it. But there it lay spread out before her, and the sun was up in a blaze of glory, the rain clouds fled. God was in His Heaven, and all was right with the world.

For Mr. Margetson had called her back. Owing to the peculiar circumstances . . . No attempt at theft . . . Mr. Wardwell felt it an injustice . . . Besides they needed her.

You never would have thought that a humdrum coffee percolator could have sung such a rollicking song. You never would have thought that a guileless egg could wink so knowingly. You couldn't possibly imagine the ecstatic efforts Sally made to keep her heart out of her throat. It just throbbed and throbbed like a fluttering bird struggling to be off on the wing.

Of course, any but a girl with a one-track mind like Sally's, which was wholly occupied with the charms of an imaginary breakfast guest, would have felt horribly ashamed to go back to her job and face the incarnation of that imaginary young man—for Mr. Margetson had informed her tactlessly that he had told Tom why she took the file.

But not Sally. She wanted to go back to that office. You wouldn't have thought that little bit of bad weather had come across her world, if you had seen the cheery smile when she carried the file in to Margetson's office, and the absolute wings which she seemed to have grown on her fingers and feet, as they went busily about their daily tasks.

No, she couldn't see Tom any more. He was lost within the walls of Temple's office. But every time she passed that door, she stole a guilty look at him out of the corner of her eye.

He knew it now; he knew she loved him. But wouldn't you think he would act differently? Well, he did; he avoided her like the plague. But Sally didn't care. He knew her secret now. She wanted him to know it.

She wasn't a bit frightened as the day wore away, and the time drew near for her to go around to the various desks and collect the day's files. She would reserve Tom's room for the last. And perhaps . . .

A SONG fluttered about her lips all day long, such a whimsical song, odd little snatches of all the love songs she had ever

heard. You never saw a happier girl in all your life than Sally on that day. Of course, any self-respecting girl would have hung her head in shame and dreaded the first meeting with the man for whom she had declared her incredible love. But not Sally.

If Tom had dropped a pin she could have heard it; the offices were so still. Sally tiptoed toward his door. There he sat with the strangest look on his face, just doing nothing. Was he ill?

No need to tiptoe now. She was hurrying to him. He must be ill.

He saw her as she entered his door, a warm cry of agony welling in her heart, a cry struggling to reach him, for she wanted him to know she was near and ready to do what she could for him. But the look of distress she had surprised on his face, was as nothing to the startling change that came over it at her hurried entrance. It was as if the blood in his face had turned to chalk.

Sally was stricken dumb and stopped short in her tracks. What would she do now? He must be frightfully ill. Her Tom—and everyone was gone.

He knew better than she, what to do, for he had clutched at his telephone. He must be going to call a doctor—and she so helpless.

What she heard snatched her breath away. It was like some capricious wind blowing her hair in her eyes, blinding her. For he was talking to a friend, inviting that friend to dine with him, and be his guest at the theatre.

For one horrid moment, as she caught the haggard appeal he threw at her, she feared he was deceiving her, and making this fraudulent call to assure her he was all right.

It was only the metamorphosis that came over his face which prevented her from running to put a steadying hand on his shoulder. It was nothing more uncommon than a vivid flush of crimson staining his face and head, associated generally with an entirely healthy condition, if not with a torturing embarrassment.

The phenomenon reflected itself in Sally's face. She was not aware of it until she felt a breeze, hot as the sands of Sahara, waft itself across her forehead and the back of her neck. Then, of course she knew.

He was fussed to death. Why did he have to take it that way? She tried bravely to put herself in his place, and had to admit grudgingly that she might feel a tiny bit that way, too, under the circumstances. She fled and hid in her room until she heard his footsteps scampering away.

In spite of her attraction toward him, she could not bring herself to subject him to another such attack; so she avoided him, as sedulously as he did her, for a whole week. She was only partly content. Things could not be allowed to drift on in this way. Perhaps the best way to straighten them out, would be to tell him face to face and beg his forgiveness. She didn't want him to be miserable. But she didn't have to make this sacrifice.

ONE evening they were again alone in the offices when she heard his bell ring.

No bell ever summoned a more willing slave. The ice was going to be broken now, she knew. Tiny airplanes seemed to be under her feet as she floated into his room.

He motioned her to a chair and faced her so that he was in shadow, but she could see the telltale crimson flush creep over his face. How splendid he looked now. He seemed to be trembling, but Sally knew he wasn't sick. No, perhaps he was only frightened. But he needn't be; oh, he needn't be.

"I say," he began, in the strangest voice—like a frog learning to talk, Sally thought—"I've got to talk to you about this, but I don't know how to begin."

"Is it about my work?" she enquired, to help him; but she knew it wasn't that.

"Gosh, no," he blurted out. "I wish it were. But I've got to find out."

She'd tell him anything he wanted to know.

"Margetson tells me you took the file, because you were . . ." With a great wrench he got that far, as though he were trying to squeeze water out of a dry sponge.

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The Right Honorable Margaret

Continued from page 4

precedency, as a Privy Councillor, in order of seniority of appointment. She emerges as a great public figure who may have the ears of the king on matters of state.

Looking back over her strenuous life, it would seem as if the Right Honorable Margaret Bondfield had always been a pioneer. She was the first woman delegate ever to appear at a trades union congress. She was the first woman elected to serve on trades union executive committee; the first

woman to be chairman of this committee, and the first woman to be a member of a British government, as under-secretary of Labor in the first MacDonald ministry. Now, she is the first woman to attain cabinet rank, and to be a member of the King's Most Honorable Privy Council, which carries with it the prefix "Right Honorable" and the suffix "P.C.," an honor which may last for lifetime, unless the appointment should be cancelled by His Majesty.

Sally Cooks an Egg or Two

Continued from page 13

When she had pulled off her hat and slid down into her big cozy chair by the window, there wasn't much more than about five per cent of it left. No, not that much, because when she curled her feet up under her, there wasn't the tiniest bit of the elation left. Sally was let down, and she knew it, and knew why.

She would not admit that she couldn't carry the thing through, that she never really wanted to, from the very first. She couldn't see how she ever came to do it. There was only one thing to be done—she must return the papers to Tom. What had she been thinking of, to want to harm that adorable, imaginary young man who shared her breakfasts with her?

Of course she knew she would lose her position. Tom would get his promotion and, ultimately sail away with his famous motion picture bride. How lonely her world would be without him to sit down opposite her at breakfast! There was only one consoling thought; it was through her sacrifice that he was to win success. Perhaps it would make the loss of her job easier to bear, if she could think of him succeeding.

SALLY hugged the file close to her side as she went sadly to work the next morning, lonely, because somehow, the imaginary young man wasn't there at her side. She carried it right in to Mr. Margetson. "I found the file," she said softly, as she laid it before him.

Margetson's brow cleared as he opened the package, and found that it really was the lost file.

"Fine, Sally. Call Wardwell right in. Now we're all right."

All wrong, thought Sally, all wrong. She waited, because she knew she would have to tell him the truth.

"Oh, by the way, Sally, where did you find it? I thought we combed your files pretty well last night."

"It was in my room."

"In your room?"

"Yes. I had taken it home."

Margetson stood up, and pushed his chair back from the desk.

"Did you know where it was yesterday, when you said you couldn't find it?"

"Yes."

"Well, what in blazes did you take it home for?"

"Because . . . I don't think I can tell you, Mr. Margetson."

"The file's complete, isn't it? You haven't stolen anything out of it, have you?"

Sally had her hands up in expostulation.

"Oh, no. Oh, no, it isn't anything like that, really. I wasn't thinking about the office here at all when I took it, really I wasn't," she said all in one breath, and cut herself off sharply.

Margetson had slid back into his chair, and stuck a cigar into a corner of his mouth.

"Well, what were you thinking about?" he exploded. "I'll bet there was a man at the bottom of it."

"There was," admitted Sally, with an uncontrollable tenderness in her voice, that brought Margetson's feet down plunk on

the floor, and stilled the shrieks of the protesting springs in his chair.

"Who was he?" he thundered.

"Mr. Wardwell," said Sally, simply.

The cigar fell right out of Margetson's mouth.

"Do you mean to tell me," Margetson shook a quivering finger in Sally's face, "that Wardwell, who has been nearly crazy since that file was lost, put you up to taking it?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Margetson."

"Well, what did he have to do with it then?"

"He didn't have anything to do with it, Mr. Margetson, as far as he knew," said Sally, in a low voice.

"Well, for Heaven's sake, what in the name of Lucifer is it all about then? What's the mystery?"

"I'll have to tell you," said Sally, lowering her eyelids and twining her fingers together.

"Sit down," he commanded, dropping back into his own chair, and starting the springs wheezing again. "Don't stand there fidgeting."

Sally sank dejectedly into a chair at the side of his desk. "I am afraid I am in love with Mr. Wardwell," she began.

Margetson pounded his fist on the desk. "Well, what in the . . . Oh, well, go on." He leaned back in his chair resignedly.

"And I didn't want to lose him to Theresa Thierry, so I thought the only way to prevent that was to steal the file, and then he wouldn't have his work accepted, and someone else would get Mr. Temple's job, and that Thierry woman would never see him, and he'd just stay here, and perhaps there'd be some chance that he'd notice me, and perhaps . . ."

Sally ended for want of breath, but choking down a sob, she went bravely on. "Of course I've made a terrible mistake."

She stopped and hung her head. "I should certainly say you had," Margetson cried. "I never heard of such an idiotic thing in all my life. Why in the . . . Oh, well, what's the use of talking about it? Oh, my hat." He was pacing the floor.

"Of course, you know you've broken the one rule of this office that cannot be broken. You are dismissed, and if you will see the cashier, he will make out your cheque immediately. Send your assistant in to me."


He drew up to his desk and growled at the papers on it. The Thierry file lay open before him.

"Ask Mr. Wardwell to step in, please."

Sally walked out of the room, gave the message to Wardwell, and got her cheque from the cashier.

She broke the news to her assistant, who fell into a tremble at the thought of the responsibility she would now have to shoulder alone, but forgot in her excitement to enquire of Sally why she was leaving.

THE next thing Sally knew, she was back in her big cozy chair by the window in her room. That she was out of a job seemed a matter of supreme indifference to her, although if you could have looked inside her purse, you would have seen that it was anything but that.



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Barbara Heck, Foundress of Methodism in Canada



foundation in the city of the same name of the first Methodist congregation upon this continent, and at a later date, after she, her husband, Paul Heck, and some companions had joined the Loyalist exodus to Canada, it was at her house, in the Township of Augusta, County of Grenville, that the first Methodist service in Upper Canada—now Ontario—was held. By her courage in zealously espousing Methodism at a time when adherence to its doctrine was often considered a reproach; by her mental acuteness, her simple piety, her sense of duty and her profound faith, Barbara Heck epitomizes the Loyalist woman and merits the monument which devoted followers of two countries have reared above her grave.

THE surprising thing is that, in general, these women appeared happy and contented amid experiences which were calculated to put their mettle to the test; and something of the spirit which they showed was communicated to their descendants and has thus governed the conduct of all who have followed them. When war between Great Britain and the United States came in 1812 and Canada was threatened with invasion, there were few of Loyalist blood who did not spring to her defense nor were the women second to the men in the spirit they displayed. The story of Laura Secord—herself of revolutionary stock, but the wife of a second-generation Loyalist—has been recounted so often that its repetition is unnecessary. And there were many other Upper Canadian women who exhibited sterling qualities and indicated their readiness, if need be, to sacrifice their lives that their country might remain British.

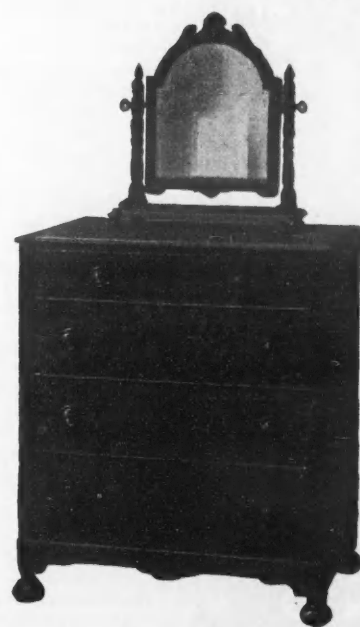
It was also a girl of Loyalist descent, Grace Fraser, who displayed singular presence of mind during the Mackenzie Rebellion by preventing some loss of life to the British troops at a time when the "Patriots" occupied the Windmill below Prescott. Grace, who lived in the vicinity of that town and was then twenty years of age, happened to be in Ogdensburg, on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence, visiting a married sister, when she overheard plans being laid for an invasion of Canada at the Windmill. Returning hastily to Prescott, she hurried to the commandant at Fort Wellington who, however, declined to heed her warnings. Events proved Grace's information to be quite trustworthy; a few nights later the "Patriots" crossed the river and took possession of the Windmill. But the girl's work was not yet finished. One day, from a farmhouse in the neighborhood, she noticed that a British gunboat purposed making a landing and was about to disembark troops at a point where they would be exposed to a raking fire from the Windmill. She immediately snatched up a water pail, and, although in danger of being made a target by the "Patriot" garrison, reached the river bank. Upon this occasion her signals were heeded and the troops sought a safer landing place. When the Windmill fell and some of its occupants were made prisoners, it was Grace Fraser who armed herself with a musket and bayonet and guarded several

of the prisoners for twenty-four hours in the attic of her farmhouse.

It should also be noted, in connection with the Rebellion, that for some time Mrs. William Lyon Mackenzie, the ancestress of the present Prime Minister of Canada, was the only woman attached to the rebel force on Navy Island, arriving there a few hours before the destruction of the *Caroline*, and remaining nearly a fortnight with her husband, "making flannel cartridge-bags," as her husband's biographer has revealed, "and inspiring with courage, by her entire freedom from fear, all with whom she conversed." It was indeed only the state of her health that induced Mrs. Mackenzie to leave this precarious and perilous position.

THE later history of Ontario is not devoid of references to women who have demonstrated that the more heroic qualities were not confined to the first women of the province. For sheer heroism there are few exploits to compare with that so vividly described by Whittier, of Abigail Becker (Mrs. Rohrer) who, at imminent peril of her life, was instrumental in saving those of the entire crew of the schooner *Conductor*, when it was driven ashore off Long Point Island, in Lake Erie, in 1854. Unaided and without thought of her own danger, she carried these men through the boiling surf to the security of the island. Nor will it be a simple matter to find a parallel for the bravery of Mrs. Charles Mair, a native of Amherstburg, who, disguised as a half-breed, succeeded in escaping from Fort Garry and in rejoining her husband, who had also eluded Riel's sentries after being sentenced to execution. It must have required signal courage for Dr. Leonora Howard King, born on an Ontario farm and forced to complete her medical studies in the United States because of the refusal of the Canadian universities to admit women students, to remain at her hospital in Tientsin when the Boxer troubles were at their height, there to render aid to the sick and wounded refugees and personally to assist in the erection of the defenses.

And what of the spirit exhibited, in less turbulent fields, by Louisa Murray who, against great odds and practically self-educated, rose to command a leading position as a writer of both fiction and literary criticism; by Mrs. Coleman (the inimitable "Kit") who is reputed to have been the first woman war correspondent in the world; by Mrs. Sarah A. Curzon, a leader in the fight to open the universities of Ontario to women students; by Clara Brett Martin, who was successful in breaking down the barriers which prohibited her from practising law; by Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen, the first Canadian woman to take an entirely Canadian course of study in medicine; by Mrs. Austin E. Show, daughter of a Chief Justice of Ontario and a Knight, who joined the Salvation Army and rose to high rank in it; by Dr. Margaret Patterson Dr. Margaret O'Hara, Dr. Margaret McKellar, and in addition many other women of Ontario who braved death in the plague-stricken mission fields; by Mrs. E. Stone Wiggins, who although a New



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But it was too much for him. He whirled around in his chair and went on over his shoulder, almost unintelligibly. "Well, I've got to say it. Because you said you were in love with me."

The room was very still, except for Tom's labored breathing. "That is so," said Sally, simply.

He spun around like a top, humming a jangled tune, but it didn't make sense. He gave her one agonized look, and, leaping out of his chair, grabbed his hat and fled from the building.

Well, she'd told him now. She felt better. But not well enough yet to go in that room of his while he was there, unless he called her in. And that he did not do again for at least ten days.

She went in to him, a little sadly, through the empty offices, for she didn't want to make him unhappy again, and she was afraid she couldn't help it. She'd have to tell him the same thing again if he asked.

It wasn't so bad this time. Of course, the lovely waves of color passed swiftly across his face, but he did look her in the eye. "Sally, I can't get this out of my mind."

Neither could she. "I'm sorry if it's troubling you so much. But I couldn't help it."

"Are you sure you're in love with me?"

"Yes, I am sure."

"Well, I'll be darned," said Tom, to the accompaniment of his drumming fingers. "You know, of course . . ."

"Yes, I know," she interrupted. "I know that you are not in love with me."

Another wave of red flooded his face.

"But you don't know me well enough to fall in love with me, Sally," he whispered. "Are you sure it's love?" he asked; and he looked like a dog who has opened his jaws and dropped his bone in the water. Perhaps he wished he hadn't asked that.

"Yes, I am sure. I wondered for some time, but I found out it was. You see, you used to take breakfast with me . . ." She didn't know whether he heard her or not, but she went on and told him all the shameful details from beginning to end. Of course he couldn't have heard her, for when she lifted her eyes at the end of her recital, Tom had fled again.

SHE had never seen him work so hard as he did the next day. So confidently. She was glad her confession had put him at his ease. Now there was nothing to do, just go on from day to day, filing, filing . . . putting on her hat . . . going to the door . . .

What was that?—a ring on her bell. She couldn't be mistaken, although no one was in the office. But yes, there was Tom; he hadn't gone yet.

She walked into his room rather dejectedly. She was glad she had not missed that bell, for he asked her the most wonderful question, a favor that she would rather have granted than anything in the world.

"Sally," he whispered, tenderly, "I don't know whether I'm in love with you or not, but I'd like to find out. Perhaps, if you'd let me kiss you, I'd know."

He seemed strange to her then, like looking through a dripping windowpane.

"Would you mind, Sally?"

"I'd like it," she admitted shamelessly.

She didn't want to tremble, but he was trembling, too. For he had his arms around her, and his lips touched hers. It seemed only an instant that they stood thus together, lips to lips, her heart beating in time to his, her hair brushing his temples, her fingers clinging to his coat lapel. Only an instant, but an eternal instant, one she could never forget, for she knew in that short time that Tom had found out he loved her.

"I do, Sally; oh, I do."



The Women Who Made Canada

Continued from page 11

resources were onerous enough. And not even nightfall brought them a respite from the daily round. The winter evenings, doubtless, passed pleasantly, with all the members of the family gathered round the great fireplace, each absorbed in his or her task, the head of the household perhaps repairing a tool or making harness, the sons whittling away at some woodwork, the wife carding or making clothes of home-made linen, and the daughters engaged in mending.

But when the guests arrived unexpectedly, as was often the case, all such occupations were straightway set aside, and the entertainment of the visitors became the sole aim. This hospitality practised by the pioneers was true and unaffected, and it may be well imagined how gatherings of this type, together with the "bees" and similar community undertakings which were occasionally held, served to relieve the toil and monotony of the women's existence. If anyone be disposed to doubt that the Loyalists and their immediate successors had a difficult time to establish themselves and to make both ends meet, let him read Canniff Haight's "Country Life in Canada Fifty Years Ago," (published in 1885), Thomas Conant's "Upper Canada Sketches," Mrs. Moodie's "Roughing it in the Bush," or any one of a score of other volumes which reveal the life of the pioneers in all its struggle, its drudgery and its tragedy.

ONE cannot, of course, mention Mrs. Moodie without also referring, if only briefly, to her equally illustrious sister, Mrs.

Catharine Parr Traill, who, with her, endured the vicissitudes of a pioneer life in the then virtual wilderness of Rice Lake. These women left a mark upon the earliest literature of Canada which will never be effaced. Their works, circulated as widely in the Old Country as in the land of their adoption, were directly responsible for the emigration of many of their fellow-countrymen, and they enjoyed the merit, not always attached to such literature, of presenting the disadvantages as well as the advantages of settlement in Canada at that time. In later years, Mrs. Traill, who is still affectionately remembered by many Canadians, devoted the bulk of her attention to a study of plant life in Ontario, doing for that province what Mrs. Julia W. Henshaw long afterward did for the region of the Rockies; and her nature studies remain to this day authoritative in their information and absorbing in their interest. When Mrs. Traill died at the great age of 97 years, she could say, as she often did, that she had "never lost a friend," in itself as fine a testimony to her lovable character as it would be possible to find.

THE trials of the pioneers were shared by Barbara Heck, whose name has for generations been synonymous with all that is most admirable and most virtuous in womanhood. Barbara Heck was of Palatine stock, although born in Ireland, and her rather obscure origin gave little promise of the important part which she was to play in the establishment of a great Church upon the North American continent. Becoming an emigrant to the then British province of New York, she was responsible for the

tune! They really couldn't quite believe it.

Augusta Spicer gave the details. She came among them, tremulous with a thankfulness she didn't try to hide. Of course, it really wasn't much, said Augusta, but it looked much to them. Julie would insist on calling it a fortune. But Augusta didn't want to deceive New Sarum. To be exact, Augusta whispered, it amounted to, well—three thousand, six hundred and seventeen dollars and forty-seven cents!

New Sarum sat back and sighed with satisfaction. That, indeed, was an understandable sum, within the bounds of probability. They assured Augusta it was magnificent, and Augusta confided shyly that she expected they'd get a new carpet now for the parlor and new springs for Julie's bed, and a coal oil stove for the summer kitchen.

"And a new dress for herself, I should hope!" added Mrs. Butcher when Augusta had walked away.

"Juliet has always wanted electric lights."

"Well, I happen to know Augusta's hankered after a black velvet dress with a real lace collar—and never expected to get!"

It was a Mrs. Tuckett who dampened speculation by the prosaic hope that they'd put every cent in the bank. Mrs. Tuckett also lived down by the river, which accounted, no doubt, for a depressed outlook on life. "Old age and funeral expenses come high!" warned Mrs. Tuckett.

New Sarum reluctantly curbed the pleasant spending of some one else's money, conceding that in the end that was probably exactly what the Spicer girls would do—put it in the bank. They didn't know Juliet.

But they did wonder when, as week followed week, Augusta confided nothing more concerning the parlor carpet or the stove for the summer kitchen.

New Sarum never suspected the truth. Who would? As every one demanded afterward with indignation. Who would dream that even Juliet Spicer could contemplate such foolishness as to buy that old Davison place, set in lonely state on the hill above New Sarum, and begging a tenant for years? They staggered at the thought of the Spicer girls handing over their money for that.

At first their friends refused to believe. They scoffed at the absurd rumor. They went into the streets and stared up at the huge old house. It was impossible!

Even as they said it, within them an angry suspicion argued that with Juliet Spicer anything might be possible.

JULIE, quavered Augusta one day in late summer, "there's a split in my best silk!" Juliet started, and a worry line between her eyes deepened.

"Well, Gustie, I can't help it! You'll have to drape on a shawl, or put on a patch or something. There's no clothes for either of us this year, that's certain. We must save enough to have a reception after we move."

"We—we'll never be able to afford repairs, Julie! And the fuel!"

"We don't have to heat it all, do we?" demanded Juliet crossly. "Mercy, Augusta, think! We got it for a song!"

"Well, but maybe that's very expensive, when a song is all you have!" persisted Augusta.

Juliet snatched at a hat, and moved toward the door. With a hand on the knob she turned. Exasperation sharpened her tone. "Gustie, you know as well as I do, we could stay on here and spend all the money fixing things, and what'd we look like in the end? Nothing! What's it matter whether we can keep up the other place or not? We'll look like something anyway, won't we—won't we?"

"Well, well, I suppose so," hesitated Augusta.

Juliet walked quickly up the street, and set her face toward the hill.

A couple of hours later, she emerged through the drive gate and paused as usual to admire the view. Even Augusta conceded that one could not wish for a finer. Below, the winding river with New Sarum in the crook of its arm; and beyond, the wooded swell of the hills to a far horizon. Juliet never tired of looking at it. When she turned back to the road, William Randolph

stood before her. She jumped, and straightened her hat.

"Could I speak to you for a moment?" he questioned, "on a—matter of business?"

"Why, yes," agreed Juliet, surprised. She felt a rising tide in her cheeks answer the unusual color in his. "Certainly," she corrected herself coldly.

The correction seemed to steady William Randolph if he needed steadying. His gaze shifted to the avenue. His manner stiffened.

"Miss Juliet, you remember, perhaps, my mentioning a proposition concerning the house yonder?" He glanced at Juliet, and receiving no intimation to the contrary, continued hurriedly. "I might say that the town council fell in with my views and intended buying the place and fitting it up for a hospital. If—if you would consider selling, Miss Juliet, the council would be only too pleased to make you an offer."

"Sell?" demanded Juliet, and she looked down her nose at William Randolph as though he were some little presuming boy, slightly amusing. "Why, I've only just bought!" There was disdain in her voice.

"Just bought! Of course I know you've just bought! But, girl, do you realize what you've got on your hands? Have you been up here when it's raining? That porch isn't a porch at all; it's a sieve. It'll run a thousand rivers in half as many seconds. And the main roof'll match it. You'll be forced to have a new one in a year. It'll cost . . ."

At the word Juliet jumped. She stopped him with an imperious hand. "I don't care to hear any more, Mr. Randolph. I'm not selling!"

"If that was the business," she concluded, after a cold pause, "I think we may call it finished."

"But it wasn't the business!" denied William Randolph quickly. His combative air disappeared. He looked at Juliet with an apologetic, rueful smile. "Drat it!" the smile attempted to say, "look to what misunderstanding my tongue's led me!" It occurred to Juliet that he had very nice eyes.

"It—well—it really wasn't business at all," he denied further. "I was thinking of a house, Miss Juliet, but not of this one—altogether. It was—well—my home . . ."

"Your home?" wondered Juliet. A picture rose before her of a bright brick dwelling with a prominent, glassed front.

William Randolph had taken off his hat, and stood with it in his hand. He moved a step nearer. Something in his face sent an apprehensive thrill through Juliet. He was standing there in the sunshine, and she knew suddenly that he looked surprisingly distinguished—and much more. She curbed an idiotic impulse to turn and run.

"Juliet, will you marry me?" asked William Randolph gently.

For a moment Juliet could not stir. She could not speak. He was asking her to hang curtains across that bow window. But, unlike Miss Amy Rivers, she was not prepared.

She struggled with herself in amazement. Then she turned and looked toward the house. Was it fright or outraged dignity that induced her to ignore his direct question?

"We—we were speaking of homes, I think, Mr. Randolph," she said hurriedly. "I can't bear the glaring new places, no matter how modern! They're—they're commonplace! I much prefer this." She wouldn't look at him as she said it. But a moment later she did.

"I understand!" said William Randolph. The calm dignity of his tone startled her. "As the house, so the man! In that case, of course you couldn't, Miss Juliet!"

He turned and walked off across the country—away from New Sarum. Juliet stood and watched. She curbed a second idiotic impulse to run, this time after him—to tell him he didn't understand. She stood and watched him until he disappeared. Then she walked slowly back to town.

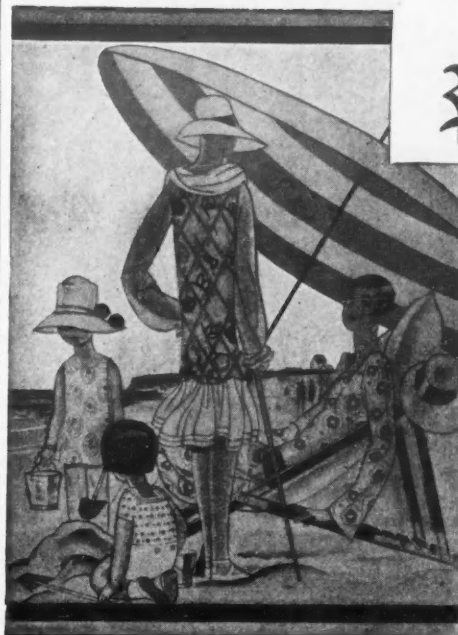
THE Spicers moved in September. By late October the invitations were out for their reception.

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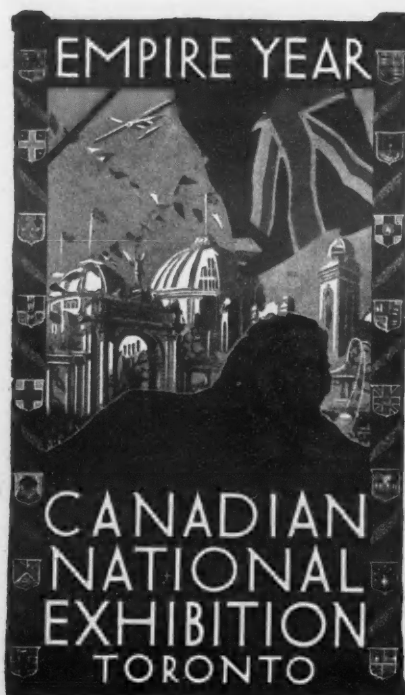
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Brunswick by birth, was then a resident of Ontario, in fighting successfully for legalization of marriage with a deceased wife's sister to the point of openly opposing several bishops of her own church; by Mrs. Emily Murphy, "Janey Canuck," one of the first of Canada's women judges; by Mrs. M. L. McKinney, born on an Ontario farm and the first woman member, it is said, of any British legislature and, last but not least, by Miss Agnes MacPhail, the first woman member of the Canadian House of Commons?

It may be superfluous to remind any Ontario woman that it is to one of their number, Mrs. Clementina Fessenden, that we owe the institution of Empire Day, adopted in the Motherland as well as in other quarters of the Empire; and that the Women's Institute movement which has spread as rapidly in Great Britain as in the province of its origin, was inspired by Mrs.

John Hoodless, of Hamilton. And so the list of Ontario women who have contributed materially to the progress of the Dominion and to the reputation which that province enjoys for the enactment of advanced social legislation might be extended almost indefinitely. The lofty ideals of the foundresses of Ontario have been worthily upheld by their successors. It was in compliment to their services that tardy but none the less sincere acknowledgment of their right to participate in the direction of both the Dominion and provincial affairs was granted, and it was also through their own achievements and the capacity which they exhibited that there was broken down the prejudice against the weaker sex, which denied them the advantages of higher education, a place in the professions and in business life.

The Market Basket

Continued from page 23

making, although a great number are pickled whole.

Local tomatoes appear about the middle of July and become increasingly plentiful until the end of September. The height of their abundance is from about the tenth to the twentieth of September. Select those which are round and evenly shaped, not "cauliflowered," by which expression is meant that the tomato has started as several tomatoes and then grown together. Naturally this is not a desirable shape for table use. The Rose tomato, which is heavier, not so watery, and not so dark in color, being a distinct rose shade, is extremely popular for table use. Fortunately, tomatoes are general favorites, for they are a very valuable source of vitamins and mineral matter.

Summer cabbage is available toward the end of June and during July and August. In September it is scarce and more expensive. In October the fall cabbage appears, so that it is on the market practically all year, but it seems to be at its best during August. Cabbages should be solid, firm and heavy, and the outer leaves green and crisp. Refuse heads which are split or worm-eaten. Cabbage should be eaten frequently, as it is one of our most valuable vegetables, being especially rich in vitamins and mineral matter. It is particularly recom-

mended to those who are trying to reduce, as it is an excellent provider of bulk without possessing weight-increasing properties. Raw cabbage seems to be of slightly greater value than cooked cabbage.

Summer squash or vegetable marrow is in season from August until October. These vary in color from a greenish yellow to a very deep orange, but the color is no indication of their ripeness, as it seems to be merely a difference of species. Buying vegetable marrows is largely a matter of luck, as it is extremely difficult to tell from the outside what the inside will be like. They should, of course, be firm and whole with no soft spots. They are ripe when the stem breaks away from the squash easily.

The earliest corn is the White Crosby, which appears on the market about the middle of August. It is a long thick cob with rather large white kernels. The next to follow is the Yellow Crosby, which is of a deep yellow color. Then comes Golden Bantam, with small ears and small, light gold-colored kernels. The Gentlemen corn is a large cob with white, very small kernels which grow on the cob in sort of a woven effect, not in straight lines as they usually appear. Stowe's Evergreen, which is a huge white cob, is the latest variety of corn on the market.

A Proud Look

Continued from page 7

the street window. "Why, Julie, it's the Mr. William Randolph that Amy Rivers talks so much about! Why didn't you bring him in?"

"I didn't want him!" declared Juliet.

MISS AMY RIVERS kept the millinery store in New Sarum. "The French Hatte Shoppe," Miss Amy called it, and New Sarum smiled, and pretended not to know that she trimmed every one of the hats herself in the tiny room at the back. "Wonderful lines!" purred feminine New Sarum, twisting and turning in front of Miss Amy's long glass, "and such feeling for color! Hats are certainly your destiny, Miss Amy!" Miss Amy smiled the suave smile of commerce, with daggers at her heart. She had an eye on quite another destiny—a destiny which Augusta Spicer suspected.

Miss Amy would have taken William Randolph without a thought of curbing, and hung pongee curtains across the bow window with joy. She had often planned those curtains, with a boldness which would not have surprised Augusta at all.

But things of a much more serious nature were soon to command Augusta's attention. A letter arrived one morning during school hours that sent Mrs. Butcher, who lived next door, flying down to the school for Juliet. That letter set the two sisters crying softly together for the elder brother they

hadn't seen for a dozen years, and now would see no more.

A good thing, whispered New Sarum, when Mrs. Butcher told them. Everyone remembered the handsome Spicer lad who had vacillated between one serious scrape and another—the determining factor in the Spicers having to live down by the river. Now, it seemed, he had got himself killed "way down in the States somewhere," and also discreetly buried, without undue annoyance or embarrassment for his sisters. Best thing he ever did, said New Sarum.

The Spicer girls came out in black; an uneasy, shrunken, home-made black. Then Augusta got the second letter.

This time it was Juliet who told New Sarum—Juliet with her head tilted unusually high on account of her shrunken blanched blouse. "A fortune!" said Juliet, in as casual a tone as if she'd said "a herring!" Just as if money meant nothing at all to the Spicers, nothing! As though her sleeves weren't pulling above her wrists, or her blouse white at the seams where the cotton thread hadn't caught the dye, or her skirt gaping at the closing! So fine was her air that New Sarum had to say: "I beg your pardon?" more than once, before they grasped her meaning.

"A fortune!" repeated New Sarum. Well, indeed, a fortune! So that good-for-nothing Spicer boy had managed to gather something after all! It was difficult to believe—a for-



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Juliet huddled over the tea tray, too cold to move—too miserable with that pain in her shoulders and an ache pulsing up in her head. So William Randolph hadn't come! Well, it was better so, with the porch running rivers as he had predicted. She had known he wouldn't come—not for a moment had she expected him!

The room disgusted her! It looked like a city auction room she had once seen at night, a big bare place littered with cheap furniture that nobody wanted. Only that room had been brightly lighted and smelt of dust; this just struggled out of semi-darkness and smelled of coal oil. She had thought of that auction room this morning, but pushed the thought away. Tonight she was cold and tired, and there was no push in her. Bah, it made her sick!

More arrivals; more cups to be poured! She heard Mrs. Butcher's loud, accosting voice, as she passed someone on her way out—then Amy Rivers' laugh. Amy Rivers' silly, prolonged laugh—at the flood in the porch, Juliet supposed. Well, who was Amy Rivers? Let her laugh!

Another voice in the hall. Juliet sat up; her hands flew to her throat, her hair. If only that pulsing would stop for a moment; if only it didn't hurt so much to move her shoulders. Dignity—that was the weapon needed—dignity, though floods overwhelmed you, and you froze at your post! And grace—but you had to bend your neck a little to be gracious.

Miss Amy Rivers tripped into the room, followed by Mr. William Randolph.

Miss Amy had taken off her coat. She wore a new hat, the Frenchiest of all her French creations. Indescribable—with a brilliant feather contraption tipping to one side.

"Hen feathers, dipped in red dye!" scoffed Juliet, even while bitter reason prompted that no mere member of a prosaic school board could be expected to see that.

Miss Amy had taken off her coat, and Juliet knew why. She wore a red rose on her shoulder—a red rose on her shoulder to match the feather in her hat. Or was it to match the color in her cheek? A red rose on her shoulder! Amy Rivers was years too old for such a noticeably coquettish trick as that. She was old, and yet she didn't look it. "That darned color!" muttered Juliet, and poured skim milk into Miss Amy's cup.

Miss Amy sank to a chair nearest the fire, crossed a pair of slim ankles toward the heat, and proceeded to be charming to Juliet. Miss Amy's spirits were as the overflowing of spring freshets. They sparkled forth in gay cascades of talk about nothing. Miss Amy's laugh never ceased. It tangled her sentences in a way that maddened Juliet. It burst into frequent shrillness, so that Juliet couldn't hear what William Randolph was saying over on the sofa beside Augusta. Juliet smiled, and was as gracious as the pain in her back permitted. She longed to strangle the laugh in that long thin throat by a clutch of her own frozen fingers.

She wondered if William Randolph were missing for one moment that thunder in the porch. She wondered if he noticed the rippling of the curtains, if the rattling of the windows disturbed his conversation with Augusta. Another candle flared—guttered out. Would Amy Rivers never finish her tea? No—she'd taken another Sally Lunn!

To all appearances Miss Amy noticed nothing. Her eyes never lifted to the unlit chandeliers nor shifted along the row of spent candles. Her nose took no audible sniff of the coal oil lamps. Her good breeding was as the flick of a lash to the feelings of Juliet. Amy Rivers needn't think she would be deceived by that. Amy saw everything and Juliet knew it. Two more candles guttered out—would she never go?

She rose at last and William Randolph rose with her. Augusta went with them to the door. Even after it closed, Juliet could hear Miss Amy laughing, laughter that ended in a squeal. Juliet needed no eyes to see Miss Amy's slip on the slimy porch, her clutch at William Randolph's arm.

"All cats do not go on four legs!" muttered Juliet.

"What was that you said, Julie?" called Augusta.

Juliet dragged herself to the drawing-room door. She was stiff and cold and very miserable. She looked at Augusta.

"I say, that collar of yours is made of seven lace doilies—and looks it, Augusta!" Saying which, Juliet burst into tears.

AUGUSTA got her down to the kitchen, and her feet into the oven. Augusta made a cozy place around the stove by means of the clothes-horse and a blanket. She warmed a shawl and wound it round Juliet's shoulders.

"It was awful!" sobbed Juliet. "Awful! That porch never stopped leaking, and the windows rattled so you couldn't hear. And it was so cold! And the room smelt—and that darned Amy Rivers..."

Augusta sniffed. "I considered Miss Amy Rivers very much overdressed and her manners most objectionable. Mr. William thought the same, I am sure! There now, Julie, you'll feel better after a cup of tea."

Some time later as they sat comfortably over a Sally Lunn and a fresh brew of tea, Augusta raised fearful eyes and ventured: "Julie, Mr. William says the town would like this place—for a hospital!"

"I know," confessed Juliet, "but I—I refused the offer, Gustie!"

"Yes—but—couldn't you reconsider, Julie? I told Mr. William..." Augusta stopped suddenly. It might be as well for Juliet not to know all she'd said to William Randolph.

"He may—be up tonight—Julie."

"Mercy, not in this storm!"

"Well, perhaps not!" agreed Augusta.

IT SEEMED that hours had passed, when the doorbell's distant clanging roused Juliet from a half doze. Augusta moaned and rubbed her bad leg. "I'll go!" offered Juliet, slipping off the comforting shawl and taking the lamp from Augusta.

She made her way along the dank, freezing passage. She drew the heavy old bolt. Outside she could still hear the water running, running. The door swung back. William Randolph stepped across the threshold.

He said nothing, but he looked at Juliet. He looked as a man might, who thought he'd be expected.

"Come in," whispered Juliet, ignoring the fact that he was in already.

She moved forward and threw open the drawing-room door.

The fire had long since smoldered to ash. The huge place was astir with the wind, damp with the rain, and heavy with burned-out candles. The desolate chill of it struck at Juliet. In spite of herself, she shuddered. She felt a hand at her shoulder.

"Juliet, not in there! We've had enough of that!"

She thought she was going to cry again. That hand on her shoulder! She couldn't stop her mouth trembling. The hand slid down and around her waist. How could she help it? She had to hold the lamp.

"Juliet, I'd like a warm commonplace corner in which to tell you something. Do you think we could have the kitchen?"

She pushed the lamp into his hand.

"I—I'll ask Gustie!" she whispered, and fled.

For one with a leg so lately incapacitated Augusta displayed remarkable expedition. At Juliet's entrance she skipped for the back stairs. She laughed.

"Gustie wait—I want to ask you something! I..."

Steps echoed from the front of the house. Lamplight glowed through the crack under the kitchen door. William Randolph was coming down the passage. He was coming with the stride of a conqueror, bearing the torch of victory. Panic caught at Juliet.

"Gustie, don't go! Don't go! Gustie, what'll I do? I've talked to all New Sarum about that bow window—they'll laugh at me! They'll call me a silly fool! Gustie, come back!"

But Augusta went straight on upstairs, laughing.

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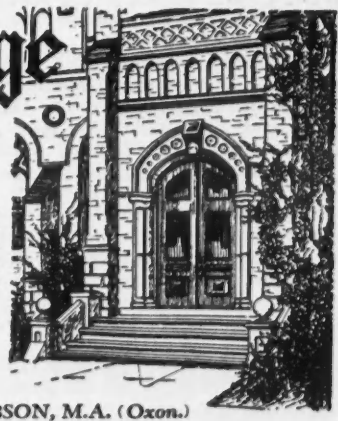
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LA-25

urged Juliet. "It may turn colder any day now, and a stove would spoil the drawing-room!"

"Besides, we haven't a stove!" remarked Augusta.

The sisters were taking an early breakfast in one corner of the huge kitchen. The breakfasts were always very early because of Juliet's long walk to school. It worried Juliet that so much time vanished in just going and coming—but she didn't tell Gustie. Many things crowded and worried Juliet, things that waited to be done—their dresses for the reception, for instance. She was filled with anxious thought. Gustie looked stricken in that black silk without a touch of white. She'd have to manage a collar for her, somehow. Her own dress needed softening touches, and she knew it. But softening touches took time to make. She wasn't satisfied with the arrangement of the drawing-room. A dozen times had she altered the furniture, but she'd have to try it again. She couldn't expect anything from Gustie except the baking. Gustie was looking white and frail—her leg again, she supposed. She must make it easy for Gustie.

"We'll pour tea in the drawing-room," announced Juliet aloud. "There'll be plenty of space."

"You'll have to—" agreed Augusta, "—either there or out here in the kitchen. You've left no furniture in the other rooms!"

It was true. Bit by bit, every piece, even remotely suitable, had been moved to the relentless recesses of the spreading drawing-room, but Juliet saw no good reason for Gustie's harping on deficiencies. She hoped it was Gustie's leg. She didn't like to think it might be Gustie's temper.

THE eventful Saturday dawned with bleak reluctance, through a blur of rain. "A passing shower!" Juliet insisted in the face of Augusta's correct prophecy concerning an east wind. Juliet stood in the drawing-room door and made a business of being cheerful. She resolutely downed an uneasy realization of the room's shortcomings. It was all right, or would be, with the fireplace blazing and the two dozen candles lighted. The chandeliers were handsome but very insecure, and Juliet had decided on candles, as being distinctly more aristocratic than coal oil lamps. The room couldn't appear bare with half of New Sarum in it, and Gustie had insisted—if they had the reception at all—on at least half of New Sarum being invited.

A gust tore at the windows, sheeting the panes with rain. From the porch came the dulled roar of the thousand rivers William Randolph had predicted. Juliet struggled not to notice. She pinned her mind to the banking of Michaelmas daisies in empty corners. Gustie had invited the school board. Would William Randolph come?—she wondered.

By four o'clock the Spicers were dressed, with Mrs. Butcher in the kitchen brewing tea.

The wind and the rain had not abated, and Mrs. Butcher brought the word that it was growing colder. The Spicer girls needed no telling. Juliet pretended not to notice when Augusta blew stealthily across the drawing-room to test the temperature—and saw her breath. She pretended not to see Augusta's shiver. Behind the tea table where Juliet sat, the window curtains rippled with each blast. The fire seemed very far away and burned with fine effect but no heat. Except for its wavering gold, the room was dusky, the corners blotted out. The candles must be lighted at once. Would they last till six? wondered Juliet.

Mrs. Butcher appeared in the doorway. "Land's sake, you girls want shawls!" she declared.

Juliet stiffened. Behind her the curtains danced a tarantella and the many windows rattled an accompaniment. She knew the inner strike of a martyr.

"Oh, no! It'll warm up soon!" she said.

ABOVE the rush of the wind and the thunder of the porch, there came the sound of voices, of sudden hysterical laughter. Juliet's chin lifted. She knew that

the guests were standing under the porch, their umbrellas still up, waiting for admittance. Mrs. Butcher must have known it also, for she ran along the hall. The door swung back to a confusion of greeting, and a rush of air that set the candles dipping. Augusta drew away from the fire and resolutely unfolded her arms. In her drawn dress with its brave splash of collar, she reminded Juliet of a little, courageous, storm-beaten moth, so small, so frozen, so determinedly smiling! Juliet knew suddenly that she wanted to stand in the doorway and make something of a protective background for Gustie; but she couldn't. She had to stay where she was.

She glanced at the two jugs on the tea tray before her, china jugs that huddled humbly by the crested teapot and the silver spoons. From the first, she had known she must be chained to those jugs. In the small one was the cream which she and Augusta had managed to save from their pint of whole milk a day; in the larger was plain skimmed milk. Juliet entrusted the telling manipulation of those jugs to no one.

The room filled with a constant opening and shutting of the hall door, and a consequent lowering of temperature and fitful flaring of candles. Some of the first arrivals took off their coats, only to vanish into the hall, on the pretext of a forgotten handkerchief, and slip into them again. After that, nobody took them off. The word had been passed around, Juliet guessed. She was almost too busy to care—dispensing real cream in snobbish quarters and milk to the crowd. She was also harassed. Explain as she might, Augusta and Mrs. Butcher would pass the cups to the wrong persons. They didn't think it mattered. The thunder under the porch and the rattle of the windows seemed to grow louder. Juliet heard them above the hum of conversation.

The curtains never ceased moving. Her neck stiffened, and she felt a pain between her shoulders. She moved them, but the pain wouldn't move. A few moments before, Mrs. Butcher had dashed in with a fresh brew of tea, and the whispered protest that Augusta ought to have a shawl, and that she herself could stand it no longer. Juliet glanced anxiously to where Augusta stood, busy with the steadying of a dripping candle. But there wasn't time to worry about Gustie. The candles were burning low. What were they going to do about candles? Her attention swerved back to the returning, hospitable bustle of Mrs. Butcher, who, hatless, but with her coat buttoned to her throat, was passing hot Sally Lunns. Juliet's pallor centred in quick spots of crimson. She pretended not to see that the room was divided between laughter and decorum. She read in their eyes that they didn't blame Mrs. Butcher.

In spite of the weather they kept on coming. The Spicers had known that they would. But they didn't linger. Mrs. Tuckett spread the report that the brook at the foot of the hill was rapidly rising, and that the footbridge was in danger. If that went out, it meant a long walk round,—and on such a night! They gulped their tea between shivers, and marvelled at the Spicer girls' composure, without so much as a scarf to cover their shoulders. They looked with curiosity at the handsome marble mantelpiece, at the huge room with its ineffectual litter of furniture; glanced with shrewd eyes from the dim chandeliers to the line of guttering candles, and finally, having assured Augusta of their entire enjoyment, plunged across the dark Niagara of a porch into the storm.

THE rush had come—and gone. The flames, fed with wet wood, dulled down; some of the candles sputtered out. Once more the room's dark corners melted into night. Mrs. Butcher hurried in with lamps—not supposed to appear and therefore neglected—unshaded and heavy smelling. This time she wore her hat. She thought that the girls could manage now, as there weren't likely to be many more; the afternoon was so wet. She went into the hall to hunt for her rubbers, followed by Augusta.

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Pioneer Art in Canada

Continued from page 18

While yet a water colorist of distinction, he turned his attention to oils and soon became celebrated as a landscape painter. The fount of his inspiration was the beautiful Island of Orleans in Quebec, hitherto unexploited in art. The island with its

habitants and primitive customs, supplied Walker with the material that has made him famous.

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poetical, about a set of homemade implements, the knitted toque, the shoe-pack and the docile beast of burden. These things Walker has studied in their natural environment, and to them we must give credit for contributing his success."

The Promise of Beauty

Continued from page 32

dressings gown and slippers, and also for a thin dress, and what is known as a "make-up apron," which latter is an invaluable accessory for a manicure or for other beautifying. She told me that she had been instructed in the use of make-up by an English actress, and showed me how little was necessary if it were adroitly applied.

Each of the travellers had some form of exercise which she practised on the journey. I was rather interested to find that the Englishwoman pinned her faith to lying-down exercises somewhat similar to those already given in these columns. The Missourian, who was more spectacular in her methods than either of the others, de-

pended on the short stops at stations when she and her husband had running matches on the platform and were in this way able to keep digestion and muscles in fair condition. The Canadian did a stationary running exercise in the dressing room rather late at night when she was fairly sure of being alone. This, she found, prevented the

stiffness of back and legs, of which so many travellers complain.

So, to achieve beauty while travelling it would seem to be necessary to "make the punishment fit the crime"—to have your conduct fit the restrictions of travel, and to practise in miniature form the beauty regime carried out when at home.

Castle Dangerous

Continued from page 30

"God has saved us today from the hands of our enemies, but we must take care not to fall into their snares tonight," said Madeleine. "As for me, I want you to see that I am not afraid. I will guard the fort with an old man of eighty and my two young brothers; and you, Pierre Fontaine, and our two soldiers will go to the blockhouse with the women and children. The enemy cannot hurt you there if you make the least show of fight. And if I am taken," she added, her face brightening with determination and courage, "even if I am cut to pieces and burned before your eyes, don't surrender! Fight to the death!" And with these brave words, Madeleine and her three helpers took up their positions on the bastions for the night.

The night was inky black, and save for the sighing of the wind there was not a sound to be heard. Madeleine, nevertheless, knew that the fort was being constantly watched by enemy scouts, and so all through the night in spite of the biting wind and hail, the cries of "All's Well" were kept up from the fort to the blockhouse and from the blockhouse to the fort. Away out in the woods the enemy in council were making plans to attack that night; but when their scouts reported that the fort was full of soldiers they decided to watch and wait for a better opportunity.

ABOUT one o'clock in the morning, the sentinel on the bastion by the gate reported to Madeleine that he heard a shuffling noise. She left her post at once and went to him. Together they listened. At first

all was quiet, then an owl hooted. Madeleine knew that the enemy often imitated the calls of birds as signals. She wondered what horrible tactics they were up to now. Then the shuffling sound was repeated. Anxiously she peered down into the darkness, and by the help of the snow which covered the ground, thought she detected the forms of a number of cattle. Knowing that the poor beasts would be badly needed should the siege last for any time, she was about to open the gate, when suddenly she remembered that the Iroquois had a favorite trick of covering themselves with animal skins as they advanced to attack. At last, however, she decided to run the risk, and posting her brothers with their guns on either side of the gate she opened it slowly. Presently she felt the soft warm nose of a cow rubbing against her hand; then cautiously she let the cattle in, one by one, and shut the gate, thankful that all was well.

Once again, the four faithful watchers took up their positions, and all through that night never failed in their cry of "All's Well." When the long anxious hours of darkness began to give place to dawn, it was with grateful hearts that those within the fort saw another day of life and hope was breaking before them. However, as they looked toward the woods and saw the curling spirals of smoke rising out of the trees, they knew that their enemies were still on the watch for them. When Madame Fontaine saw that they were still in danger of being attacked by the Iroquois, she began to think only of her own safety and begged her husband to help her escape

in a boat to some other fort. But realizing that they already owed their lives to Madeleine's bravery and self-sacrifice, he replied: "I will never abandon this fort while Mademoiselle Madeleine is here."

So the days and nights wore on, until a week had come and gone; and during all that time Madeleine and her two brothers continued to bear the heavy work of sentinel duty ever watching for the treacherous enemy who continued to besiege them. Sometimes the little sentries' hands would grow so cold that it was all they could do to hold on to their muskets. But they did not complain. Were they not children of a "Soldier to the King of France?" Relief, nevertheless, was already on its way, for some workers in the field had managed to escape in time and carry the news of the attack to Montreal.

Soon after dawn on the morning of the ninth day, young Alexander came running to his sister with the news that he had heard voices on the river, and presently a number of canoes were seen to be landing troops at the wharf. What joy gladdened the hearts of all, when in the early morning light they recognized the uniforms of the French soldiers, and when Madeleine, calling out "Who goes there?" heard the reply: "We are Frenchmen! It is La Monerie who comes to bring you help." The wonderful news that they were to be saved at last was almost too good to be true.

Madeleine at once ordered the gates to be opened and joyfully went down to meet them. Yet even in her happiness, the girl-soldier did not forget that she was

commander of the fort. With all the dignity of a veteran she saluted Captain La Monerie and said: "Monsieur, I surrender to you my arms."

He answered gallantly: "Mademoiselle, they are in good hands."

"Better than you think," she replied.

Leading him up to the fort, Madeleine quickly told him their experiences of the past week and how by sheer bravado they had kept the enemy at bay. On inspecting the fort, La Monerie was surprised to find everything in perfect order, and his heart bounded with admiration for the heroism and courage of the young girl.

Then Madeleine, completing her task in the same faultless military manner, and proudly looking at her two young brothers, said: "Sir, kindly relieve my sentries, for they have not been off duty for eight days."

Later that morning, when La Monerie and his soldiers made a sally on the Iroquois, they found that they had withdrawn from the woods, taking with them about twenty prisoners whom they had caught in the fields.

BUT the enemy were not to escape thus easily, for the next day some friendly Indians visited Castle Dangerous, and hearing of the Iroquois attack, hastened with all speed along the trail of the retreating foe, overtaking them at Lake Champlain. The Iroquois were taken completely by surprise and defeated, and all the prisoners were brought back safely to their wives and friends who had lost hope of seeing them alive.

Miss Shattuck

Continued from page 6

thought that I was cre-e-ping down the stairs with a long, sharp knife? My grandfather loved my grandmother very dearly, but he cut her throat with a razor."

Miss Mills spoke French with a strong accent, but correct and adequate. There was no mistaking what she said.

"I have heard of persons who made fantastic remarks when they owed board accounts," hinted her host; though to himself he thought, dismayed: "Mon dieu, I have a crazy woman in the pension! What shall I do? Detain her until she pays her rent. That much, at least, was obvious!"

Monsieur, however, ordered luncheon to be served Miss Mills upon a tray upstairs, in order that she might not appear at table and reveal her sudden lapse of faculties before the other guests. Only Madame, the mother of Eric, was to know that the *éléphant américain* had lost her mind.

As it happened, though, that day Janet had already gone to Paris with the Comte, unconscious of the danger lurking near. Janet knew that her life with her new love

was on its joyous brink. That is, she thought she knew.

IN THE middle of that afternoon the hotel was quiet, wrapped in sun. The boarders, like Janet with the Comte, had gone to Paris until dinnertime. Birds twittered softly in the trees and an early butterfly investigated the violet beds. In the salon, Monsieur, the plump proprietor, puffed at his pipe, drowsing in a patch of sunlight in his easy chair. Suddenly, a frightful shrieking tore the peacefulness—a horrible series of wail on wail.

Monsieur's pipe tumbled from his mouth; he hoisted himself from his cushioned seat and tore upstairs in the direction of the screams.

Nounou stood before the cupboard in her room, lamenting loudly as a peasant roused will mourn a war, or fire, or flood. "Some one has stolen *mes chemises!*" she cried.

Sure enough, like old Mother Hubbard's, the cupboard was bare.

Monsieur, the plump proprietor, saw

with a sudden sinking of his heart, that a door across the hall stood open, and that the *éléphant américain* was nowhere to be seen. *Ciel!* Was little Eric on his mother's balcony?

A WEEK of fruitless searching for her son had brought dark circles under Janet's eyes; her fresh young face was lined and haggard from the lack of sleep. She struggled day and night with telephone; dashed in taxicabs to bureaux of police, detective agencies, the bureaux of the press, and all without result. Eric, evidently kidnapped by Miss Mills, had disappeared.

Janet offered every penny that she ever hoped to have, in large rewards. Descriptions of the plain American were posted with the photographs of Eric in the railway stations and published in the journals everywhere in France.

"I should have asked the *éléphant américain* for references," moaned the plump proprietor, "but any boarder with that face and shape would have to be respectable,

and who would have fancied that she would be subject to insanity?"

"Nobody would, Monsieur." Janet, stricken as she was, tried to console the kind-hearted Frenchman who was doing all he could to aid her in her search, taking his waxed mustache into the sanctums of the high officials of the Government, and often being roundly snubbed because he had no introduction but the usual *Croix de Guerre*.

The Comte de Vion's influential intimates seemed to have left the city, suddenly, to go to cures for gout. And what was just as trying in its way, he himself kept appearing at the hotel and bestowing passionate embraces that Janet was too worried to reciprocate. "Why not marry me at once?" he said. "Perhaps the little boy might be replaced. French babies are very charming, *ma chérie!*"

How could he speak so lightly—and he certainly was not a bit of help! Janet had to face the fact that her fiancé's sympathy was ornamented by his devastated gestures, and

Continued on page 53

that was all. He never was on hand to pay a taxi fare, nor follow up a clue on the telephone. Had conditions been reversed, Janet knew that Homer Gray would not have rested until the Frenchman's offspring had been found. For Homer was not vague when people were distressed. He liked to help. Janet remembered how his strong, silent presence had steadied her when Eric was born. How Homer had adored the child!

On an impulse, Janet sent a cable off to him. She told herself it was but fair to send the other parent word of the calamity. She waited anxiously for his reply . . . one, two, three days, but no answer came. Finally, Janet had to realize, sickly, that the kindest Homers in the world can be effaced by a divorce decree. Effaced? She lay awake another night and then . . .

Nounou was pressing Janet's dresses when her mistress said: "Nounou, I'm not going to marry Monsieur the Comte."

The peasant paused at her work, dismayed at this sudden ending of her expectations. "What will Madame do?" she asked.

Janet balanced on one foot and then the other, making up her mind to voice the decision of her heart. Homer would help her find their child, but first she must have Homer back if Homer would have her. If!

She swung open her innovation trunk. "Nounou, you may help me pack. Would you like to go abroad?"

IF MISS MILLS was subject to insanity, little Eric did not notice it. After a nice taxi ride from Auteuil into Paris, they stayed quietly in a room in the Latin quarter, with neat counterpanes upon the tables and the bed. There Eric had Miss Mills to care for him, instead of Nounou whom he hated, and Mamma who always tried to make him kiss the Comte. Miss Mills would not let him go outdoors, but their window opened on a sunny roof, and he could play on that where it was flat. He thought it all quite different and lots of fun. He felt so safe, somehow, with the plain, solid lady who cooked his cereal the way it used to taste at home. And best of all, she hinted that if he were good, he might see "Do'tor Homey" by and by.

At night, when Eric was tired playing with the Noah's Ark which his abductor had purchased against this very necessity, he put his curly head upon the shoulder where no head had ever lain before. His deep-set eyes—so like his father's—drooped. "Sing me to fast asleep, Mif' Mills," he ordered.

And the woman of middle age, small eyes, and a pug nose, made noises that as far as Eric was concerned, were satisfactory.

Miss Mills suspected that in all the years to come, these moments with the child of Homer Gray would linger in her memory. She would dwell upon them as other women dwell upon their honeymoons.

NOW, Dr. Homer Gray had never, never gone home. Instead, he had become enthralled in scientific studies in the laboratories in *la greffe*. His detachment from the world had been an absolute unconsciousness of time and tides, far more complete than the mere spasms of absorption in his work that Janet had objected to. Therefore, while excitement raged about his former wife and child, Homer never heard of it at all.

This much was as Miss Shattuck had intended it, that rainy evening in March when she had brought about a meeting between Homer and his French colleagues. That much succeeding, she had packed the suitcase of "Miss Mills," and like the errant knights of old, had started on her quest.

Miss Shattuck had not planned ahead what she would do at the Hôtel des Violettes. It depended on the former wife of Homer Gray. If she proved to be a hard and selfish woman, Miss Shattuck would do nothing; return, herself, to Paris to the laboratories of *la greffe*, and be with Homer in his loneliness, and in their common interests, until— who knew—he turned to her some day despite her ugly face.

It happened, though, that Miss Shattuck liked the laughing Janet. Who did not? And so she carefully evolved her plot—arranged to have the wireless sent from mid-ocean, and as a motive for the kidnapping, pretended insanity. Miss Shattuck burned a hot, unpleasant red, each time that she remembered her meanderings in pigtail and dressing gown. But it had all been done for Homer Gray.

Now the game was ended, and the time for reckoning had come. Miss Shattuck washed and pressed dear little Eric's suit with a lump in her throat. Then she took him in a taxi to the laboratory to that most astounded Dr. Gray.

Miss Shattuck had steeled herself for the displeasure which she knew the story of her action would arouse in him. She was not mistaken. Homer imagined only Janet's sufferings, and he was angry with the unattractive secretary to the point of being impolite. He did not say that she was meddlesome, but that was what he meant. No wonder that the Hôtel des Violettes in Auteuil soon had visitors!

Monsieur, the plump proprietor, was sitting with his pipe in the warm and leafy garden of his hostelry, when the taxi panted up the peaceful street and stopped outside his gates. Amazement almost made him speechless when Miss Mills and a strange gentleman hastened the kidnapped Eric down the gravel path.

"I must see Mrs. Gray at once," the gentleman demanded urgently.

Monsieur blinked at the three of them. "But Madame Gray has gone already to the town called Preston," he answered in increased astonishment.

His visitors, particularly the gentleman, became upset. The latter, calling Miss Mills "Miss Shattuck," seemed to reproach her in voluble Canadian accents. Poor Miss Shattuck—here her reckoning had gone awry, for she had not counted on the swift impulsiveness of Janet Gray!

The perplexed proprietor scarcely grasped the linking of events. However, the small Eric did not look the worse, and the *éléphant américain*, whatever name was really hers, opened her purse to pay her board account. "Tell me," asked Monsieur, as he pocketed the francs she handed him, "did you dispose, perhaps, of Nounou's underwear?"

A flush spread over "Miss Mills'" sallow features, as she answered stiffly: "You will find them underneath the mattress in my room when you change the fortnightly sheets. The girl was anticipating nothing commendable."

"*Mon dieu, mon dieu!*" The plump little gentleman was so overwhelmed by the elephant's attention to artistic detail that the waxed ends of his mustache drooped.

The boat train left for Cherbourg at the Paris, Gare de St. Lazare. Little Eric's "Do'tor Homey" and Eric himself were going to cross the water post haste. This time it was a sight of Mother that was promised to the child if he were good. But Eric had become a bit bewildered at being dragged about. He howled at parting from "Mif' Mills."

"We'll bring him back to see you when he's big," smiled Homer Gray.

"That would be nice," replied Miss Shattuck's flat voice.

Her heart, however, leapt under the strong, grateful handclasp of the man she loved. He had a cable in his pocket, "Love—and—hurry—up. (Signed) Your Janet." And Miss Shattuck was content because of the joy in his eyes.

Miss Shattuck waited on the platform through the tooting of the horns until the train for Cherbourg left, taking Homer Gray away from ugliness to her who had external beauty, too. Then Miss Shattuck walked back along the Boulevard that led to her one room.

Many lovers sauntered past her on that boulevard, insolently happy in the summer sunshine. Miss Shattuck walked alone, perhaps by her own act. Yet essentially she felt she was part of the fragrant tree-swept way, more so than those who had each other.



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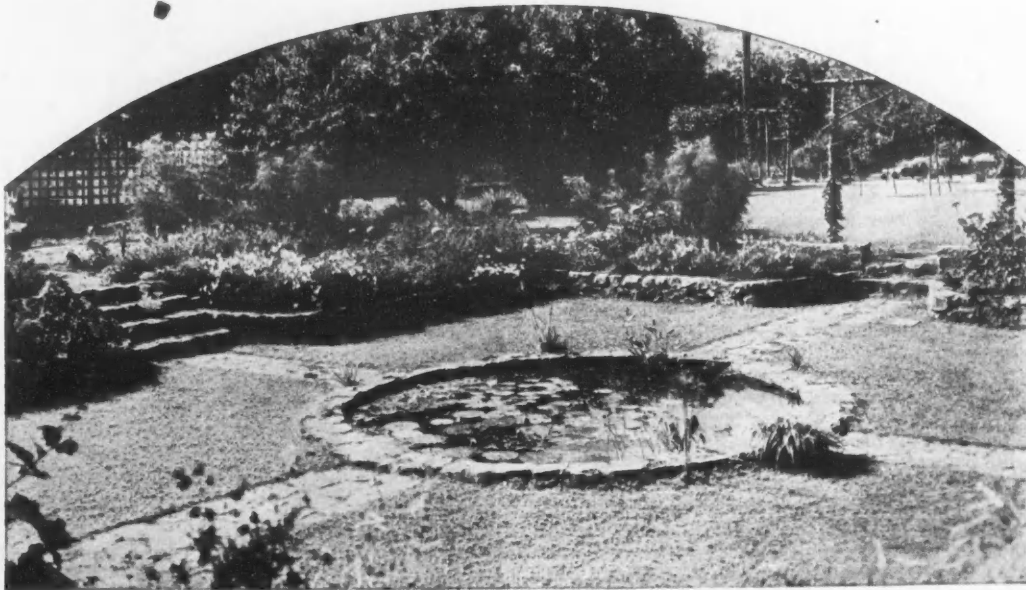


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Keeping the Garden Gay in August

by ETTA CAMPBELL

THE dearth of flowers in August is a very common complaint among gardeners. People invariably apologize for their gardens in this month, saying: "August is such a critical month you know." And it is, unless they are properly planned in the spring, and properly cared for in this "critical month." Spring flowers have gone; and the autumn ones are not yet blooming, and if we have neglected watering and clipping off the seed pods and dead leaves, the garden gets a dried up, seedy look. It is in August that drought is most harmful; so when we are planning our garden, it is well to choose some plants that will withstand the hot weather.

When we see some August gardens full of lovely bloom, we should there and then take out our note books and make lists of the flowers that have a special appeal to us. From them we must choose only the flowers that key themselves to our own moods. Our gardens are chiefly for ourselves, not for others. If we do not care for yellows or purples, we need have only a few splashes of these here and there. Magenta should be kept out altogether, as it is too garish under the blazing sun. If we have a favorite color, pale blue, mauve, rose or lemon, then let us try to have a great deal of it.

To have a successful garden at any season we must have within us the soul of the artist knowing how to use both color and form, what to combine, and what to reject. If we lack this by nature, we may, when visiting gardens, ask ourselves how some are made artistic and others garish. The most fascinating part of gardening is not that of supplying ourselves with lovely flowers, but in trying to understand Nature intelligently, and so learn to interpret her ways that her workings become a part of our individuality and lead to self-development.

WHEN the delicate petals of tall tulips, Darwins, Breeders, and Cottage, lie strewn upon the ground, we say with a sigh that surely the garden can never be so lovely again. But soon, when the long-spurred columbines in dainty pastel shades and choice Irises of marvellous coloring give the garden a fairy-like aspect, we are sure we prefer it then. Again, in July, when Madonna lilies lift their waxy, fragrant chalices among the delphiniums, spiring into stately blue, mauve, and purple bloom, and climbing roses of ill descriptions attempt to reach the top of arbor, fence or trellis, we find it even lovelier than before. Do not let us sigh that these are gone, but with a determined pencil plan to have it

Garden Guests

by Gostwick Roberts

I have a small garden hugged round by a wall,
With a green gate for callers where tangled vines fall,
With a tree very crooked, and weeds very tall,
With a path that's so twisted, it's no path at all.
And to me in my garden there journeyed last year
Four funny strangers from Heaven knows where.

'Twas a day with a tansy-tanged drizzle of rain
That a boy blew his sweet horn outside in the lane.
Green as grass was his jacket, his stockings were
brown;
He danced through my gateway, he danced up and
down;
While with shrill horn he called to my rickety tree
The ruff-feathered redbreast and yellow-backed bee.

Soon a shepherdess sweet in a green petticoat
Came singing and swinging her bright braids about,
Yellow hair a sly snare for the first flowers out.
Then a fold for her lambikin flock was my tree
While she sat in a bower with work on her knee,
Stitching, busily stitching green cap, coat and cloak
For the great forest giants and wee garden folk.

Such blustery laughter I never did hear,
As laughed my third visitor. What did he care
For the grasses he trampled, the petals he tore,
And the leaves that got caught in the full cloak he
wore?

Oh, his face was so ruddy, his garb was so quaint,
And he daubed all my garden with such gaudy paint,
And he paid for the things that he took with such gold,
All the gold that the corn's silken purses would hold!

Then last came an old man—a wizard, I know,
For he changed every rain-pool to metal aglow,
For he touched leaves to ghosts, and he pinched
berries black,
And he shed his white shadow behind in his track—
Then hobbling about, waving wicked warped hands,
He scattered my brown birds to far-away lands.

just as enchanting in August. We may, if we will, weave the fabric of a rich August tapestry far beyond the products of Eastern looms.

For in this, the hottest month, we do not want the lurid, brilliant or bizarre, but delicacy of form and reposeful colors, graceful heads and swaying stems that speak of cool breezes. Shrubbery will now be quite bare of bloom unless we have taken the precaution to plant among earlier things, Rose of Sharon, tamarisk, butterfly bush, snowberry, hydrangea or *Calluna vulgaris*, an evergreen pink-blossomed heather that likes sandy banks. All of these bloom in August.

Among tall things for the back of the border, or as a screen for garage or fence, hollyhocks in frilly whites, creams and pale pinks, with, perhaps, just a note of crimson here and there, add sorcery to August skies. If dahlias are planted just in front, the space is filled when the tall stalks of the hollyhocks have been cut down. For this purpose, Countess of Lonsdale, which has soft, salmon pink flowers with a bluish sheen, is very effective. Or, instead of the dahlias, or between each two clumps hollyhocks, *echinops ritro*, or globe thistle, might be used. This has metallic blue-grey foliage, and perfectly round heads of amethyst bloom, always full of buzzing bees, and with a fragrance similar to that of garden heliotrope. If the terminal bud is pinched out when the plant is a foot high, it will make a branchier plant. A similar but smaller plant that also blooms in August is *Eryngium*, or sea holly, with amethyst stems and flowers. *Olivieranum* is the best variety.

Bocconia cordata, or plume poppy, with interesting grey leaves much indented, reaches a height of six feet or more, and bears in August immense cone-shaped panicles of soft, creamy-white flowers, touched with rose. Masses of phlox give a rich perfume as well as lovely color throughout the whole of this month. Today, phlox is not the rust-infested, neglected plant of the past. Good whites—and we need much white in the garden now, because it conveys a sense of cool refreshment—are the Queen and Frau Anton Buchner, both with trusses and very large individual flowers. Bridesmaid, Europa and Hanna Pfleiderer are all white with pink eyes. A good lavender, always a cool color, is W.C. Egan, a large flower with a dark eye. Elizabeth Campbell seems to be the favorite salmon-pink. It is not a very large plant, but has very large individual flowers.

Liatris, or blazing (Continued on page 56)

Who Wants to Cook in August?

Continued from page 24

set by the freezing, rather than by the usual quantity of gelatine. Frozen salads, both vegetable and fruit, are enjoying a great vogue at present, and with their sharp flavor and consistency, they add a zest to any meal.

Frozen Tomato Salad

- 2½ cupfuls tomatoes
- 1 bay leaf
- 2 slices onion
- 1 tablespoonful sugar
- 4 pepper berries
- 1 teaspoonful salt
- A few celery tops
- ¼ cupful thick boiled dressing
- 1 egg white

Cook the tomatoes and seasonings for 20 minutes, and strain through a coarse strainer. There should be two cupfuls of this stock. Add the boiled dressing and chill well. Pour into a mold, and pack in a mixture of ice and salt, (2 to 1 mixture), using the same precautions as described under silver parfait. When beginning to thicken, fold in the beaten white, blending well. Freeze to a mush, and serve as an accompaniment to the meat course in sherbet glasses, or on lettuce as a salad.

Frozen Vegetable Salad

One cupful seasoned tomato pulp, prepared as for tomato salad above, using one-half the recipe.

- 1 teaspoonful gelatine
- 1 tablespoonful cold water
- ½ cupful chopped cucumber
- ¼ cupful chopped green pepper, seeds removed
- ¼ cupful diced celery
- 1 cupful raw tomato cut in small pieces after removing the skin
- 2 tablespoonfuls malt vinegar
- ½ cupfuls thick boiled dressing

Soak the gelatine in one-quarter of a cupful of warm water, and dissolve in the hot tomato pulp. Cool, add the chopped vegetables, vinegar, and boiled dressing. Mold and pack in ice and salt (2 to 1 mixture) for three to four hours. Unmold, and serve on lettuce.

Frozen Fruit Salad is rich enough to form an entire course and it may take the place of the dessert course, even though served on lettuce.

- 1 banana
- 1 cupful pitted white cherries
- ½ cupful pitted black oxheart cherries
- 1 cupful canned peaches
- 1½ cupfuls heavy cream whipped
- ½ cupful golden dressing

Slice the banana thinly, drain the other fruit and combine with the golden dressing. Chill and fold in the stiffly beaten cream. Pour in a mold and pack in a (2 to 1 mixture) of ice and salt for three to four hours.

For the **Golden Dressing** use the following fruit dressing recipe.

- ¼ cupful juice from the white cherries
- ¼ cupful lemon juice
- ½ cupful sugar
- 2 egg yolks

Beat egg yolks, add sugar and fruit juices. Cook over gently boiling water, stirring constantly until thick.

This dressing may be used on any fruit salad, thinned with whipped cream if desired.

Parfaits are a delicious frozen dessert, especially for some special occasion. They are rich and consequently are served in small portions. In tall glasses, with a garnish of whipped cream and crushed fruit, they are a pleasant change from the usual ice cream. They are made by boiling a syrup of sugar and water, pouring it on beaten eggs, and combining with whipped cream. White, silver, or angel parfait as it is variously called, is excellent when combined with crushed fruit.

White or Silver Parfait

- ½ cupful sugar
- ½ cupful water
- 2 egg whites
- 1½ cupfuls heavy cream whipped
- 1 teaspoonful almond flavor, or
- 2 teaspoonfuls vanilla flavour

Mix sugar and water, and boil to 238 degrees (long thread from the tip of a spoon.) Pour slowly on the stiffly-beaten whites, and beat until very smooth. When cool fold in the whipped cream, and the flavoring. Pack in a mixture of two parts ice and one part salt, for four hours. Serve in tall parfait glasses with two tablespoonfuls of crushed fresh fruit. Strawberries or raspberries are an excellent combination. Top with whipped cream and a berry.

Because of the richness of the mixture, it does not need to be stirred while freezing, nor is an ice cream freezer or electric refrigerator necessary. Coffee or baking powder tin will serve to hold the cream and the ice may be packed in a pail.

In packing it in the ice and salt, care must be taken to have the cover of the tin sealed, so that no salt will get into the cream. Cover the mold with a waxed paper which has been buttered on top, put on the lid or seal by winding tightly around it a strip of cotton one inch wide which has been dipped in melted fat. The ice should be finely chopped and coarse freezing salt used, (ordinary table salt will not answer the purpose) and the tin should be completely covered.

To unmold, wipe off all ice and salt, then dip very quickly into hot water, or wrap a cloth around it, wrung out of hot water.

Quick Marshmallow Pudding

- 1 cupful fruit juice and pulp (oranges, pineapple, or fresh berries)
- 1 cupful marshmallows
- ½ cupful sugar
- 1 cupful heavy cream, whipped

Butter a clean pair of scissors and cut the marshmallows into quarters. Add the fruit juice and the fruit which has been cut up. When the marshmallows are softened fold in the whipped cream. Chill well and serve in sherbet glasses, garnished with a cherry. This is so easily and quickly made, necessitating no heat, that it at once suggests itself for summer meals.

Ice Box Cake is always popular, as it may be prepared in the cool evening or early morning, chilled from 12 to 24 hours, and needs only the addition of whipped cream to make it ready for the meal. Orange Ice Box Cake is a change from the more familiar chocolate one.

Orange Ice Box Cake

- 1 tablespoonful cornstarch
- 3 tablespoonfuls sugar
- ¼ cupful orange juice
- 1 tablespoonful lemon juice
- ½ teaspoonful grated orange rind
- 3 eggs
- ½ cupful butter
- 1 cupful icing sugar
- 24 lady fingers

Blend the cornstarch and sugar, add the orange juice, and cook in the top of the double boiler until thick and the starch is well cooked. Add the beaten yolks and with constant stirring, cook until smooth and thick. Remove from the fire, add the lemon juice and the grated rind. Cream the butter thoroughly; add sugar gradually, beat until very smooth. Combine with the orange mixtures and the stiffly-beaten whites. Line the mold with the split lady fingers, pour in part of the mixture, add a layer of lady fingers and the remaining orange mixture. Chill for at least 12 hours; 24 hours is much better, and serve with whipped cream.

If preferred, a plain white cake may take the place of the lady fingers. Line a bread tin with waxed paper. Put a layer of cake half an inch thick on the bottom, then orange mixture, another layer of cake, and finally the orange again.

Facts About Tea series—No. 6.

Tea—and abbot Myoe

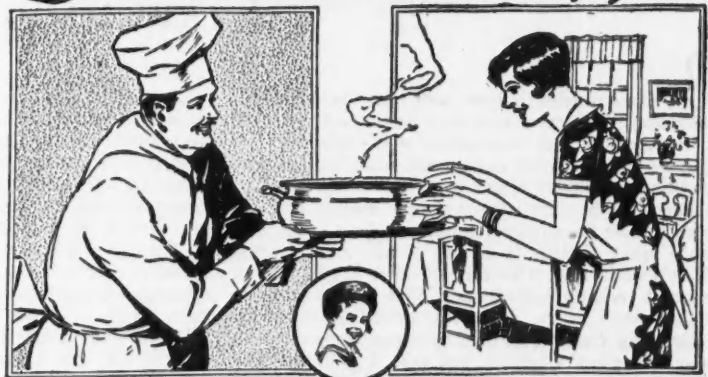
Although emperor Saga established the first tea-gardens in Japan in the 9th century, it was not until the abbot Myoe of Togan (a Buddhist Monastery) began to cultivate it in the 12th century, that tea became a national beverage in Japan.

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10

Keeping the Garden Gay in August

Continued from page 54

star, is a spiring plant with wands of deep rose, sometimes called Kansas gayfeather. An interesting perennial, originating on Long Island, is the white gayfeather, which has grown without the help of the hybridizers, appearing one day on barren land, among the ordinary purple ones. It was taken to the Brooklyn Botanic Garden for study and propagation, and found to be absolutely new to science. It grows about two feet high, the upper half of the stem filled with a mass of white flower heads, and is regarded as a good find, since it blooms in August when tall white flowers are not abundant. Other good whites for August bloom are *Lysimachia clethroides*, or snowy loosestrife, with arching spikes of white flowers, and *Artemisia lactiflora*, with fragrant cream white plumes something like the plummy spires. *Boltonia*, a tall plant with small daisy-like pinkish-white blossoms, will also contribute white for this month. To console us for the loss of delphinium spires, we have several plants that send up blue spikes—the tall veronicas, the earlier aconitums, of which *Napellus bicolor*, with blue and white blossoms, is very effective. Blue lobelia, a native plant that is sometimes called blue cardinal flower, looks well in clumps here and there, and takes but little room. *Salvia azurea* also produces sky-blue flowers abundantly in this month. *Salvia sclarea*, an old plant formerly known as Clary, has greyish, velvety leaves and lovely mauve flowers surrounded by pinkish bracts.

MOST of the plants already named have been rather heavy or spiky. Among them are needed plants to add a lighter, fluffier note. *Gypsophila* and *Galium* are both by this time past their best, but *Statice latifolia*, or great sea lavender, with its large panicles of tiny lavender flowers, is at its best. So is the native plant, Queen Anne's lace, specially valuable because it comes at a time when lacy flowers are scarce.

Joe Pye weed, a native plant of crushed strawberry shade, makes a very striking August plant and tones in better than scarlets, while its close relation, *Eupatorium*, gives a fluffy effect, looking like an immense white *Ageratum*. *Physostegia virginica*, or false dragon head, has soft pink, tubular flowers, closely set on slender tapering spikes. We have purposely stressed daintiness and the pastel shades, but if we must have yellow and purple among the tall things, *Helenium*, the Helen flower, in pale gold, terra cotta or maroon, and perennial aster, Beauty of Colwell, may be used. Remember, however, to keep yellow and orange away from pink, and to separate them by using a good deal of white. It is not until the cool days of autumn arrive, that we are eager for great stretches of warm tints with orange and red, gold and bronze.

Two pinks having a spiky effect are *Chelone Lyoni*, or shell flower, which is a deep rose color, and *Sidalcea*, rose queen, the latter a very soft rose, and in form something like a miniature hollyhock. *Chrysanthemum uliginosum*, or giant moon-penny daisy, will console us for the loss of the lovely shasta daisies. *Platycodon*, a Japanese bellflower, with large milk-white bells, as well as pale blue, blooms for weeks. *Catananche*, or Cupid's dart, and *Scabiosa caucasica* have soft, blue daisy-like flowers good for cutting. Plants with grey or bluish-green foliage soften violent color contrasts. Two that bloom in August are *Veronica Incana*, with violet spikes, and *Agrostemma*, or rose campion, which has either white or crimson salver-shaped flowers. One of the gayest August plants which also has soft grey foliage, is *Sedum spectabile*, or snowy live-for-ever, with immense flat heads of rose-colored flowers. Other plants that thrive under blazing

August skies are white achillea, the pearl, often called bridal wreath, scarlet bergamot, or bee-balm, and the mauve variety which some may prefer, brown-eyed susans, and *Rudbeckia purpurea*, with deep rose petals and high dark brown cone, or the brilliant gaillardias, if we like them.

Among tinier things for the very front of the border, verbenas trail white and pink blooms till the end of summer. Mauve *Nepeta mussini* is also effective with low mounds of lovely grey foliage to give a cool effect. If we mingle coral bells with it, *Heuchera sanguinea* whose flowers last well through midsummer, we make a lovely garden picture. Iceland poppies take but little room, and all summer long sway on slender stems their crinkled, shallow cups of orange, white or lemon. A small flower of late summer that I like better than any of these, is *Anemone hupehensis*, a lovely little plant which one rarely sees mentioned in garden articles. It is one of the Japanese anemones, but is smaller and earlier than the better known varieties. This one is beautiful when the lovely shaped leaves are full of round buds, and a joy when the blossoms of mingled rose shades are fully opened.

IF WE study August gardens closely, we shall find that the loveliest ones have many annual flowers used freely to fill spaces that would otherwise be bare, where early blooming flowers have been cut down. Annuals are at their best in this month. They should not be used as single plants here and there, but in massed effects. Among those that help to keep the garden gay, are the good blues: *ageratum*, love-in-mist, and the blue lace flower, *Didiscus coeruleus*, all good for cutting. *Scabiosa*, or pincushion flower, makes a shapely plant and blooms freely. Annual statice comes in mauve, rose, deep blue, yellow and white, and is good for winter bouquets. Zinnias are being much used again, not in the old crude colors, but in the pale green, buff and flesh-colored varieties. Then there are catenulas, orange king and sulphur queen; snapdragons, especially the pink and white shades; sweet sultan, china aster, nasturtium and *Nemesia*.

No garden seems to me complete at any time of the year without lilies or lily-like plants of some kind, and we should have some of these in our August gardens. *Funkia*, *Hosta Sieboldiana*, the old day lily, sometimes called August lily, with its broad, ribbed leaves, and pure white, fragrant blossoms, is good near the front of the border, while the tall spires of *Hyacinthus candicans*, strung with numerous white bells, is good among the taller things, and both add a note of coolness. A good lemon-colored lily for this month, larger than the one that blooms in June and just as fragrant, is *Hemerocallis Florham*. Tiger lilies, which are among the lovely old things that have come back to our gardens very much improved, bloom in August, often with cherished associations, as many of us can point with pride to a clump of tiger lilies that still occupy the spot they occupied in great grandfather's day. Two of August's choicest treasures are the Japanese lilies, *Rubrum speciosum*, white with crimson spots, and *Lilium auratum*, the gold-banded lily. Somewhat lily-like also are tigrisias, montbretias, and gladiolus, all which are at their best in August.

It is not suggested that any garden have all these things, but if we choose from them, and draw up our plan with the help of gardens now in bloom, we shall surely have a garden next August, lovelier than we thought possible:—

"Its shimmering August mood keyed to the sun,
A harlequin of color, buds and bloom."





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I T ' S B E T T E R B E C A U S E I T ' S C A N A D I A N

Travelling has become such a simple matter that no woman need have the least hesitation about embarking alone on a trip



On the train, you may check 150 pounds of baggage free of charge. Anything over this is charged as "Excess Baggage."

What Do You Know About Travel?

Problems of baggage, customs, tipping and tripping explained

by ARCHIE G. WYNNE-FIELD

WHY allow worries to waste your vacation when the companies operating travel systems overlook nothing that adds to the comfort and convenience of the traveller? A few enquiries would smooth out a great many frowns that have no place on holiday trips.

Travelling has become such a simple matter that no woman need have the slightest hesitation about embarking alone on a trip—whether it be one of fifty miles, across Canada, or a world tour. One very travelled Englishwoman with whom I recently talked said: "If I had to pack up tonight I shouldn't worry. For a trip around the world I'd just throw a few things in a bag, have my passport viséd, buy a few Travellers' Cheques, and sail. I wouldn't even stop to buy clothes. I'd get a hat in London, a suit in Paris, and so on as I required things." She is a tiny, effeminate woman, but has such confidence in the world's well-ordered travel system that, to her, a trip across Canada is merely "a jaunt."

Details of Travel

AS regards passports, the United States government requires no passport of a visiting Canadian. A letter from an employer, your bank, or local clergyman, stating that the trip is of holiday length, is quite sufficient.

But to enter most European countries, a passport is necessary. Your travel agent can best arrange the details of this. The fee is five dollars. In forwarding your application to Ottawa, your birth-certificate, proof of citizenship, two head-and-shoulder photographs of yourself about three inches square, a letter from an identifying witness and mention of the countries you intend to visit, are required.

Before you enter a foreign country on a passport, the document must be viséd by a consul of that country. Visas are not required to enter countries of the British Empire, provided you are a British subject. You can have your passport viséd before you leave, provided the country you wish to visit has a consul in your neighborhood. France, Italy, Mexico and most Latin-American countries have consuls in Toronto and Montreal. But should you wish to leave for, say, Germany, from France, and yet have no German consul's visé on your passport, you may have it viséd by the German consul in Paris. This operation is merely a check to prevent unwelcome aliens from entering a country.

Into most European countries a traveller may take any reasonable amount of personal effects, 200 cigarettes and one hundred cigars. Duty is charged on personal gifts.

Suppose that you intend to travel through France, Germany, and Italy. You will discover in France some irresistible article which you must buy. Now if you take it with you on the journey there will be duty to pay at both the German and Italian borders and again in Canada. The advisable plan is to have it sent straight home under bond. A customs broker will attend to this for you. Any government or railway official will direct you.

If you don't mind paying storage it might be sent to Canada and stored in a government warehouse until you arrive to pay duty, plus storage. Then, again, you may have it sent directly to the home of a friend, with whom you have arranged to have all charges paid. Or, depending on the size and bulk, the cheaper and less intricate method might be to post it, as you would any parcel, paying duty yourself or arranging to have duty collected on delivery at the friend's address.

For long journeys, travellers are well advised to purchase baggage insurance, which provides protection against theft or damage, of any nature for which you are not responsible. Protection against accident to your person may be bought at low rates. Ask your ticket agent about this.

Most steamship companies allow fifteen cubic feet for storage and half that for the baggage of a child travelling half-fare. Charge is made for every additional cubic foot. Take care to mark everything very plainly with name and destination. On the train, you may check 150 pounds of baggage free of charge. Anything over this is charged as "Excess Baggage."

There will possibly be a small wardrobe trunk or suitcase which you will require in your cabin on the boat. If you send these to the station with other luggage, be certain to mark them "Wanted" and conspicuously. See, too, that your name and the number of your stateroom are clearly indicated so that

there will be absolutely no confusion about delivering it.

When on a lengthy journey it is not well to carry large sums of cash. Tourist agencies and express companies supply Travellers' Cheques. Your bank will also supply these or a Letter of Credit. Particulars are available from both sources.

Hotels

THERE are two hotel plans—the American and European. The American plan includes in the same bill meals and sleeping accommodation. Under the European plan, everything is separately charged.

It is well to engage hotel rooms in advance. Reservations may be made by telegraph or mail addressed to the Reservation Clerk. In driving from the station to the hotel there will be no harm done if you watch that you are not being taken around the same corner more than once. This kind of joy-riding is hard on the meter. Taxi-drivers are as honest as the next man but occasionally that next man is a sharper!

To the bell-hop who takes your baggage upstairs, a ten-cent tip is fair. If you require ice-water, etc., telephone Room Service to have it sent up. Again, ten cents is a reasonable tip. If you have a call boy locate a friend in the hotel, twenty-five cents is his usual fee. Other gratuities are: shoe-shiner, five cents; cloak-room girl, ten; waiter, ten per cent of your bill.

Trips and Tours

FOR a vacation trip across Canada, there is much to be said in favor of all-expense tours. Travelling with a party minimizes expense and trouble. Details such as tickets, transfers, luggage, labels, hotel reservations—in fact, the entire business end of the trip—is obviated, leaving you free for pleasure. Excursion dates are arranged by men of experience and set to take full advantage of weather and travel conditions. Games and parties are arranged by committees. Even the worries of tipping are eliminated. Tips are collected and presented in a lump at the end of the trip. Crossing Canada, tipping amounts to about eleven dollars (Continued on page 60)



The Home Bureau

Continued from page 16

They were much too long when I bought them, and as I didn't want to cut them, have almost half a yard turned down at the top to simulate a valance.

Now, what color and material should I get for overdraperies and how should I make them? This is my first attempt at house-keeping and house-furnishing and I haven't the slightest idea of what is correct and new, and I am afraid if I went into any of the stores in this small city they could easily "get rid of something" by selling it to me. So will you please advise me? I forgot to mention that a large table lamp on the long table belonging to the fibre suite has an orange base and a shade of black georgette over yellow, and that the wallpaper is tan with a little dull blue and rose in it. My one idea about the overdraperies is that it would be better to keep away from cretonnes unless I could get exactly the same design as the upholstering on the furniture, as it is rather a weird design and I haven't been able to find any just like it.

I should be ever so much obliged if you could let me have an early reply. I want to get the overdraperies made and up before the warm weather, as I am afraid the room is going to be very warm in summer and they might tend to make it a little cooler.

IF YOU want to make the room cool, I should certainly prescribe blue. Yet you will have a room singularly devoid of color unless that "weird" pattern on the upholstered fibre pieces has something vivid in it. If it has, you are safe, and the blue will give you the effect you want. A good strong poplin or twill should serve.

Decorating Bedroom Furniture

SINCE reading the article on page 16 of a recent *Chatelaine*, I am writing to ask if you can advise me where I can procure medallions to decorate bedroom furniture. I have tried both Fredericton and Saint John, N.B., and have been unable to get any in a suitable color.

The bedroom is being done over. The furniture, consisting of a bed, chest of

drawers, mirror and chairs, has been enamelled a light green (sample color is enclosed). The walls are gray and the curtains and coverings are mauve. I should much appreciate if you could inform me where I might write to get medallions that would be suited to a room of these colors.

OUR handicraft service provides stencil designs for decorating furniture number 560 and number 529, and I have sent you by letter the name of a firm which has decalcomania medallions.

Dressing the Living Room Windows

I HAVE been receiving *The Chatelaine* for some time now and greatly enjoy reading it. I have noticed that through *The Home Bureau* you give some very useful and helpful suggestions re home decorations, and so would like to receive some help with my problems.

I have just purchased a Chesterfield suite, a taupe with cushions and back figured, the background being a dull rose. The taupe color predominates, however. My living room is 12 x 13 feet and is east facing with buff walls, dark oak trimmings and light oak floors. What color of overdrapes would you suggest to harmonize with the furniture, etc., and also what color of rug should I select? My windows are two large ones in the form of a square bay, and then there are two colored piano lights on the south side on either side of the fireplace. These windows are over built-in bookcases. Should these windows be dressed? I would also appreciate some suggestion as to how to dress these. On the north side of the room there are French doors opening in from the hall. Should these doors be dressed in any way?

Any suggestions you may make on these points will be greatly appreciated.

I SHOULD choose a rich plum color for the overdrapes and a fawn rug. Domestic broadloom carpet furnishes a very good shade. Gold gauze for the little windows and the same for the French doors would be effective.



Saturday and Sunday

Continued from page 9

had learned it all, you knew that you could never say it to anyone but your own teacher. Your sister's teacher spoke to you. "Where is your sister?" she asked you.

Your heart was down in your stomach and turned right over again. You looked across at your sister's class but you did not need to look. You knew she was not there. You knew she had gone back to the Methodist Sunday school to see Little Eva.

You looked up, up, the whole front length of your sister's teacher, until you got to the topmost button on her dress. Then you shut your eyes. "She's sick," you said.

YOUR sister walked home with you from as far as the Methodist Sunday school. She did not look sorry.

There were strawberries for tea, and sponge cake, and bread and butter cut thin and rolled up, as your mother sometimes did it for parties. But it seemed very dry and hard to swallow. Your sister said: "I went to the Methodist Sunday school today because I wanted to see Little Eva. She sang a piece for us, all alone."

Your mother looked at her, very sorrowfully. "You must leave your tea and go upstairs to bed," she said. Your sister went, very quickly. But she did not look so very sorry.

The bread and butter was so dry, it wouldn't go down. You stood up and held to the edge of the table, and looked at your mother.

"I told a lie," you said. "I told the teacher she was sick." So your mother said that you, too, must leave your tea and go to bed.

Afterward, a long while afterward, when it was quite dark in the garden, your mother came to hear you say your prayers. And after you had said your prayers, she brought you each a glass of milk and some of the bread and butter. It tasted better now.

Then you remembered the wild strawberries. "Is it sundown yet?" you asked your sister. But she said, "Long ago."

Your father came, after another while, when your sister was asleep, and fixed the covers around you. They were uncomfortable, but nice. Then he asked you, in a very big whisper, if you would go to get wild strawberries next Sunday evening, at sundown. You said you would.

In the night your sister wakened you. She said something in your ear, so low that no one could have heard it, even if they had been awake.

"The piece Little Eva sang was not a Sunday piece at all," your sister said.



Tender Gums = an unnecessary nuisance!

If your toothbrush "shows pink" turn to Ipana and massage

How Ipana improves the effects of massage

Better still, massage your gums with Ipana Tooth Paste. After the regular cleaning of your teeth with Ipana, simply squeeze out some more Ipana and gently brush your gums. Or if at first your gums are sensitive to the brush, rub them with a little Ipana on your fingertips.

For Ipana's especial virtue in massage is in its content of ziratol—a healing hemostatic widely used by dental specialists. And it is this ziratol content that enables Ipana to enlarge the effect of massage, to tone and stimulate the gums—to make them sound, healthy, resistant to disease.

Make a full-tube trial of Ipana

The coupon offers you a ten-day tube of Ipana, ample to demonstrate Ipana's superb cleaning power, its delicious taste.

But time is a factor in restoring the gums to health. So the better plan is to get a full-sized tube of Ipana from your druggist. Use it a full month and see how white and brilliant are your teeth—how firm and healthy are your gums.

"PINK TOOTHBRUSH" does not necessarily mean that you have pyorrhea, or that gingivitis has set in. But it does mean that somewhere on your gums is a soft and tender spot. And if you would avoid far more serious troubles, set about right away to correct it.

The greatest enemy of the gums, dentists will tell you, is our modern diet of soft and savory foods.

Back in the days when the human diet was coarser, gum troubles bothered few. Vigorous chewing encouraged a good circulation, made the gums hard and healthy. But in these days of soft food, our gums have become flabby and tender. They bleed easily. They invite disease and infection.

Naturally, you can't change your diet. But you can counteract the damage soft foods do your gums.

Massage your gums. Massage stirs the circulation, builds up the gums to firm and rosy health.

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What cruises would such a system plan? Canadian Pacific presents for 1929-30:

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Two cruises, 73 days each. Empress of Scotland (Feb. 4). Empress of France (Feb. 13). Both from New York. As low as \$900.

WEST INDIES CRUISES

Dec. 23, 16 days; Jan. 10, 29 days; Feb. 11, 29 days; from New York, Duchess of Bedford.

The alluring details are in booklets. If you have a good travel agent, ask him, or any Canadian Pacific agent.

CANADIAN
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each way; which includes all services, even down to that of the little kitchen boy.

In crossing the continent, you will have to take note of the difference in time. Victoria is some hours behind Toronto; so set your watch according to the journey.

All writing material is provided on the train. Letters and telegrams may be sent from the stations. If you listen for the call, you will not have to be without your daily paper. In this way, while travelling you can be as closely in touch with daily happenings as your stay-at-home neighbor.

For those travelling independently, there are two classes—Standard and what is called Colonist or Tourist. The latter is used mostly by immigrants crossing the entire or most of the country. If they require meals, they may prepare them in a separate kitchen. It is cheaper but far less convenient and certainly not advisable for a vacation trip. The Standard passenger takes meals in the dining-car, paying after each meal, and is privileged to use the observation car.

Sleeping compartments are purchased with the railway tickets. The beds are made up at your request—usually about nine—and may be occupied as late in the morning as you wish. You may even have breakfast in your berth if you are not getting off the train early.

For travelling short distances, there is the Day Coach and the Parlor car. Parlor car seats, while more expensive, are by far the most comfortable. Tickets for them are purchased with your travel ticket according to mileage.

Return tickets are good for thirty days. At the end of this time, refund may be claimed on an unused ticket at the Claims Department.

THE conductor is in charge of the train. It is to him that any complaints should be carried. He collects tickets, directs as to changes, and provides all necessary information. The porter does the general fetching and carrying and makes up the berths. His duties are about equivalent to those of a room-steward on board ship. Unless more than reasonable service has been demanded of him, a tip of twenty-five cents a night is usual. Tip the waiter the same as in a hotel.

A child travels as safely as an adult. Officials pay particular attention to the care and attention of children travelling alone. Sew the child's name and destination in his clothing, tell the conductor he is travelling alone, and don't worry. A child of my acquaintance has twice crossed Canada alone and received every care and attention.

If there is a change that will require the child to remain over at a junction for any length of time, notify, at an early date, the Travellers' Aid Society of that particular place, giving details as to the train by which the child will travel, his name, destination, and the number of his berth. They will meet the train when he arrives, take full charge while he is staying over, and put him on the right train.

IN OCEAN travel the all-expense vacation is usually a good choice, especially for a first trip. Naturally the men who make a practice of arranging tours can make the most of your time and money. As in a railway journey of this type, tipping is done in bulk, entertainment is arranged by committees, and there are no troublesome details to detract from time and pleasure.

For those who prefer to travel this way,

Tourist Third class is most suited to the average pocketbook. Less formality and more camaraderie exists among the students and professional people who constitute a large percentage of this class. Third class means nothing cheap nowadays. Tourist Third Cabin offers a very good service. Public rooms are commodious and well-appointed. Ample deck space allows freedom of movement and cuisine is arranged to meet all demands.

Children's rooms are available. Accomplished matrons take charge of, and amuse the children, leaving the parents more leisure moments than they would otherwise enjoy.

A ship's steward is responsible for the comfort of passengers. He ranks with the train conductor. Waiters and chambermaids are under his direction. Library and table stewards are on a par with the librarians and waiters of a hotel. The purser is the ship's office man. He cashes your Travellers' Cheques, exchanges currency, and, in short, acts as postmaster and banker.

Naturally, the stewardess receives from the woman traveller a larger fee than does the steward, usually five dollars. If the traveller has been ill and demanded more attention, the tip should be correspondingly large. The table-steward is entitled to a like amount, somewhere between two and six dollars. Deck or bath stewards generally receive from one to two dollars. For occasional services rendered by others, smaller tips are in order.

The ship's doctor is entitled to a professional fee if he treats you for accidents resulting from your own activities, or for an illness contracted prior to the trip. Illness or injuries incidental to the voyage he treats without charge, but if he has given much attention, an honorarium is in order.

As on a long train journey, see that your time is correct. Time is always lost or gained according to the direction of your journey. Set your watch by the ship's clock so that you may never be at variance with others in your daily engagements.

Do not confuse the dressing signal with the call to the dining saloon. There is generally about half-an-hour between the two. The bugler is about the busiest member of the staff, so far as continuous service is concerned. He must summon passengers to breakfast, remind them of hot-broth hour, luncheon, coffee, to say nothing of dressing calls.

Travelling Outfits

WITH the wardrobe in question, the advice of the lady mentioned earlier in the article is worth consideration. Buy as you travel! But there are a few necessities to be procured beforehand. For European travel, light spring or fall attire is best. A warm coat or wrap, and snug hat are useful. A light raincoat is never a superfluity and rubber-soled shoes are fine for deck wear. Also it is not a bad plan for those who wear glasses to carry extra lenses. Above everything else, take an abundance of linen. It will receive from the laundry steward as careful attention as at any city laundry.

While at sea, you will be in the company of the same people for at least a week. The acquaintanceship will not be carried on afterward unless you wish it, so do not be afraid to make the journey pleasant by a show of friendliness.

The most important advice is: "Don't worry!" It retards pleasure. Travel today is far too well organized for things to go drastically wrong. So, *Bon Voyage!*

How to Obtain Vogue Patterns

Vogue Patterns may now be obtained in all of the leading Canadian cities. They may be purchased in the shops listed below, where one may secure expert fashion advice about personal clothes problems, and see the colored sketches of all the new models.

How to Order by Mail. Vogue patterns may be ordered by mail from any of the distributors listed below, or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

In Ordering, state the full pattern number of the pattern you select. When ordering skirts give both the waist and hip measure; when ordering misses' or children's designs state age.

How to Send Money. No provision is made for charge accounts or C. O. D. delivery. When ordering, please enclose cheque, money order or stamps. Remittances should be made out to the store or office from which you order.

List of Distributors

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Calgary
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Victoria
Hudson's Bay Company.

ONTARIO

Galt
W. W. Wilkinson, Ltd.
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Finch Brothers, Ltd., 29 King Street West
The T. Eaton Company, Ltd.
London
Smallman & Ingram, Ltd., 149-157 Dundas Street
Ottawa
Murphy-Gamble, Ltd., Sparks Street
St. Catharines
McLaren & Company, Ltd., 17 St. Paul Street
Toronto
The Robert Simpson Company, Ltd.
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MANITOBA

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Hudson's Bay Company.
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PLEATS AND TUCKS ADORN THESE FROCKS

With Original Effect

Ensemble No. S3347
The smart little coat that accompanies the dress shown at the left has pleating at the lower edge and a narrow tie collar. Sizes 14 to 40. Price, \$1.00.

Evening Wrap No. S3349
Flat crêpe fashions this unlined evening wrap with a cape in one with the wrap and a straight or scalloped finish. Sizes, small, medium, large. Price, \$1.00.



Ensemble No. S3347
The frock of this ensemble of printed crêpe has a pleated skirt flounce and pleating joined to the yoke of the sleeveless blouse. Sizes 14 to 40. Price, \$1.00.

Evening Frock No. S3348
This frock of net features horizontal tucking. It is lengthened by a double circular flounce and triple godets. Sizes 14 to 38. Price, \$1.00.

THE UNEVEN HEMLINE PERSISTS FOR EVENING

ENSEMBLES INVADE THE REALM OF EVENING

And Find Instant Favor



Evening Frock No. S3337

This chiffon frock has applied bands in back, front, and at the sides, which join uneven cascade drapery. The tie loops in back. Sizes 14 to 42.

Price, \$1.00.

Evening Wrap No. S3349

Flat crêpe, unlined evening wrap with a cape in one with wrap; scalloped or straight. Sizes: small, medium, large.

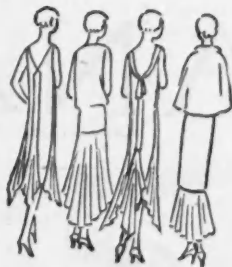
Price, \$1.00.



Ensemble No. S3341

(Extreme left) This evening ensemble of chiffon includes a coat, with epaulet sleeves and a scarf collar, and a one-piece sleeveless frock. The inserted bands on the frock terminate in flared godets at the front, sides, and back. Sizes 14 to 42.

Price, \$1.00.



Hostess Gown No. S3346

(Left) This hostess gown has a slip and a double circular skirt of plain chiffon, and a bodice section of printed chiffon. Sizes 14 to 40.

Price, \$1.00.

CHIFFON GOWNS AND WRAPS ARE COOL AND SMART

DETAILS of SMART SIMPLICITY



Costume Slip No. 9858
Like the combination below, this one-piece costume slip is made of crêpe de Chine. The top may be finished as a camisole or as a bodice, and the lower edge may be straight or shaped. Absolute simplicity and perfect cutting result in a far more distinguished effect than elaborate trimming. Designed for sizes 14 to 46.

Price, 25 cents.

Coat No. 9836
Blouse No. 9839
Skirt No. 9837

During the summer and autumn, the three-piece ensemble is an ever-useful costume. This model has a jacket and a circular skirt of wool crêpe and a silk crêpe blouse, which may be an overblouse. Sizes: coat, 14 to 46; blouse 14 to 42; skirt, 26 to 38.

Prices: coat and blouse, 50 cents each; skirt, 25 cents.

Blouse No. 9855
Skirt No. 9716

(Above) Silk crêpe is used for both the overblouse and circular pleated skirt. Sleeves optional. Sizes, 14 to 40; skirt 26 to 30.

Price, 50 cents; skirt, 40 cents.

Combination No. 9859

An effective union between a straight camisole top and circular French drawers, opening at the side, permits this combination to achieve both graceful fullness and flatness of silhouette. The neck-line in back may be straight or a low V. Embroidery motif No. 605 is used. Designed for sizes 14 to 40.

Price, 25 cents; motif, 40 cents.

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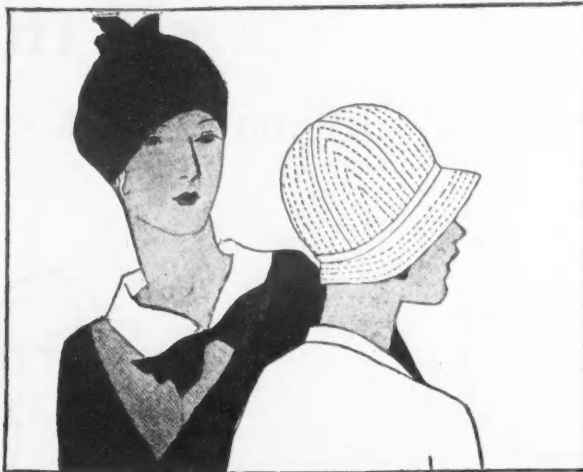
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Hat Set No. 876

This two-piece French beret of ribbon has a darted crown finished with a bow. This set includes this cotton broadcloth hat with a sectional crown and shaped turned-down brim. Designed for sizes 20 to 23 inches.

Price, 50 cents.

DEBONNAIRE FOR SUMMER WEAR

Frock No. 9861

Curving tucks, outlining the joining of the circular flounce, contribute distinction to this one-piece frock of printed chiffon. The sleeves are optional, and the collar ends into two cascades. Designed for sizes 14 to 44.

Price, 75 cents.

Blouse No. 9842
Skirt No. 9837

Blouse and skirt of printed silk crêpe tuck-in or overblouse, may be made with or without the set-in sleeves. The circular skirt joins a yoke and has inverted pleats in front. Sizes 14 to 40; skirt, 26 to 38.

Blouse, 50 cents; skirt, 25 cents.



Nightgown No. 9864

The scalloped neck and arm-hole finish of this crêpe de Chine nightgown may be repeated on the hem. Designed for sizes small, medium, medium large, and large.

Price, 25 cents.

These are Vogue Patterns. They may be obtained from the shops listed on page 60, or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

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Remove
this ugly mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

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make dull hair sparkle

HAIR beginning to look dull and faded? Brighten it this new, safe way. Just shampoo it with Blondex, the new shampoo for blondes only. One shampoo leaves hair bright and gleaming. Glints of gold in it—soft—lustrous—sparkling. And it will look lovelier every time you shampoo it. Safe—no dyes or harsh chemicals. Used by a million blondes. At all leading drug and department stores.



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JAUNTY MODELS TO COURT THE SUN

'Neath Summer Skies



Ensemble No. 9914.
 (Below) This sports ensemble meets several requirements, having straight trousers, which are dart fitted at the top, included in its design. It is in two tones of wool jersey. The tuck-in blouse has a shaped collar, a lap-front closing, inverted pleats from the shoulders, and set-in sleeves. The skirt, which is on a yoke, is given an interesting treatment by combining an inverted pleat at the centre front with a box pleat at each side. Sizes 13 to 21.
 Price, 75 cents.

Junior Misses' Bathing-Ensemble No. 9899
 This two-piece bathing suit of dark and light jersey is accompanied by full trousers and double-breasted jacket shown above at extreme right. Sizes 13 to 21.
 Price, 75 cents.

Sports Suit No. 9898
 The fashion of exercising calls for this two-piece cotton gabardine suit, with tuck-in or overblouse with sleeves, yoke, and collar optional. Sizes 14 to 40.
 Price, 50 cents.

Junior Misses' Bathing-Ensemble No. 9899
 This four-piece ensemble of jersey includes trousers, a double-breasted jacket, and a bathing-suit. Sizes 13 to 21.
 Price, 75 cents.



FOR BEACH AND PLAYTIME WEAR

THE SPORTS ENSEMBLE SWAYS THE MODE

With New Style and Comfort

Sports Ensemble No. 9892

(Below, Left) For her who takes her tennis seriously, this one-piece shantung frock is as serviceable as it is smart. Fullness is introduced into the skirt by circular godets, and sleeves are optional. The slashed back opening may be worn open or closed. A pull-on jumper and a shaped visor complete this practical ensemble.

Sizes 14 to 40.
Price, 75 cents.

Sports Ensemble No. 9895

(Below, right) Equally smart on the tennis court or in the spectator gallery is this one-piece sleeveless frock of silk crêpe with a tucked circular section in the skirt. A deep sun-back or a higher neckline are indicated. The unlined silk crêpe jacket is collarless, with patch pockets and set-in sleeves. Sizes 14 to 40.

Price, 75 cents.



Blouse No. 9898; Skirt No. 9693

A linen sailor blouse with long, short, or no sleeves goes to sea smartly with a circular flannel skirt. Sizes 14 to 40; skirt, 26 to 40.

Price, blouse, 50 cents; skirt, 40 cents.

Frock No. 9891

Good form in golf is assured with this one-piece silk crêpe frock. The model has four inverted pleats and a shaped yoke in back.

Sizes 14 to 46.
Price, 50 cents.

Sports Ensemble No. 9892

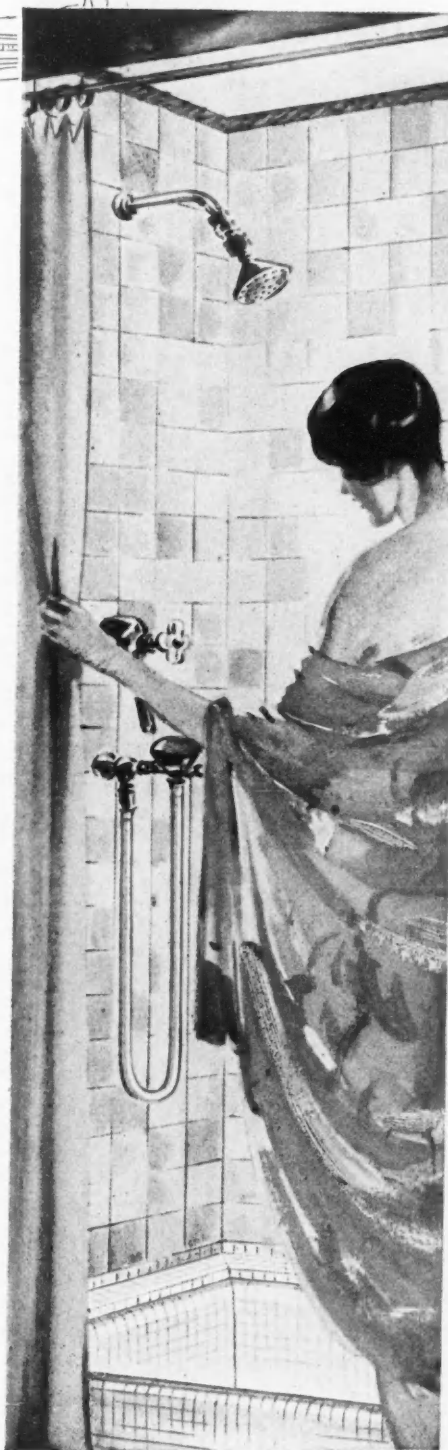
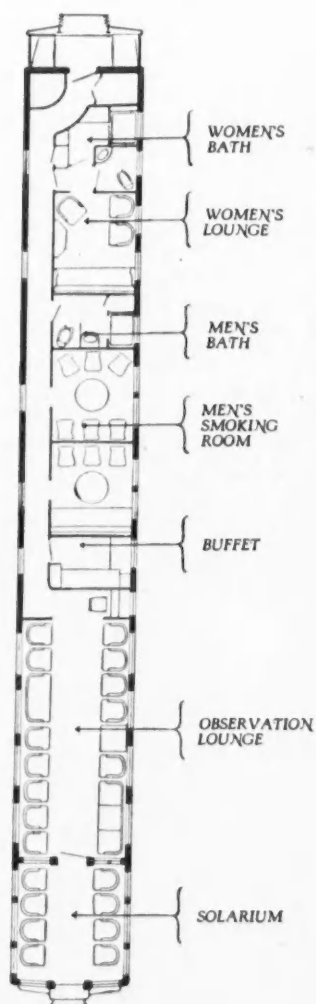
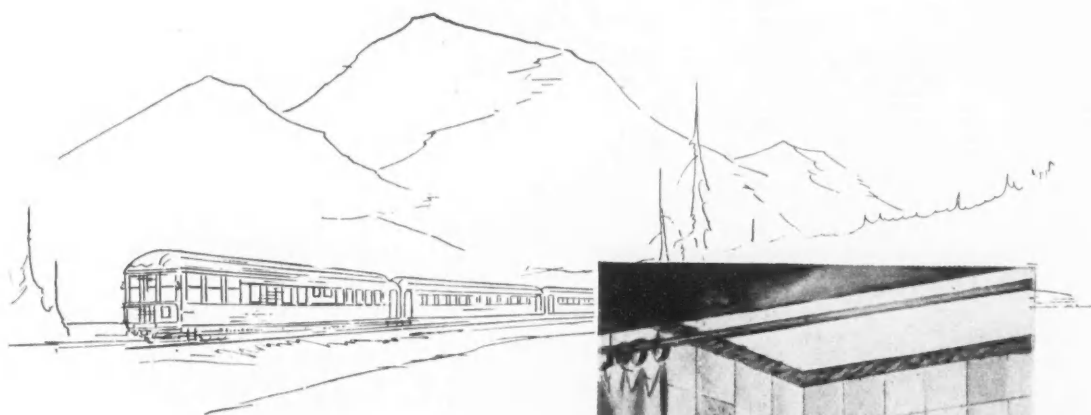
Shantung serves smartly for this tennis frock; sleeves optional. A pull-on jumper and sun visor are included. Sizes 14 to 40.

Price, 75 cents.

FROCKS TO TAKE A-HOLIDAYING

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A Magazine for Canadian Women
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Volume II.

AUGUST, 1929

Number 8

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THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED

143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2, CANADA

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